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Oct. 1904

Sacred Poetry.

CONSISTING OF

PSALMS AND HYMNS,

ADAPTED TO

CHRISTIAN DEVOTION,

IN PUBLIC AND PRIVATE.

Selected from the beſt Authors, with Variations and Additions.

BY JEREMY BELKNAP, D. D.

THIRD EDITION, WITH IMPROVEMENTS.

Published according to Act of Congreſs.

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PREFACE.

DR. Johnson hath observed concerning devotional poetry, that "the sanctity of the matter rejects the ornaments of figurative diction." Inferior subjects may be heightened by the charms of rhetoric, but this is too sublime to receive any decoration from human eloquence; and we often debase it by making the attempt.

Dr. WATTS, *in one of his hymns, hath said,*

"Join all the names of *love* and power
That ever *men* or angels bore;
All are too *mean* to speak his worth,
Or set EMANUEL's glory forth."

Yet, such was the imperfection of one of the best of men, that we frequently find in his divine poems, epithets and allusions taken from "mortal beauties," and applied to the Saviour, with a license disgusting to the spirit of devotion. It has been my aim to avoid these familiarities; and either to change or omit such epithets and allusions.

The names of the authors from whom this selection is made, are subjoined to each psalm or hymn; excepting when they are unknown, or have requested concealment. Most of these names are familiar to the readers of poetry; but there is one, to whom I am largely indebted for some of the most elegant of these productions, who is but little known in this country, and of whom I conceive the following account will be acceptable to every reader.

(RECAP)

"ANNE STEELE *was the eldeſt daughter of a diſſenting miniſter at Broughton, in Hampſhire; a man of piety, integrity, benevolence, and the moſt amiable ſimplicity of manners. She diſcovered in early life, her love of the muſes, and often entertained her friends, with the truly poetical and pious productions of her pen. But, it was her infelicity, as it has been of many of her kindred ſpirits, to have a capacious ſoaring mind incloſed in a very weak and languid body. She lived, for the moſt part, a life of retirement in the ſame peaceful village where ſhe began and ended her days. The duties of friendſhip and religion occupied her time, and the pleaſures of both conſtituted her delight. Her heart was apt to feel, often to a degree too painful for her own felicity; but always with the moſt tender and generous ſympathy for her friends. Yet, ſhe poſſeſſed a native cheerfulneſs; of which, even the agonizing pains ſhe endured, in the latter part of her life, could not deprive her. In every ſhort interval of abated ſuffering, ſhe would in a variety of ways, as well as by her enlivening converſation, give pleaſure to all around her. Her life was a life of unaffected humility, warm benevolence, ſincere friendſhip, and genuine devotion. She waited with chriſtian dignity for the hour of her departure: When it came, ſhe welcomed its approach; and having taken an affectionate leave of her friends, cloſed her eyes, with theſe animating words on her lips,* "*I know that my Redeemer liveth.*"*

* This account is taken from the preface to the third volume of her "miſcellaneous pieces in proſe and verſe," publiſhed under the name of THEODOSIA, by the Rev. *Caleb Evans*, of Briſtol, 1780, after her deceaſe.

It is humbly apprehended, that a grateful and affectionate addreſs to the exalted Saviour of mankind, or a hymn in honour of the Eternal Spirit, cannot be diſagreeable to the mind of GOD. *To ſtigmatize ſuch an act of devotion with the name of* idolatry, *is (to ſay the leaſt) an abuſe of language. It cannot be juſtly charged with derogating from the glory due to the ONE God and Father of all, becauſe he is the ultimate object of the honour which is given to* his *Son and to* his *Spirit.*

In this ſelection, thoſe Chriſtians who do not ſcruple to ſing praiſes to their Redeemer and Sanctifier, will find materials for ſuch a ſublime enjoyment; whilſt others, whoſe tenderneſs of conſcience may oblige them to confine their addreſſes to the Father only, will find no deficiency of matter ſuited to their idea of "the chaſte and awful ſpirit of devotion."

BOSTON, May 10, 1795.

N. B. *The characters denoting the ſharp or flat key, are prefixed to each pſalm or hymn, at my requeſt, by the Rev. Dr.* MORSE, *of Charleſtown.*

PSALMS.

Pſalm I. *Common Metre.* [*]

The Happineſs of the Righteous and the Miſery of the Wicked.

1 BLEST is the man who ſhuns the place
Where ſinners love to meet;
Who fears to tread their wicked ways,
And hates the ſcoffer's ſeat.

2 But in the ſtatutes of the Lord
Has plac'd his chief delight;
By day he reads or hears the word,
And meditates by night.

3 He like a tree of generous kind,
By living waters ſet,
Safe from the ſtorm and blaſting wind,
Enjoys a peaceful ſtate.

4 Green as the leaf, and ever fair
Shall his profeſſion ſhine;
Whilſt fruits of holineſs appear
Like cluſters on the vine.

5 Not ſo the impious and unjuſt!
What vain deſigns they form!
Their hopes are blown away like duſt,
Or chaff before the ſtorm.

6 Sinners in judgment ſhall not ſtand
Among the ſons of grace;

When Chriſt, the Judge, at his right hand
Appoints his ſaints a place.

7 His eye beholds the path they tread,
His heart approves it well;
But crooked ways of ſinners lead
Down to the gates of hell.

WATTS.

Pſalm II. *Common Metre.* [✻]

The Exaltation of Chriſt.

ATTEND, O earth, when God declares
His uncontroll'd decree;
" Thou art my Son, this day, my heir,
" Have I begotten thee.

2 " Upon my holy Zion's hill
" My King I thee ordain;
" And tho' thy foes diſpute my will,
" Thou ſhalt forever reign.

3 " Aſk and receive thy full demands,
" Thine ſhall the heathen be;
" The utmoſt limits of the lands
" Shall be poſſeſs'd by thee.

4 " Thy righteous ſceptre thou ſhalt ſway,
" And all thy foes command;
" Juſt as the potter breaks the clay,
" And moulds it with his hand."

5 Be wiſe, ye princes, then, give ear
Ye judges of the earth;
Worſhip the Lord with holy fear,
Rejoice with awful mirth.

6 Approach the Son with due reſpect,
To him your homage pay;
Leſt ye perſiſt in your neglect,
And periſh in your way.

7 If but in part his anger riſe,
Who can endure the flame?
Then bleſt are they whoſe hope relies
On his moſt holy name.

TATE, varied.

Pſalm II. *Short Metre.* [✻]

The Death, Reſurrection and Glory of Chriſt.

MAKER, and ſovereign Lord
Of heaven, and earth, and ſeas,
Thy providence confirms thy word,
And anſwers thy decrees.

2 The things ſo long foretold
By David, are fulfill'd;
When Jews and Gentiles join'd to ſlay
Jeſus, thy holy child.

3 Why did the Gentiles rage,
And Jews with one accord
Unite their counſels to deſtroy
Th' anointed of the Lord?

4 Rulers and kings agree
To form a vain deſign;
Againſt the Lord they join their powers,
Againſt his Chriſt combine.

5 The Lord derides their rage,
And will ſupport his throne;
He who hath rais'd him from the dead,
Hath own'd him for his Son.

6 He aſks, and God beſtows
A vaſt inheritance;
Far as the earth's remoteſt ends
His kingdom ſhall advance.

WATTS.

Psalm III. *Common Metre.* [♭]

Doubts and Fears suppressed.

MY God, how many are my fears!
How fast my foes increase!
Their number, how it multiplies!
How fatal to my peace!

2 The lying tempter would persuade
There's no relief from heaven;
And all my swelling sins appear
Too great to be forgiven.

3 But thou, O Lord, art my defence,
On thee my hopes rely;
My sinking spirit thou wilt raise,
And lift my head on high.

4 In former times of deep distress
To God I made my prayer:
He heard me from his holy hill;
Why should I now despair?

5 Guarded by him, I lay me down
My sweet repose to take;
For I through him securely sleep,
Through him in safety wake.

6 Salvation to the Lord belongs,
His arm alone can save;
Blessings attend thy people here,
And reach beyond the grave.

TATE and WATTS, united and varied.

Psalm IV. ver. 6, 7. *C. M.* [♯ or ♭]

True Happiness only in God.

WHEN fancy spreads her boldest wings,
And wanders unconfin'd,
Amidst the varied scene of things
Which entertain the mind;

2 In vain we trace creation o'er,
In ſearch of ſacred reſt,
The whole creation is too poor
To make us fully bleſt.

3 In vain would this low world employ
Each flattering ſpecious wile,
For what can yield a real joy
But our Creator's ſmile?

4 Let earth with all her charms depart,
Unworthy of the mind;
In God alone our reſtleſs heart
An equal bliſs can find.

5 Great Source of all felicity,
To thee our wiſhes tend!
Do not theſe wiſhes riſe from thee,
And in thy favour end?

6 Thy favour, Lord, is all we want,
Here would our ſpirit reſt;
O ſeal the rich, the boundleſs grant,
And make us fully bleſt.

Mrs. STEELE.

Pſalm IV. ver. 8. *Long Metre.* [*]

An Evening Song.

THUS far the Lord has led me on,
Thus far his power prolongs my days,
And every evening ſhall make known
Some freſh memorial of his grace.

2 Much of my time has run to waſte,
And I perhaps am near my home;
But he forgives my follies paſt,
And gives me ſtrength for days to come.

3 I lay my body down to ſleep,
Peace is the pillow for my head;

His ever watchful eye shall keep
Its constant guard around my bed.

4 Faith in his name forbids my fear:
O may thy presence ne'er depart;
And in the morning let me hear
The love and kindness of thy heart.

5 Thus when the night of death shall come,
My flesh shall rest beneath the ground;
And wait thy voice to break the tomb,
With glad salvation in the sound.

WATTS.

Psalm V. *Common Metre.* [✻]

For the Lord's Day Morning.

LORD, in the morning thou shalt hear
My voice ascending high;
To thee will I address my prayer,
To thee direct mine eye.

2 Thou art a God before whose sight
The wicked shall not stand;
Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight,
Nor dwell at thy right hand.

3 But to thy house will I resort,
To taste thy mercies there;
I will frequent thy holy court,
And worship in thy fear.

4 O may thy Spirit guide my feet
In ways of truth and grace,
Make every path of duty straight
And plain before my face.

5 The men who love and fear thy name,
Shall see their hopes fulfill'd;
The mighty God will compass them
With favour, as a shield.

WATTS.

Psalm VI. *Common Metre.* [♭]

Prayer in Sickneſs.

IN anger, Lord, rebuke me not,
But ſpare a wretch forlorn;
Correct me not in thy fierce wrath,
Too heavy to be borne.

2 Sorrow and pain conſume the day,
I waſte the night with cries,
Counting the minutes as they paſs,
Till the ſlow morning riſe.

3 My tortur'd fleſh diſtracts my mind,
And fills my ſoul with grief;
How long, O Lord, wilt thou delay
To grant me thy relief?

4 The gloomy ſhades of death cannot
Thy glorious acts proclaim;
No priſ'ner of the ſilent grave
Can magnify thy name.

5 He hears when duſt and aſhes pray,
He pities all my groans;
He ſaves me for his mercy's ſake,
And heals my broken bones.

6 The virtue of his ſovereign word
Reſtores my fainting breath:
To him will I devote that life
Which he has ſav'd from death.

TATE and WATTS united and varied.

Psalm VII. *Common Metre.* [♯ or ♭]

Confidence in God.

MY truſt is in my heavenly friend,
My hope in thee, my God;
Riſe, and my helpleſs life defend
From thoſe who ſeek my blood.

2 If malice lurk'd within my heart,
Before thy piercing eyes;
I should not dare appeal to thee,
Nor ask my God to rise.

3 Impartial Judge of all the world,
I trust my cause to thee;
According to my righteousness
So let thy sentence be.

4 Let wicked arts of wicked men
Be wholly overthrown;
But guard the just, O God, to whom
The hearts of both are known.

5 Then will I all the righteous ways
Of Providence proclaim;
I'll sing the praise of God most high,
And celebrate his name.

TATE and WATTS united.

Psalm VIII. *Common Metre.* [* or b]

Divine Condescension.

O THOU, to whom all creatures bow,
Within this earthly frame,
Through all the world, how great art thou!
How glorious is thy name!

2 When heaven, thy glorious work on high,
Employs my wond'ring sight;
The moon that nightly rules the sky,
With stars of feebler light;

3 Lord, what is man! that thou should'st choose
To keep him in thy mind!
Or what his race, that thou should'st prove
To them so wond'rous kind!

4 Him next in power thou didst create
To thy celestial train;

Ordain'd with dignity and ſtate
O'er all thy works to reign.

5 They jointly own his powerful ſway,
The beaſts that prey or graze;
The bird that wings its airy way,
The fiſh that cuts the ſeas.

6 O thou, to whom all creatures bow,
Within this earthly frame,
Thro' all the world, how great art thou!
How glorious is thy name!

TATE.

Pſalm VIII. *Long Metre.* [b]

Adam and Chriſt, or the old and new Creation.

LORD, what was man when made at firſt,
Adam, the offſpring of the duſt,
That thou ſhould'ſt ſet him, and his race,
But juſt below an angel's place!

2 That thou ſhould'ſt raiſe his nature ſo,
And make him Lord of all below;
Make ev'ry beaſt and bird ſubmit,
And lay the fiſhes at his feet!

3 But what ſublimer glories wait
To crown the ſecond Adam's ſtate!
What honours ſhall thy ſon adorn,
Who condeſcended to be born!

4 See him below his angels made!
See him in duſt among the dead!
To ſave the world from death and ſin;
But he ſhall reign with power divine.

5 The world to come, redeem'd from all
The miſeries that attend the fall,
New made and glorious ſhall ſubmit
At our exalted Saviour's feet.

Psalm IX. ver. 10, 11. *L. M.* [*]

Encouragement to Faith.

SING to the Lord, who loud proclaims
His various and his saving names;
O may they not be heard alone,
But by our sure experience known.

2 The great Jehovah be ador'd,
Th' eternal, all sufficient Lord;
Through all the world, most high confess'd,
By him 'twas form'd, and is possess'd.

3 Awake, our noblest powers, to bless
The God of Abra'm, God of peace;
Now, by a dearer title known,
Father and God of Christ his Son.

4 Through every age his gracious ear
Is open to his servant's prayer;
Nor can one humble soul complain
That he has sought his God in vain.

5 What unbelieving heart shall dare
In whispers to suggest a fear,
While still he owns his ancient name,
The same his power, his love the same.

6 To thee our souls in faith arise,
To thee we lift expecting eyes,
And boldly through the desart tread,
For God will guard where God shall lead.

DODDRIDGE.

Psalm X. *Common Metre.* [b]

A Prayer for Deliverance from Oppression.

WHY doth the Lord stand off so far,
And why conceal his face,
[illegible]n great calamities appear,
[illegible]d times of deep distress?

2 Lord, ſhall the wicked ſtill deride
Thy juſtice and thy power?
Shall they erect their heads in pride,
And better men devour?

3 Ariſe, O God! lift up thy hand,
Attend our humble cry;
No enemy ſhall dare to ſtand
When God our help is nigh.

4 Thou wilt prepare our hearts to pray,
And ſtill incline thine ear;
Thou knoweſt what thy children ſay
And thou their voice wilt hear.

5 Proud tyrants ſhall no more oppreſs,
No more deſpiſe the juſt;
And mighty ſinners ſhall confeſs
They are but earth and duſt.

WATTS.

Pſalm XI. *Long Metre.* [b]

The Juſtice of Divine Providence.

ON God my ſtedfaſt hopes rely;
Why do my foes inſulting cry,
"Fly like a timorous, trembling dove,
"And ſeek the mountain's lonelome grove."

2 Behold the wicked aim their darts
Againſt the men of upright hearts!
If government be overthrown,
Who then the injur'd cauſe will own?

3 The Lord, enthron'd above the ſky,
On ſuffering virtue caſts his eye;
Tho' he afflicts his ſaints, to prove
Their patience, and to try their love;

4 Yet lawleſs hands and hearts impure,
His frowns vindictive will endure;
His lightning wings its rapid way,
His thunder fills them with diſmay.

5 Where truth and juſtice hold their place,
God will reveal his gracious face;
Delighted in the upright mind
His own reflected beams to find.

MERRICK, varied.

Pſalm XII. *Common Metre.* [b]

Corruption of Manners.

HELP, Lord! for men of virtue fail,
Religion loſes ground;
The ſons of wickedneſs prevail,
And treacheries abound.

2 Their oaths and promiſes they break,
Yet act the flatterer's part;
With fair deceitful lips they ſpeak,
And with a double heart.

3 Scoffers appear on every ſide,
Where a vile race of men
Are rais'd to ſeats of power and pride,
And bear the ſword in vain.

4 Lord, when iniquities abound,
And blaſphemy grows bold;
When faith is hardly to be found,
And love is waxen cold;

5 Is not thy chariot haſtening on?
Haſt thou not given the ſign?
May we not truſt and live upon
A promiſe ſo divine?

6 Thy words like ſilver ſeven times try'd,
Thro' ages ſhall endure;
The men who in thy truth confide,
Shall find the promiſe ſure.

WATTS.

Pſalm XIII. *Common Metre.* [b]

Complaint under Temptation.

HOW long wilt thou conceal thy face?
My God, how long delay?
When wilt thou ſend thy heavenly rays
To drive my fears away?

2 How long ſhall my diſtreſſed ſoul
Struggle and toil in vain?
Thy word can all my foes control,
And eaſe my raging pain.

3 Be thou my ſun, and thou my ſhield,
My ſoul in ſafety keep;
Make haſte, before my eyes are ſeal'd
In death's eternal ſleep.

4 How would the tempter boaſt aloud,
If I become his prey,
And all the hoſts of hell grow proud
At thy ſo long delay!

5 But they ſhall fly at thy rebuke,
And Satan hide his head;
He knows the terrors of thy look,
And hears thy voice with dread.

6 Thou wilt diſplay that ſovereign grace
On which my hopes have hung;
I ſhall employ my lips in praiſe,
And victory ſhall be ſung.

WATTS.

No ſlanders dwell upon his tongue,
He hates to do his neighbour wrong.

3 He will not truſt an ill report,
Nor vent it to his neighbour's hurt;
Sinners of ſtate he can deſpiſe,
But ſaints are honour'd in his eyes.

4 Firm to his word he ever ſtood,
And always makes his promiſe good;
Nor will he change the thing he ſwears,
Whatever pain or loſs he bears.

5 He never deals in bribing gold,
And mourns that juſtice ſhould be ſold;
If others vex and grind the poor,
Sweet charity attends his door.

6 He loves his enemies, and prays
For thoſe who curſe him to his face;
And doth to all men ſtill the ſame
That he could hope or wiſh from them.

7 Yet when his holieſt works are done,
His ſoul depends on grace alone:
This is the man thy face ſhall ſee,
And dwell forever, Lord, with thee.

WATTS.

Pſalm XVI. Firſt Part. *L. M.* [b]

Good Works profitable to Men.

PRESERVE me, Lord, in time of need:
For ſuccour to thy throne I flee;
But have no merit there to plead,
My goodneſs cannot reach to thee.

2 Oft have my heart and tongue confeſt
How empty and how poor I am;
My praiſe can never make thee bleſt,
Nor add new glory to thy name.

3 Yet, Lord, thy ſaints on earth may reap
Some profit by the good I do;
Theſe are the company I keep,
Theſe are the choiceſt friends I know.

4 Let others chooſe the ſons of mirth
To give a reliſh to their wine;
I love the men of heavenly birth,
Whoſe works and language are divine.

WATTS.

Pſalm XVI. Second Part. *C. M.* [b]

The Bleſſings of Nature and Grace.

LET heathens to their idols haſte,
And worſhip wood or ſtone;
But my delightful lot is caſt
Where the true God is known.

2 In this enlighten'd, pleaſant land,
My happy portion lies;
Where nature's ever bounteous hand
All human want ſupplies.

3 Therefore my ſoul ſhall bleſs the Lord,
Whoſe precepts give me light,
And conſolation ſtill afford
In ſorrow's diſmal night.

4 I ſtrive each action to approve
To thine all-ſeeing eye;
No danger ſhall my hope remove,
For thou art ever nigh.

5 Thou ſhalt the paths of life diſplay,
Which to thy preſence lead;
Where pleaſures dwell without allay,
And joys which never fade.

WATTS and TATE, varied.

Psalm XVI. Third Part. C. M. [a]

The Death and Resurrection of Christ.

"I SET the Lord before my face,
He bears my courage up;
My heart and tongue their joys express,
My flesh shall rest in hope.

2 "My spirit, Lord, thou wilt not leave
Where souls departed are;
Nor quit my body to the grave,
To see corruption there.

3 "Thou wilt reveal the path of life,
And raise me to thy throne;
Thy courts immortal pleasure give,
Thy presence, joys unknown."

4 Thus in the name of Christ the Lord
The holy David sung;
And Providence fulfils the word
Of his prophetic tongue.

5 Jesus, whom every saint adores,
Was crucified and slain;
Behold the tomb its prey restores!
Behold he lives again!

6 When shall my feet arise and stand
On heaven's eternal hills?
There sits the Son, at God's right hand,
And there the Father smiles.

WATTS.

Psalm XVII. Common Metre. [b]

The transforming Vision of God.

MY God, the visits of thy face
Afford superior joy
To all the flattering world can give,
Or mortal hopes employ.

2 But clouds and darkneſs intervene,
My brighteſt joys decline;
And earth's gay trifles oft enſnare
This wandering heart of mine.

3 Lord, guide this wandering heart to thee;
Unſatisfy'd I ſtray;
Break through the ſhades of ſenſe and ſin,
With thy enlivening ray.

4 O let thy beams reſplendent ſhine,
And every cloud remove;
Transform my powers, and fit my ſoul
For happier ſcenes above.

5 Lord, raiſe my faith, my hope, my heart,
To thoſe tranſporting joys;
Then ſhall I ſcorn each little ſnare,
Which this vain world employs.

6 Then, though I ſink in death's cold ſleep,
To life I ſhall awake;
And, in the likeneſs of my God,
Of heavenly bliſs partake.

Mrs. STEELE.

Pſalm XVII. *Long Metre.* [※]

The Reſurrection.

WHAT ſinners value I reſign;
Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine;
I ſhall behold thy bliſsful face,
And ſtand complete in righteouſneſs.

2 This life's a dream, an empty ſhow;
But the bright world to which I go,
Hath joys ſubſtantial and ſincere;
When ſhall I wake and find me there!

3 O glorious hour, O bleſt abode!
I ſhall be near and like my God,

And flesh and sense no more control
The sacred pleasures of the soul.

4 My flesh shall slumber in the ground
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound;
Then burst the chains with glad surprise,
And in my Saviour's image rise.

WATTS.

Psalm XVIII. First Part. *L. M.* [b]

Confidence in divine Protection.

NO change of times shall ever shock
My firm affection, Lord, to thee;
For thou hast always been a rock,
A fortress and defence to me.

2 Thou my deliverer art, my God,
My trust is in thy mighty power;
Thou art my shield from foes abroad,
At home my safeguard and my tower.

3 To heaven I made my mournful prayer,
To God address'd my humble cry;
Who graciously inclin'd his ear,
And heard me from his throne on high.

4 The Lord did on my side engage,
From heaven my righteous cause upheld,
And sav'd me from the furious rage
Of threat'ning waves that proudly swell'd.

5 Thou to the just shalt justice show,
The pure, thy purity shall see;
Such as perversely choose to go,
Shall meet with due returns from thee.

6 Who then deserves to be ador'd
But God, on whom my hopes depend?
Or who, except the mighty Lord,
Can with resistless power defend?

TATE.

Psalm XVIII. Sec. Part. *L. M.* [* or b]

God executing Judgment on his Enemies.

INCUMBENT on the bending sky,
The Lord descended from on high;
And bade the darkness of the pole
Beneath his feet tremendous roll.

2 Thick woven clouds around him clos'd,
His secret residence compos'd;
And waters, high suspended, spread
Their dark pavilion o'er his head.

3 His voice th' Almighty Monarch rear'd,
Thro' heaven's high vault in thunder heard;
And down in fiercer conflict came
Tremendous hail and mingled flame.

4 With aim direct, his shafts were sped,
In vain his foes before them fled;
Around his dreadful lightnings stray,
And sure destruction marks their way.

5 Earth's basis, open to the eye,
And ocean's springs were seen to lie,
As the tempestuous fury past,
And o'er them rag'd the dreadful blast.

MERRICK.

Psalm XVIII. Third Part. *L. M.* [b]

Sincerity proved, or the Equity of Providence.

LORD, thou hast seen my soul sincere,
Hast made thy truth and love appear;
Before my eyes I set thy laws,
And thou hast own'd my righteous cause.

2 Since I have learnt thy holy ways,
My actions have proclaim'd thy praise;
Or if my feet did e'er depart,
'Twas never with a wicked heart.

3 What ſore temptations broke my reſt;
What wars and ſtrugglings in my breaſt;
But thro' thy grace that reigns within,
I hope to conquer every ſin.

4 With an impartial hand, the Lord
Deals out to mortals their reward;
The kind and faithful ſouls ſhall find
A God more faithful and more kind.

5 The juſt and pure ſhall ever ſay
God is more pure and juſt than they;
And men that love revenge ſhall know
God hath an arm of vengeance too.

WATTS.

Pſalm XVIII. Fourth Part. *C. M.* [※]

Thankſgiving for Victory.

TO thine almighty arm we owe
The triumph of the day;
Thy terrors, Lord, confound the foe,
And melt their ſtrength away.

2 'Tis by thine aid our troops prevail,
And break united powers;
By thee their lofty walls we ſcale,
Or burn their proudeſt towers.

3 God ſpeaks, and at his fierce rebuke
Whole armies are diſmay'd;
His voice, his frown, his angry look,
Strike all their courage dead.

4 He forms our ſoldiers for the field,
With all their martial ſkill;
Inſtructs their hand the ſword to wield,
And gives them hearts of ſteel.

5 The Lord our Saviour ever lives,
His name be ever bleſt;
His powerful arm the victory gives,
And gives his people reſt.

WATTS.

Pſalm XIX. Firſt Part. C. M. [*]

The Voice of Nature proclaiming God.

THE heavens declare thy glory, Lord,
Which that alone can fill;
The firmament and ſtars expreſs
Their great Creator's ſkill.

2 The dawn of each returning day
Freſh beams of knowledge brings;
And, from the dark returns of night,
Divine inſtruction ſprings.

3 Their powerful language to no realm
Or region is confin'd;
'Tis nature's voice, and underſtood
Alike by all mankind.

4 Their doctrine does its ſacred ſenſe
Through earth's extent diſplay,
Whoſe bright contents the circling ſun
Does round the world convey.

5 No bridegroom, on his nuptial day,
Has ſuch a cheerful face;
No giant does like him rejoice
To run his glorious race.

6 From eaſt to weſt, from weſt to eaſt,
His reſtleſs courſe he goes;
And, through his progreſs, cheerful light
And vital warmth beſtows.

TATE.

Psalm XIX. Sec. Part. C. M. [※ or b]

The Excellency of Scripture.

GOD's perfect law converts the soul,
Reclaims from falſe deſires;
With ſacred wiſdom his ſure word
The ignorant inſpires.

2 The ſtatutes of the Lord are juſt
And bring ſincere delight;
His pure commands in ſearch of truth
Aſſiſt the feebleſt ſight.

3 His perfect worſhip here is fix'd
On ſure foundations laid;
His equal laws are in the ſcales
Of truth and juſtice weigh'd.

4 Of more eſteem than golden mines,
Or gold refin'd with ſkill;
More ſweet than honey, or the drops
Which from the comb diſtil.

5 My truſty counſellors they are,
And friendly warning give;
Divine rewards attend on thoſe
Who by thy precepts live.

6 But what frail man obſerves how oft
He does from virtue fall?
O cleanſe me from my ſecret faults,
Thou God, who know'ſt them all.

TATE.

Psalm XIX. *Long Metre.* [※]

Nature and Scripture compared.

THE heavens declare thy glory, Lord,
In every ſtar thy wiſdom ſhines;
But when our eyes behold thy word,
We read thy name in fairer lines.

2 The rolling ſun, the changing light,
And nights and days thy power confeſs;
But the bleſt volume thou haſt writ
Reveals thy juſtice and thy grace.

3 Sun, moon and ſtars convey thy praiſe
Thro' the whole earth, and never ſtand;
So when thy truth began its race,
It touch'd and glanc'd on every land.

4 Nor ſhall thy ſpreading goſpel reſt,
Till thro' the world thy truth has run;
Till Chriſt hath all the nations bleſt
That ſee the light or feel the ſun.

5 Great Sun of righteouſneſs, ariſe;
Bleſs the dark world with heavenly light,
Thy goſpel makes the ſimple wiſe,
Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right.

6 Thy nobleſt wonders here we view,
In ſouls renew'd and ſins forgiven;
Lord, cleanſe my ſins, my ſoul renew,
And make thy word my guide to heaven.

WATTS

Pſalm XIX. *Six Line.* *L. M.* [*

GREAT God, the heaven's well order'd frame
Declares the glory of thy name;
Here thy rich works of wonder ſhine;
A thouſand ſtarry beauties there,
A thouſand radiant marks appear
Of boundleſs power and ſkill divine.

2 From night to day, from day to night,
The dawning and the dying light
Lectures of heavenly wiſdom read;
With ſilent eloquence, they raiſe
Our thoughts to our Creator's praiſe,
And neither ſound nor language need.

3 Yet their divine inſtructions run
Far as the circuit of the ſun,
And every nation knows their voice;
Where'er he ſpreads his beams abroad,
He publiſhes his maker, God,
Rolls round, and makes the earth rejoice.

4 But when we read thy written word;
What light and joy thoſe leaves afford!
Theſe are our ſtudy and delight:
Not honey ſo invites the taſte,
Nor gold that hath the furnace paſt,
Appears ſo pleaſing to the ſight.

5 From the diſcov'ries of thy law,
The perfect rules of life we draw;
But 'tis thy bleſſed goſpel, Lord,
Which makes our guilty conſcience clean,
Converts our ſoul, ſubdues our ſin,
And gives a free but large reward.

6 Who knows the errors of his thoughts!
Forgive, O Lord, our ſecret faults,
And from preſumptuous ſins reſtrain;
Accept the tribute of our praiſe,
That we have read thy book of grace,
And book of nature, not in vain.

WATTS.

Pſalm XIX. *Short Metre.* [*]

For the Lord's Day Morning.

BEHOLD the morning ſun
Begins his glorious way,
His beams thro' all the nations run,
And life and light convey.

2 But where the goſpel comes,
It ſpreads diviner light;

It calls dead ſinners from their tombs,
And gives the blind their ſight

3 How perfect is thy word!
And all thy judgments juſt!
Forever ſure thy promiſe, Lord,
And we ſecurely truſt.

4 My gracious God, how plain
Are thy directions given!
O may I never read in vain,
But find the path to heaven.

5 I hear thy word with love,
O help me to obey;
Send thy good Spirit from above,
To guide me, leſt I ſtray.

6 Whilſt with my heart and tongue
I ſpread my praiſe abroad;
Accept the worſhip and the ſong,
My Saviour and my God.

WATTS.

Pſalm XX. *Long Metre.* [b]

For a Day of Prayer in War.

NOW may the God of power and grace
Attend his people's humble cry;
Jehovah hears when Iſrael prays,
And ſends deliverance from on high.

2 The name of Jacob's God defends
Better than ſhields or brazen walls;
He from his ſanctuary ſends
Succour and ſtrength when Zion calls.

3 Well he remembers all our ſighs,
His love exceeds our beſt deſerts;
His love accepts the ſacrifice
Of humble groans and broken hearts.

4 In his ſalvation is our hope,
And in the name of God, the Lord,
Our troops ſhall lift their banners up,
Our ſhips ſhall ſpread their flags abroad.

5 Some truſt in horſes train'd for war,
And ſome of chariots make their boaſt;
Our ſureſt expectations are
From thee, the Lord of heavenly hoſts.

6 Save us, O Lord, from guilty fear,
And let our hopes be firm and ſtrong;
Till thy ſalvation ſhall appear,
And joy and triumph raiſe the ſong.

WATTS.

Pſalm XXI. *Long Metre.* [*]

The Exaltation of Chriſt.

DAVID rejoic'd in God his ſtrength,
Rais'd to the throne by ſpecial grace;
But Chriſt the Son appears at length,
Fulfils the triumph and the praiſe.

2 How great is the Meſſiah's joy
In the ſalvation of thy hand!
Lord, thou haſt rais'd his kingdom high,
And giv'n the world to his command.

3 Thy goodneſs grants whate'er he will,
Nor doth the leaſt requeſt withhold;
Bleſſings of love prevent him ſtill,
And crowns of glory not of gold.

4 Honour and majeſty divine
Around his ſacred temples ſhine;
Bleſt with the favour of thy face,
And length of everlaſting days.

WATTS.

Psalm XXII. First Part. C. M. [b]

The Sufferings and Glory of Christ.

"NOW, in the hour of deep distress,
My God, support thy SON,
When horrors dark my soul oppress,
O leave me not alone!"

2 Thus did our suffering Saviour pray,
With mighty cries and tears;
God heard him in that dreadful day,
And chas'd away his fears.

3 Great was the victory of his death,
His throne exalted stands;
And all the nations of the earth
Shall bow to his commands.

4 A numerous offspring shall reward
The Saviour's dying groans;
"I call them, saith the glorious Lord,
My daughters and my sons."

5 The meek and humble souls shall see
His table richly spread;
And all that seek the Lord shall be
With joys immortal fed.

WATTS, varied.

Psalm XXII. Second Part. L. M. [b]

Christ's Death and Resurrection.

NOW let our mournful songs record
The dying sorrows of our Lord;
When he complain'd in tears and blood,
Like one forsaken of his God.

2 The Jews beheld him thus forlorn,
And shook their heads, and laugh'd in scorn;
"He rescu'd others from the grave,
"Now let him try himself to save.

3 "Behold the man who did pretend
"God was his father and his friend;
"If God the bleſſed lov'd him ſo,
"Why doth he fail to help him now?"

4 O harden'd people! cruel prieſts!
How they ſtood round like ſavage beaſts!
Like lions gaping to devour,
When God had put him in their power!

5 They wound his head, his hands, his feet,
Till ſtreams of blood each other meet;
By lot his garments they divide,
And mock the pangs in which he dy'd.

6 But God his Father heard his cry;
Rais'd from the dead, he reigns on high;
The nations learn his righteouſneſs,
And humble ſinners taſte his grace.

WATTS.

Palm XXII. Third Part. *C. M.* [*or b]

Obedience to God due from all Men.

1 LET all the various tribes of men
To God their homage pay;
And diſtant nations of the earth,
One ſov'reign Lord obey.

2 'Tis his prerogative ſupreme
O'er ſubject kings to reign,
'Tis juſt that he ſhould rule the world,
Who does the world ſuſtain.

3 The rich, whom he with plenty feeds,
His goodneſs ſhall confeſs;
The ſons of want, whom he relieves,
Their bounteous patron bleſs.

4 With humble confidence to God
Let all for aid repair;

For he who first their beings gave,
Will make them still his care.

5 Blest time! when all of human birth
Devoted to his name,
Shall to their heirs, his sacred truth
And glorious acts proclaim,

TATE, varied.

Psalm XXIII. *Common Metre.* [*]

God's tender Care of his People.

THE Lord himself, the mighty Lord,
Is pleas'd to be my guide;
The Shepherd by whose constant care
My wants are all supply'd.

2 In tender grass he makes me feed,
And gently there repose;
Then leads me to cool shades, and where
Refreshing water flows.

3 He does my wand'ring feet reclaim,
And, to his endless praise,
Instruct with humble zeal to walk
In his most righteous ways.

4 I'll pass the gloomy vale of death,
From fear and danger free;
For there his aiding rod and staff
Defend and comfort me.

5 With liberal and unceasing care,
He does my table spread;
He crowns my cup with cheerful wine,
With oil anoints my head.

6 Since God doth thus his wond'rous love
Through all my life extend,
That life to him I will devote,
And in his temple spend.

TATE.

Pſalm XXIII. *Short Metre.* [✻]

God's tender Care of his People.

THE Lord my ſhepherd is,
I ſhall be well ſupply'd;
Since he is mine, and I am his,
What can I want beſide?

2 He leads me to the place
Where heavenly paſture grows,
Where living waters gently paſs,
And full ſalvation flows.

3 If e'er I go aſtray,
He doth my ſoul reclaim;
And guides me in his own right way,
For his moſt holy name.

4 Whilſt he affords his aid,
I cannot yield to fear;
Tho' I ſhould walk through death's dark ſhade,
My God is with me there.

5 In ſight of all my foes,
He does my table ſpread;
My cup with bleſſings overflows,
And joy exalts my head.

6 The bounties of his love
Shall crown my future days;
Nor from his houſe will I remove,
Nor ceaſe to ſpeak his praiſe.

WATTS.

Pſalm XXIII. *Six Line Long Metre.* [✻]

God our Shepherd.

THE Lord my paſture ſhall prepare,
And feed me with a ſhepherd's care;
His preſence ſhall my wants ſupply,
And guard me with a watchful eye:

My noon day walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant;
To fertile vales, and dewy meads,
My weary, wandering steps he leads;
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landskips flow.

3 Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious, lonely wilds I stray,
His bounty shall my pains beguile,
The barren wilderness shall smile;
With lively greens and herbage crown'd,
And streams shall murmur all around.

4 Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My stedfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me still;
Thy friendly staff shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dismal shade.

ADDISON.

Psalm XXIV. *Common Metre.* [✻]

The Man whom God approves.

THIS spacious earth is all the Lord's,
The Lord's her fulness is;
The world, and they who dwell therein,
By sovereign right are his.

2 He fix'd the land, and spread the seas,
With all which they contain;
Then man in his own image form'd,
O'er all these works to reign.

3 But for himself, this Lord of all
One chosen seat design'd;

O who ſhall to that ſacred hill
Deſir'd admittance find?

4 The man whoſe hands and heart are pure,
Whoſe thoughts from pride are free;
Who honeſt poverty prefers
To gainful perjury.

5 This is the man on whom the Lord
Shall ſhower his bleſſings down;
Whom God his Saviour ſhall be pleas'd
With righteouſneſs to crown.

6 Such is the character of thoſe
Who ſeek the face of God;
Whoſe happy feet ſhall ſtand within
The place of his abode.

TATE, varied.

Pſalm XXIV. *Long Metre.* [✻]

Heaven the Reſidence of Saints, and the Aſcenſion of Chriſt.

THIS ſpacious earth is all the Lord's,
And men and worms and beaſts and birds;
He rais'd the building on the ſeas,
And gave it for their dwelling place.

2 But there's a brighter world on high,
Thy palace, Lord, above the ſky;
Who ſhall aſcend that bleſt abode,
And dwell ſo near his Maker, God?

3 He who abhors and fears to ſin,
Whoſe heart is pure, whoſe hands are clean,
Him ſhall the Lord, the Saviour bleſs,
And clothe his ſoul with righteouſneſs.

4 Theſe are the men, the pious race
Who ſeek the God of Jacob's face;
Theſe ſhall enjoy the bliſsful ſight,
And dwell in everlaſting light.

5 Rejoice, ye ſhining worlds on high,
Behold the King of glory nigh!
Who can this King of glory be?
The mighty Lord, the Saviour's he.

6 Ye heavenly gates, your leaves diſplay,
To make the Lord, the Saviour way;
Laden with ſpoils from earth and hell,
The Conqueror comes, with God to dwell.

7 Rais'd from the dead, he goes before,
He opens heaven's eternal door,
To give his ſaints a bleſt abode
With their Redeemer and their God.

WATTS.

Pſalm XXV. *Short Metre.*

Seeking divine Forgiveneſs and Direction.

TO God I lift my eyes,
My truſt is in his name;
And they whoſe hope on him relies,
Shall never ſuffer ſhame.

2 From the firſt dawning light
Till the dark evening's ſhade,
For thy ſalvation, Lord, I wait,
And aſk thy heavenly aid.

3 Remember all thy grace,
And lead me in thy truth;
Forgive the ſins of riper age,
And follies of my youth.

4 Thro' all the ways of God,
Both truth and mercy ſhine,
To thoſe who with religious hearts
To his bleſt will incline.

5 He thoſe in ſafety guides
Who his direction ſeek,

And in his sacred paths will lead
The humble and the meek.

6 For thy own goodness' sake,
Save thou my soul from shame;
And pardon all my sins, tho' great,
Thro' my Redeemer's name.

TATE and WATTS, united and varied.

Psalm XXVI. *Long Metre.* [b]

Self Examination.

JUDGE me, O God, and prove my ways,
And try my reins, and try my heart;
My faith upon thy promise stays,
Nor from thy word my feet depart.

2 I hate to walk, I hate to sit
With men of vanity and lies;
The scoffer and the hypocrite
In my esteem shall never rise.

3 In innocence I'll wash my hands,
From pride and guilt and folly clear;
Then at thy sacred altar stand,
And hope to find acceptance there.

4 I love thy habitation, Lord,
The temple where thy honours dwell;
There shall I hear thy holy word,
And there thy works of wonder tell.

5 Let not my soul be join'd at last
With men of treachery and blood;
Since I my days on earth have past
Among the saints, and near my God.

WATTS, varied.

Psalm XXVII. *Common Metre.* [♯ or ♭]

The Church is our Safety and Delight.

THE Lord of glory is my light,
And my ſalvation too;
God is my ſtrength, nor will I fear
What mortal fleſh can do.

2 One privilege my heart deſires,
O grant me an abode
Among the churches of thy ſaints,
The temples of my God.

3 There ſhall I offer my requeſts,
And ſee thy glory ſtill;
Shall hear thy meſſages of love,
And learn thy holy will.

4 When troubles riſe and ſtorms appear,
There may his children hide:
God has a ſtrong pavilion, where
He makes my ſoul abide.

5 Should friends and kindred, near and dear,
Leave me to want or die;
My God would make my life his care,
And all my need ſupply.

6 Wait on the Lord, ye trembling ſaints.
And keep your courage up;
He'll raiſe your ſpirit when it faints,
And elevate your hope.

WATTS.

Psalm XXVII. *Long Metre.* [♭]

The Safety of truſting in God.

THE Lord, my Saviour, is my light,
What terrors can my ſoul affright?
Whilſt God, my ſtrength, my life, is near,
What mortal ſhall alarm my fear?

2 When numerous hoſts beſiege me round,
My courage ſhall maintain its ground;
Tho' war ſhould riſe in dread array,
God is my ſtrength, my hope, my ſtay.

3 This only bliſs my heart deſires,
To this my ardent wiſh aſpires,
In God's own houſe to ſpend my days,
To hear his word, and ſpeak his praiſe;

4 When troubles riſe, my guardian God
Will hide me ſafe in his abode;
Firm as a rock my hope ſhall ſtand,
Suſtain'd by his almighty hand.

5 Should every earthly friend depart,
Should love forſake a parent's heart;
The God on whom my hopes depend,
Will be my father and my friend.

6 Ye humble ſouls, in every ſtrait
On God with faith and patience wait;
His hand ſhall life and ſtrength afford;
Wait, therefore, ever on the Lord.

Mrs. STEELE.

Pſalm XXVIII. *Common Metre.* [b]

The humble Suppliant truſting in God.

O LORD, my rock, to thee I cry,
In ſighs conſume my breath;
Hear me, O Lord, or I ſhall be
Like thoſe who ſleep in death.

2 Regard my ſupplication, Lord,
The cries that I repeat,
With weeping eyes and lifted hands,
Before thy mercy ſeat.

3 If wicked men thy works deſpiſe,
Nor will thy grace adore,

Thy justice shall avenge the cause,
And build them up no more.

4 But I, with gratitude inspir'd,
Thy praises will resound;
From whom, the cries of my distress
A gracious answer found.

5 As thou hast fill'd my heart with joy,
'Tis just that I should raise
The cheerful tribute of my thanks,
And celebrate thy praise.

6 Preserve thy people, Lord, and deign
Thy heritage to bless;
Crown them with plenty and with peace,
With honour and success.

TATE, varied.

Psalm XXIX. *Long Metre.* [※]

The Majesty of God in Thunder.

GIVE to the Lord, ye sons of fame,
Give to the Lord renown and power;
Ascribe due honors to his name,
And his eternal might adore.

2 The Lord proclaims his power aloud
O'er the vast ocean and the land;
His voice dissolves the watery cloud,
And lightnings blaze at his command.

3 When he from heaven in thunder speaks,
With majesty and terror crown'd;
His voice the stately cedar breaks,
And throws its scatter'd limbs around.

4 His voice divides the flames of fire,
And forked streaks of lightning sends,
The mountain trembles at his ire,
The lofty forest lowly bends.

5 His lightning rends the firmeſt rock,
And pierces deep the ſolid ground;
The hinds affrighted feel the ſhock,
And ſhudder at the awful ſound.

6 The Lord ſits ſovereign on the flood,
The Thunderer reigns for ever king;
But makes his church his bleſt abode,
Where we his praiſe ſecurely ſing.

7 In gentler language, here the Lord
The counſels of his grace imparts;
Amidſt the raging ſtorm, his word
Speaks peace and comfort to our hearts.

WATTS and TATE, united and varied.

Pſalm XXX. *Common Metre.* [✻]

Prayer heard.

BENEATH my God's protecting arm,
How did my ſoul rejoice!
And fondly hop'd no future harm
Would interrupt my joys.

2 Lord, 'twas thy favour fix'd my reſt;
Thy ſhining face withdrew,
Then troubles fill'd my anxious breaſt,
And pain'd my ſoul anew.

3 Again to thee, O gracious God,
I rais'd my mournful eyes;
To thee I ſpread my woes abroad,
With ſupplicating cries.

4 What glory can my death afford,
In the dark grave confin'd?
Shall ſenſeleſs duſt adore the Lord,
Or call thy truth to mind?

5 Hear, O my God, in mercy hear,
Attend my plaintive cry;

Be thou, my gracious helper, near,
And bid my ſorrows fly.

6 Again I hear the voice divine;
New joys exulting bound;
My robes of mourning I reſign,
And gladneſs girds me round.

7 Then let my utmoſt glory be
To raiſe thy honours high,
Nor let my gratitude to thee
In guilty ſilence die.

8 To thee, my gracious God, I raiſe
My thankful heart and tongue;
O be thy goodneſs and thy praiſe
My everlaſting ſong.

MRS. STEELE.

Pſalm XXX. *Long Metre.* [%]

Recovery from Sickneſs.

FIRM was my health, my day was bright,
And I preſum'd 'twould ne'er be night;
Fondly I ſaid within my heart,
"Pleaſure and peace ſhall ne'er depart."

2 But I forgot thine arm was ſtrong,
Which made my mountain ſtand ſo long;
Soon as thy face began to hide,
My health was gone, my comfort dy'd.

3 Corrected by a Father's rod,
I cry'd aloud to thee, my God;
"If laid in duſt, can I declare
"Thy truth, or ſing thy goodneſs there?

4 "Hear me, O God of grace," I ſaid,
"And bring me from among the dead;"
Thy word rebuk'd the pains I felt,
Thy pardoning love remov'd my guilt.

5 My ſad complaints in praiſes end,
And tears of gratitude deſcend;
I throw my ſackcloth on the ground,
And eaſe and gladneſs gird me round.

6 My tongue, the glory of my frame,
Thy power and goodneſs ſhall proclaim;
Thy praiſe ſhall ſound thro' earth and heav'n,
For ſickneſs heal'd, and ſins forgiven.

WATTS.

Pſalm XXXI. *Common Metre.* [✻]

Relief from Diſtreſs.

COME, O ye ſaints, your voices raiſe
To God in grateful ſongs;
And let the memory of his grace
Inſpire your hearts and tongues.

2 His frown what mortal can ſuſtain?
But ſoon his anger dies;
His life-reſtoring ſmile again
Returns, and ſorrow flies.

3 Her deepeſt gloom, when ſorrow ſpreads,
And light and hope depart,
His face celeſtial morning ſheds,
And joy revives the heart.

4 To thee, my God, oppreſs'd with grief,
I breath'd my humble cry;
Thy mercy brought divine relief,
And wip'd my weeping eye.

5 Thy mercy chas'd the ſhades of death,
And ſnatch'd me from the grave;
O may thy praiſe employ that breath
Which mercy deigns to ſave.

Mrs. STEELE.

Psalm XXXI. *Long Metre.* [♯ or ♭]

Confidence in God.

LORD, in thy great, thy glorious name,
I place my hope, my only truſt;
Save me from ſorrow, guilt and ſhame,
Thou ever gracious, ever juſt.

2 Thou art my Rock, thy name alone
The fortreſs where my hopes retreat;
O make thy power and mercy known,
To ſafety guide my wandering feet.

3 To thy kind hand, all gracious Lord,
My ſoul I cheerfully reſign;
My Saviour God, I truſt thy word,
For truth, immortal truth, is thine.

4 I hate their works, I hate their ways,
Who follow vanity and lies;
But to the Lord my hopes I raiſe,
And truſt his power, who built the ſkies.

5 What perfect bliſs, O bounteous Lord,
Immenſely great, divinely free,
Haſt thou reſerv'd for their reward,
Who fear thy name, and truſt in thee!

6 Bleſt be the Lord, forever bleſt,
Whoſe mercy bids my fear remove;
The ſacred walls which guard my reſt,
Are his almighty power and love.

7 Ye humble ſouls, who ſeek his face,
Let ſacred courage fill your heart!
Hope in the Lord, and truſt his grace,
And he will heavenly ſtrength impart.

Mrs. STEELE.

Pſalm XXXII. *Long Metre.* [b]

The Marks of true Repentance.

HE's bleſt whoſe ſins have pardon gain'd,
No more in judgment to appear;
Whoſe guilt remiſſion has obtain'd,
And whoſe repentance is ſincere.

2 From guile his heart and lips are free,
His humble joy, his holy fear
With deep repentance well agree,
And join to prove his faith ſincere.

3 Whilſt I kept ſilence and conceal'd
My load of guilt within my heart,
What torment did my conſcience feel!
What agony of inward ſmart!

4 Heavy on me thy hand remain'd,
By day and night alike diſtreſs'd;
Till quite of vital moiſture drain'd,
Like land with ſummer drought oppreſs'd.

5 No ſooner I my wound diſclos'd,
The guilt that tortur'd me within;
But thy forgiveneſs interpos'd,
And mercy's healing balm pour'd in.

6 For this diſplay of ſovereign grace,
In my diſtreſs ſo freely given,
Each humble ſoul will ſeek thy face,
And find his way to peace and heaven.

TATE and WATTS, united and varied.

Pſalm XXXII. *Short Metre.* [b]

Confeſſion and Pardon.

O BLESSED ſouls are they,
Whoſe ſins are cover'd o'er,
Divinely bleſt, to whom the Lord
Imputes their guilt no more!

2 They mourn their follies paſt,
And keep their hearts with care;
Their lips and lives, without deceit,
Shall prove their faith ſincere.

3 When I conceal'd my guilt,
I felt the feſtering wound;
But I confeſs'd my ſin to thee,
And ready pardon found.

4 Let ſinners learn to pray,
Let ſaints keep near the throne;
Our help, in time of deep diſtreſs,
Is found in God alone.

WATTS.

Pſalm XXXIII. *Common Metre.* [✻]

The Works of Creation and Providence.

REJOICE, ye righteous, in the Lord,
This work belongs to you;
Sing of his name, his ways, his word,
How holy, juſt and true!

2 His mercy and his righteouſneſs
Let heaven and earth proclaim;
His works of nature and of grace
Reveal his wond'rous name.

3 His wiſdom and almighty word
The heavenly orbits ſpread;
And by the Spirit of the Lord
Their ſhining hoſts were made.

4 He bade the liquid waters flow
To their appointed deep;
The flowing ſeas their limits know,
And their own ſtation keep.

5 Ye tenants of the ſpacious earth,
With fear before him ſtand;

He ſpoke, and nature took its birth,
And reſts on his command.

6 He ſcorns the angry nations' rage,
And breaks their vain deſigns;
His counſel ſtands thro' every age,
And in full glory ſhines.

WATTS.

Pſalm XXXIII. *Six Line L. M.* [✻]

Creatures vain, and God all-ſufficient.

HAPPY the nation, where the Lord
Reveals the treaſure of his word,
And builds his church, his earthly throne;
His eye the heathen world ſurveys,
He form'd their hearts, he knows their ways,
But God, their Maker, is unknown.

2 Let kings rely upon their hoſt,
And of his ſtrength, the warrior boaſt,
In vain they boaſt, in vain rely;
In vain they truſt the brutal force,
Or ſpeed, or courage of the horſe,
To guard his rider, or to fly.

3 The eye of thy compaſſion, Lord,
Doth more ſecure defence afford,
When death and danger threat'ning ſtand;
Thy watchful eye preſerves the juſt,
Who make thy name their fear and truſt,
When wars or famine waſte the land.

4 In ſickneſs, or the bloody field,
Thou, our Phyſician, thou, our Shield,
Send us ſalvation from thy throne;
We wait to ſee thy goodneſs ſhine,
Let us rejoice in help divine,
For all our hope is God alone.

WATTS.

Psalm XXXIV. First Part. C. M. [a]

Encouragement to trust and love God.

THRO' all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.

2 Of his deliv'rance I will boast,
Till all who are distress'd,
From my example comfort take,
And charm their griefs to rest.

3 The hosts of God encamp around
The dwellings of the just:
Protection he affords to all
Who make his name their trust.

4 O make but trial of his love,
Experience will decide;
How blest are they, and only they
Who in his truth confide.

5 Fear him, ye saints, and you will then
Have nothing else to fear:
Make you his service your delight,
Your wants shall be his care.

6 Whilst hungry lions lack their prey,
The Lord will food provide
For such as put their trust in him;
And see their wants supply'd.

TATE.

Psalm XXXIV. Sec. Part. C. M. [b]

The Way of Holiness and its Reward.

APPROACH, ye piously dispos'd,
And my instruction hear;
I'll teach you the true discipline
Of God's religious fear.

2 Let him who length of life desires;
And prosperous days would see;
From sland'ring language keep his tongue,
His lips from falsehood free.

3 The crooked paths of vice decline,
And virtue's ways pursue;
Establish peace where 'tis begun,
And where 'tis lost, renew.

4 The Lord from heaven beholds the just
With favourable eyes;
And when distress'd, his gracious ear
Is open to their cries.

5 Deliv'rance to his saints he gives,
When his relief they crave;
He's nigh to heal the broken heart,
The contrite spirit save.

TATE.

Psalm XXXV. ver. 12, 13, 14. C. M. [b]

Love to Enemies.

BEHOLD the love, the generous love
Which holy David shows!
Hark, how his tender pity moves
To his afflicted foes!

2 When they are sick, his soul complains,
And seems to feel the smart;
The spirit of the gospel reigns,
And melts his pious heart.

3 How did his flowing tears condole,
As for a brother dead!
And, fasting, mortify'd his soul,
Whilst for their life he pray'd!

4 They groan, and curſe him on their bed;
Yet ſtill he pleads and mourns;
And double bleſſings on his head
The righteous God returns.

5 O glorious type of heavenly grace!
Thus Chriſt, the Lord, appears;
Whilſt ſinners curſe, the Saviour prays,
And pities them with tears.

6 He, the true David, Iſrael's King,
Bleſs'd and belov'd of God,
To ſave our ſouls from death and ſin,
Shed his own precious blood.

WATTS.

Pſalm XXXVI. Firſt Verſi. *L. M.* [*]

The Perfections and Providence of God.

THY mercy, Lord, my only hope,
The higheſt orb of heaven tranſcends;
Thy ſacred truth's unmeaſur'd ſcope
Above the ſpreading ſkies extends.

2 Thy juſtice like the hills remains,
Unfathom'd depths thy judgments are;
Thy providence the world ſuſtains,
The whole creation is thy care.

3 Since of thy goodneſs all partake,
With what aſſurance ſhould the juſt
Thy ſheltering wings their refuge make,
And ſaints to thy protection truſt.

4 Such gueſts ſhall to thy courts be led,
To banquet on thy love's repaſt;
And drink, as from the fountain head,
Of joys that ſhall forever laſt.

5 Then let thy ſaints thy favour gain,
To upright hearts thy truth diſplay;

With thee, the springs of life remain,
Thy presence is eternal day.

TATE.

Psalm XXXVI. Sec. Vers. *L. M.* [*]

The Divine Being and Perfections.

HIGH in the heavens, eternal God,
Thy goodness in full glory shines;
Thy truth shall break thro' every cloud,
Which veils and darkens thy designs.

2 Forever firm thy justice stands,
As mountains their foundations keep;
Wise are the wonders of thy hands,
Thy judgments are a mighty deep.

3 Thy providence is kind and large,
Both men and beasts thy bounty share;
The whole creation is thy charge,
But saints are thy peculiar care.

4 Oh God, how excellent thy grace,
Whence all our hope and comfort springs!
The sons of Adam, in distress,
Fly to the shadow of thy wings.

5 From the provisions of thy house
We shall be fed with rich repast;
There mercy like a river flows,
And brings salvation to our taste.

6 Life, like a fountain full and free,
Springs from the presence of the Lord;
And in thy light, our souls shall see
The glories promis'd in thy word.

WATTS.

Psalm XXXVII. First Part. C. M. [b]

The Cure of Envy and Unbelief.

WHY should I vex my soul, and fret
To see the wicked rise?
Or envy sinners waxing great,
By violence and lies?

2 As flowery grass, cut down at noon,
Before the evening fades,
So shall their glory vanish soon,
In everlasting shades.

3 Then let me make the Lord my trust,
And practise all that's good;
So shall I dwell among the just,
And never want for food.

4 I to my God my ways commit,
And cheerful wait his will;
Thy hand, which guides my doubtful feet,
Shall my desires fulfil.

5 Mine innocence shalt thou display,
And make thy judgments known;
Fair as the light or dawning day,
And glorious as the noon.

6 The meek shall still the earth possess,
And be the heirs of heaven;
True riches, in abundant peace,
To humble souls are given.

WATTS.

Psalm XXXVII. Sec. Part. C. M. [b]

Religion in Words and Deeds.

WHY do the wealthy wicked boast,
And grow profanely bold?
The meanest portion of the just
Excels the sinner's gold.

2 The wicked borrows of his friends,
But ne'er designs to pay;
The just is merciful, and lends,
Nor turns the poor away.

3 His alms with liberal hand he gives
To all the sons of need;
His memory to long ages lives,
And blessed is his seed.

4 His lips abhor to speak profane,
To slander or defraud;
His ready tongue declares to men
What he has learn'd of God.

5 The law and gospel of the Lord
Deep in his heart abide;
Led by the Spirit and the word,
His feet shall never slide.

6 When sinners fall, the righteous stand,
Preserv'd from every snare;
They shall possess the promis'd land,
And dwell forever there.

WATTS.

Psalm XXXVII. Third Part. C. M. [*or b]

The Way and End of the Righteous and the Wicked.

MY God, the steps of pious men
Are order'd by thy will;
Though they should fall, they rise again,
Thy hand supports them still.

2 The Lord delights to see their ways,
Their virtue he approves;
He'll ne'er deprive them of his grace,
Nor leave the men he loves.

3 The heavenly heritage is theirs,
Their portion and their home;
He feeds them now, and makes them heirs
Of bleſſings long to come.

4 The haughty ſinner have I ſeen,
Not fearing man or God;
Like princely laurel fair and green,
Spreading his arms abroad:

5 And lo, he vaniſh'd from the ground,
Deſtroy'd by hands unſeen;
Nor root, nor branch, nor leaf was found,
Where all that pride had been.

6 But mark the man of righteouſneſs,
His ſeveral ſteps attend;
True pleaſure runs through all his ways,
And peaceful is his end.

WATTS.

Pſalm XXXVIII. ver. 9, 10. *C. M.* [b]

Conſolation in Death.

MY Soul, the awful hour will come,
A pace it haſtens on;
To bear this body to the tomb,
And thee to ſcenes unknown.

2 My heart, long labouring with its woes,
Shall pant and ſink away;
And you my eyelids, ſoon ſhall cloſe
On the laſt glimmering ray.

3 Whence, in that hour, ſhall I receive
A cordial for my pain?
When, if the richeſt were my friends,
Thoſe friends would weep in vain!

4 Great King of nature and of grace,
To thee my ſpirit flies;

And opens all its deep diſtreſs
Before thy pitying eyes.

5 All my deſires to thee are known,
And every ſecret fear;
The meaning of each broken groan
Is notic'd by thine ear.

6 O place me by that mighty power
Which to ſuch love belongs,
Where darkneſs veils the eyes no more,
And groans are chang'd to ſongs.

DODDRIDGE.

Pſalm XXXIX. *Common Metre.* [b]

Man's Mortality.

TEACH me the meaſure of my days,
Thou Maker of my frame;
I would ſurvey life's narrow ſpace,
And learn how frail I am.

2 A ſpan is all that we can boaſt,
How ſhort the fleeting time?
Man is but vanity and duſt,
In all his flower and prime.

3 See the vain race of mortals move
Like ſhadows o'er the plain;
They rage and ſtrive, deſire and love,
But all their noiſe is vain.

4 Some walk in honour's gaudy ſhow,
Some dig for golden ore;
They toil for heirs, they know not who,
And ſtrait are ſeen no more.

5 What ſhould I wiſh or wait for then
From creatures earth and duſt?
They make our expectations vain,
And diſappoint our truſt.

6 This fruitleſs ſearch no more be mine,
Such hopes I now recal;
My earthly proſpects I reſign,
And make my God my all.

WATTS.

Pſalm XL. Firſt Part. *C. M.* [b]

Deliverance from great Diſtreſs.

I WAITED patient for the Lord,
He bow'd to hear my cry;
He ſaw me reſting on his word,
And brought ſalvation nigh.

2 Sunk in the depths of ſore diſtreſs,
And all my ſtruggles vain;
When human help ſeem'd daily leſs,
He rais'd me up again.

3 Firm on a rock he made me ſtand,
And taught my cheerful tongue
To praiſe the wonders of his hand,
In a new, thankful ſong.

4 I'll ſpread his works of grace abroad,
The ſaints with joy ſhall hear;
And ſinners learn to make my God
Their only hope and fear.

5 What mercies fill my wond'ring view!
How many and how great!
Life is too ſhort, and words too few,
Their numbers to repeat.

6 When I'm afflicted, poor and low,
With hope I'll never part;
For God beholds my heavy woe,
And bears me on his heart.

WATTS.

Psalm XL. Sec. Part. C. M. [*]

The Divine Miſſion and Sacrifice of Chriſt.

THUS ſaith the Lord, "Your work is vain,
Give your burnt offerings o'er;
In dying goats and bullocks ſlain,
My ſoul delights no more."

2 Then ſpake the Saviour, "Lo, I'm here,
My God, to do thy will;
Whate'er thy ſacred books declare,
Thy ſervant ſhall fulfil."

3 And ſee, the bleſt Redeemer comes,
Th' eternal Son appears;
And at th' appointed time aſſumes
The body God prepares!

4 Much he reveal'd his Father's grace,
And much his truth he ſhow'd;
And preach'd the way of righteouſneſs,
Where great aſſemblies ſtood.

5 His Father's honour touch'd his heart,
He pitied ſinners' cries;
And, to fulfil a Saviour's part,
Was made a ſacrifice.

6 No blood of beaſts on altars ſhed
Could cleanſe from guilt within;
But the one ſacrifice he made,
Atones for all our ſin.

7 Then was the great ſalvation ſpread,
And Satan's kingdom ſhook;
Thus by the woman's promis'd ſeed,
The ſerpent's head was broke.

WATTS.

Psalm XLI. *Long Metre.* [✱]

Charity rewarded.

BLEST is the man, whose tender care
Relieves the poor in their distress;
Whose pity wipes the widow's tear,
Whose hand supports the fatherless.

2 His heart contrives for their relief
More good than his own hand can do;
He in the time of general grief,
Shall find the Lord has pity too.

3 His soul shall live secure on earth,
With secret blessings on his head;
When drought, and pestilence, and dearth
Around him multiply their dead.

4 Or if he languish on his couch,
God will pronounce his sins forgiven;
Will save him with a healing touch,
Or take his willing soul to heaven.

WATTS.

Psalm XLII. *Common Metre.* [✱ or b]

The Pleasure of Public Worship.

AS pants the hart for cooling streams,
When heated in the chase;
So longs my soul, O God, for thee,
And thy refreshing grace.

2 For thee, my God, the living God,
My thirsty soul doth pine:
O when shall I behold thy face,
Thou majesty divine?

3 I sigh whene'er my musing thoughts
Those happy days present,
When I, with my religious friends,
Thy temple did frequent.

4 When I advanc'd with ſongs of praiſe,
My ſolemn vows to pay;
Amidſt the joyful ſacred throng,
Which kept the feſtal day.

5 Why reſtleſs, why caſt down, my ſoul?
Truſt God, and he'll employ
His aid for thee; and change thy ſighs
To hymns of ſacred joy.

6 Why reſtleſs, why caſt down, my ſoul?
Hope ſtill, and thou ſhalt ſing
The praiſe of him who is thy God,
Thy health's eternal ſpring.

TATE.

Pſalm XLIII. *Long Metre.* [♯ or ♭]

Complaint and Hope.

GOD of our ſtrength, to thee we cry,
O let us not forgotten lie;
Oppreſs'd with ſorrows and with care,
To thy protection we repair.

2 O let thy light attend our way,
Thy truth afford its ſteady ray;
To Zion's hill direct our feet,
To worſhip at thy ſacred ſeat.

3 Thy praiſe, O God, ſhall tune the lyre,
Thy love our joyful ſong inſpire;
To thee, our cordial thanks be paid,
Our ſure defence, our conſtant aid.

4 Why then dejected and diſtreſt?
And whence the grief that fills our breaſt?
In God we'll hope, and to him raiſe
A monument of endleſs praiſe.

Altered from MERRICK.

Psalm XLIV. *Common Metre.* [✻ or ♭]

In Time of War.

O LORD, our fathers oft have told,
In our attentive ears,
Thy wonders in their days perform'd,
And in more ancient years.

2 'Twas not their courage, nor their ſword
To them ſalvation gave;
'Twas not their number, nor their ſtrength
That did their country ſave.

3 But thy right hand, thy powerful arm,
Whoſe ſuccour they implor'd;
Thy providence protected them,
Who thy great name ador'd.

4 As thee, their God, our fathers own'd,
So thou art ſtill our King;
O therefore, as thou didſt to them,
To us deliverance bring.

5 We will not truſt our ſword nor bow,
When we in war engage;
But thee, who canſt ſubdue our foe,
And calm their haughty rage.

6 To thee, the glory we'll aſcribe,
From whom ſalvation came;
In God our ſhield we will rejoice,
And ever bleſs thy name.

TATE, varied.

Psalm XLV. First Part. *L. M.* [✻]

The Glory of Chriſt and the Power of his Goſpel.

NOW be my heart inſpir'd to ſing
The glories of my Saviour King;
My tongue ſhall all his worth proclaim,
And ſpeak the honours of his name.

2 O'er all the ſons of human race
He ſhines with a ſuperior grace;
Love from his lips divinely flows,
And bleſſings all his ſtate compoſe.

3 Dreſs thee in arms, moſt mighty Lord,*
Gird on thy ſharp victorious ſword;
In majeſty and glory ride,
With truth and meekneſs at thy ſide.

4 Thine anger, like a pointed dart,
Shall pierce thy foes of ſtubborn heart;
Or words of mercy, kind and ſweet,
Shall melt the rebels at thy feet.

5 Thy throne, O God,* forever ſtands,
Grace is the ſceptre of thy hands;
Thy laws and works are juſt and right,
Juſtice and grace are thy delight.

6 Thy Father, God, hath richly ſhed
His oil of gladneſs on thy head;
And with his ſacred Spirit bleſt
His firſt born Son above the reſt.

* See Hebrews, i. 8. WATTS.

Pſalm XLV. Second Part. *L. M.* [*]

Chriſt and his Church.

THE King of Saints! how fair his face!
Adorn'd with majeſty and grace!
He comes with bleſſings from above,
And wins the nations to his love.

2 At his right hand our eyes behold
The church array'd in pureſt gold;
The world admires her heavenly dreſs,
Her robes of joy and righteouſneſs.

3 He forms her graces like his own,
He calls and ſeats her near his throne;

Then let thy wandering heart forget
The idols of thy native ſtate.

4 So ſhall the King the more rejoice
In thee, the object of his choice;
Let him be lov'd, and yet ador'd,
He is thy Maker and thy Lord.

5 O happy hour, when thou ſhalt riſe
To his fair palace in the ſkies;
And all thy ſons, a numerous train,
Each like a prince in glory reign.

6 Let endleſs honours crown his head,
Let every age his praiſes ſpread;
Whilſt we with cheerful ſongs approve
The condeſcenſions of his love.

WATTS.

Pſalm XLVI. *Long Metre.* [✱]

Praiſe for National Peace.

GREAT Ruler of the earth and ſkies,
A word of thy almighty breath
Can ſink the world, or bid it riſe;
Thy ſmile is life, thy frown is death.

2 When angry nations ruſh to arms,
And rage and noiſe and tumult reign,
When war reſounds its dire alarms,
And ſlaughter ſpreads the crimſon plain;

3 Thy ſovereign eye looks calmly down,
And marks their courſe, and bounds their power;
Thy word the angry nations own,
And noiſe and war are heard no more.

4 Then peace returns with balmy wings,
Reviving commerce ſpreads her ſails;

The fields are green, and plenty ſings
Reſponſive o'er the hills and vales.

5 Thou good and wiſe and righteous Lord,
All move ſubſervient to thy will;
Both peace and war await thy word,
And thy ſublime decrees fulfil.

6 To thee we pay our grateful ſongs,
Thy kind protection ſtill implore;
O may our hearts, and lives, and tongues
Confeſs thy goodneſs and adore.

Mrs. STEELE.

Pſalm XLVI. *Six Line L. M.* [♯ or ♭]

War and Peace.

GOD is our refuge in diſtreſs,
A preſent help when dangers preſs;
In him undaunted we'll confide;
Tho' earth were from her centre toſt,
And mountains in the ocean loſt,
Diſſolv'd by every riſing tide.

2 A gentle ſtream with gladneſs ſtill
The city of our God ſhall fill,
The ſacred ſeat of God moſt high:
God dwells in Zion, whoſe fair towers
Shall mock th' aſſaults of earthly powers,
Whilſt his almighty aid is nigh.

3 In tumults, when the heathen rag'd,
And kingdoms war againſt us wag'd,
He thunder'd and diſpers'd their powers:
The Lord of hoſts conducts our arms,
Our tower of refuge in alarms,
Our fathers' guardian God, and ours.

4 Come, see the wonders he has wrought
On earth, what desolations brought,
How he has calm'd the jarring world;
He broke the warlike spear and bow,
With them the thundering chariot too
Into devouring flames were hurl'd.

5 Submit to God's almighty sway,
For him the nations shall obey,
And earth her sovereign Lord confess:
The God of hosts conducts our arms,
Our tower of refuge in alarms,
As to our fathers in distress.

TATE.

Psalm XLVII. *Common Metre.* [✻]

Universal Praise.

O FOR a shout of sacred joy,
To God the sovereign King!
Let every land their tongues employ,
And hymns of triumph sing.

2 Whilst angels shout their lofty praise,
Let mortals learn their strains;
Let all the earth their voices raise,
O'er all the earth he reigns.

3 Rehearse his praise with awe profound,
Let knowledge lead the song;
Nor mock him with a solemn sound
Upon a thoughtless tongue.

4 In Israel stood his ancient throne,
He lov'd that chosen race;
But now he calls the world his own,
And heathens taste his grace.

WATTS.

Psalm XLVIII. *Short Metre.* [*]

Gospel Worship and Order.

GREAT is the Lord our God,
And let his praise be great;
He makes the church his blest abode,
His most delightful seat.

2 Far as thy name is known,
The world declares thy praise;
Thy saints, O Lord, before thy throne
Their songs of honour raise.

3 Let strangers walk around
The city where we dwell;
Compass and view thy holy ground,
And mark the building well:

4 The order of thy house,
The worship of thy court,
The cheerful songs, the solemn vows,
And make a fair report.

5 How decent and how wise!
How glorious to behold!
Beyond the pomp that charms the eye,
And rites adorn'd with gold.

6 The God we worship now
Will guide us till we die;
Will be our God whilst here below,
Our God above the sky.

WATTS.

Psalm XLIX. *Common Metre.* [b]

The Vanity of Riches.

WHY doth the man of riches grow
To insolence and pride,
To see his wealth and honours flow
With every rising tide?

2 Not all his treaſures can procure
His ſoul a ſhort reprieve;
Redeem from death one guilty hour,
Or make his brother live.

3 The worth of life can ne'er be told,
Its ranſom is too high;
Juſtice cannot be brib'd with gold,
That man may never die.

4 He ſees the brutiſh and the wiſe,
The timorous and the brave,
Quit their poſſeſſions, cloſe their eyes,
And haſten to the grave.

5 Yet 'tis his inward thought and pride,
"My houſe ſhall ever ſtand;
And that my name may long abide,
I'll give it to my land."

6 Vain are his thoughts, his hopes are loſt,
How ſoon his memory dies!
His name is written in the duſt
In which his body lies.

WATTS.

Pſalm L. First Part. *Com. Metre.*

The laſt Judgment.

THE Lord, the Judge, before his throne
Bids the whole earth draw nigh;
The nations near the riſing ſun,
And near the weſtern ſky.

2 No more ſhall bold blaſphemers ſay,
"Judgment will ne'er begin;"
No more abuſe his long delay,
To impudence and ſin.

3 Thron'd on a cloud, our God ſhall come,
Bright flames prepare his way;

Thunder and darkneſs, fire and ſtorm
Lead on the dreadful day.

4 Heaven from above, his call ſhall hear,
Attending angels come;
And earth and hell ſhall know and fear
His juſtice and their doom.

5 "But gather all my ſaints, (he cries)
Who made their peace with God,
Through the Redeemer's ſacrifice,
And ſeal'd it with his blood.

6 "Their faith and works, bro't forth to light,
Shall make the world confeſs
My ſentence of reward is right,
And heaven adore my grace."

WATTS.

Pſalm L. Sec. Part. *Long Metre.* [b]

Hypocriſy expoſed.

THE Lord, the Judge, his churches warns,
Let hypocrites attend and fear,
Who place their hopes in rites and forms,
But make not faith nor love their care.

2 They dare rehearſe his ſacred name,
With lips of falſehood and deceit;
A friend or brother they defame,
And ſoothe and flatter thoſe they hate.

3 They watch to do their neighbour wrong,
Yet dare to ſeek their Maker's face;
They take his cov'nant on their tongue,
But break his laws, abuſe his grace.

4 To heaven they lift their hands unclean,
Defil'd with luſt, and ſtain'd with blood;
By night they practiſe every ſin,
By day their mouths draw near to God.

5 And whilſt his judgments long delay,
They grow ſecure, and ſin the more;
They think he ſleeps as well as they,
And put far off the dreadful hour.

6 O dreadful hour! when God draws near,
And ſets their crimes before their eyes;
Their guilt and puniſhment appear,
And no deliverer can ariſe.

WATTS.

Pſalm LI. Firſt Part. *Long Metre.* [b]

A Penitent pleading for Pardon.

SHEW pity, Lord; O Lord, forgive,
Let a repenting ſinner live;
Are not thy mercies large and free?
May not the contrite truſt in thee?

2 My ſins, tho' great, do not ſurpaſs
The riches of eternal grace;
Great God, thy nature hath no bound,
So let thy pard'ning love be found.

3 O waſh my ſoul from every ſin,
And make my guilty conſcience clean;
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And paſt offences pain my eyes.

4 My lips with ſhame my ſins confeſs
Againſt thy law, againſt thy grace;
And ſhould thy judgment be ſevere,
I am condemn'd, but thou art clear.

5 Yet, ſave a trembling ſinner, Lord,
Whoſe hope, ſtill hovering round thy word,
Seeks for ſome precious promiſe there,
Some ſure protection from deſpair.

6 Then shall thy love inspire my tongue,
Salvation shall be all my song;
And all my powers shall join to bless
The Lord, my strength and righteousness.

WATTS.

Psalm LI. Second Part. *L. M.* [b]

The Penitent restored.

1 O THOU, who hear'st when sinners cry,
Tho' all my crimes before thee lie,
Regard them not with angry look,
But blot their memory from thy book.

2 Renew me, O my God, within,
And form my soul averse to sin;
Let thy good Spirit not depart,
Nor hide thy presence from my heart.

3 I cannot live without thy light,
Cast out and banish'd from thy sight;
Thy holy joys, O God, restore,
And guard me that I fall no more.

4 A broken heart, my God, my King,
Is all the sacrifice I bring;
The God of grace will not despise
A contrite heart for sacrifice.

5 My soul lies humbled in the dust,
And owns thy dreadful sentence just:
Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
And save the wretch condemn'd to die.

6 Then will I teach the world thy grace,
Sinners shall learn to seek thy face;
I'll lead them in the heavenly road,
And they shall praise a pardoning God.

WATTS.

Psalm LII, united with the 55. S. M. [b3]

Devotion and Confidence.

LET sinners take their course,
And choose the road to death;
But in the praises of my God
I'll spend my daily breath.

2 Thou wilt regard my cries,
O my eternal God;
Whilst sinners perish in surprise,
Beneath thy angry rod.

3 Because they dwell at ease,
And no sad changes feel,
They neither fear thy holy name,
Nor learn to do thy will.

4 But like an olive tree,
Within thy courts I'll stand,
And confidently, Lord, rely
On thy protecting hand.

5 With all my heavy cares,
I'll lean upon the Lord;
I'll cast my burden on his arm,
And rest upon his word.

6 His arm shall well sustain
The children of his love;
The ground on which their safety stands
No earthly power can move.

WATTS and MERRICK.

Psalm LIII. *Long Metre.* [% or b]

Compared with Rom. iii. 10, 11.

The Degeneracy of the World removed by the Gospel.

BEHOLD the fool! whose heart denies
The God who form'd the earth and skies!
And, whilst the path of sin he treads,
How wide the dire example spreads!

2 Th' eternal Sovereign from on high
Caſt on the ſons of men his eye;
To ſee if any underſtood,
And fear'd and lov'd their Maker, God.

3 But all were ſo degenerate grown,
None the true God had fully known!
Both Jew and Gentile long had been
By luſt enſlav'd, and dead in ſin.

4 Both gone from wiſdom's path aſtray,
Purſu'd the errors of their way,
With diſmal ſuperſtition blind,
And cauſeleſs terrors fill'd their mind.

5 Who, gracious God, to ſinners eyes
Could bid the wiſh'd ſalvation riſe?
Thy SON did light and truth diſplay,
And turn their darkneſs into day.

6 No fleſh ſhall boaſt of righteouſneſs,
But guilty ſhall themſelves confeſs;
And when they hear thy pardoning voice,
In thy ſalvation ſhall rejoice.

MERRICK, with additions.

Pſalm LIV. *Particular Metre.* [b]

Deliverance from Enemies.

THY name, O God, my heart avows,
Do thou my injur'd cauſe eſpouſe,
And be thy ſtrength my aid;
My fervent cries in mercy hear,
And let them by thy pitying ear
With full regard be weigh'd.

2 For people from thy fear eſtrang'd,
With tyrants fierce, againſt me rang'd,
My fainting ſoul purſue;

But midſt my helpers, heaven's high Lord
Shall ſtand, and faithful to his word,
Each adverſe power ſubdue.

3 O let my heart, their rage repell'd,
Itſelf a willing offering yield;
To thee its praiſe ſhall flow;
Whilſt to my thought thy mercies riſe,
That gave me with exulting eyes
To ſee my proſtrate foe.

MERRICK.

Pſalm LV. *Common Metre.* [b]

Impatience corrected by Faith.

O WERE I like a feather'd dove!
If innocence had wings,
I'd fly, and make a long remove
From all theſe reſtleſs things.

2 Let me to ſome wild deſart go,
And find a peaceful home;
Where ſtorms of malice never blow,
Temptations never come.

3 Vain hopes, and vain inventions all,
T' eſcape the rage of hell!
The mighty God, on whom I call,
Can ſave me here as well.

4 By morning light I'll ſeek his face,
At noon repeat my cry;
The night ſhall here me aſk his grace,
Nor will he long deny.

5 God, my preſerver and my friend,
Can ſhield me when afraid;
Ten thouſand angels muſt attend,
If he command their aid.

6 I'll cast my burdens on the Lord,
He will sustain them all;
My faith shall rest upon his word,
And I shall never fall.

WATTS.

Psalm LVI. *Common Metre.* [b]

God's Care of his People.

1 IN God, most holy, just and true,
I have repos'd my trust;
Nor will I fear what man can do,
The offspring of the dust.

2 God counts the sorrows of his saints,
Their cries affect his ears;
Thou hast a book for their complaints,
A bottle for their tears.

3 Thy solemn vows are on me, Lord,
Thou shalt receive my praise;
I'll sing, "how faithful is thy word,
How righteous are thy ways!"

4 Thou hast secur'd my soul from death;
O set thy servant free,
That heart and hand, and life and breath
May be employ'd for thee.

WATTS.

Psalm LVII. *Long Metre.* [*]

Divine Protection, Grace and Truth.

1 MY God, in whom are all the springs
Of boundless love, and grace unknown;
Hide me beneath thy spreading wings,
Till the dark cloud be overblown.

2 Up to the heavens, I raiſe my cry,
The Lord will my deſires perform;
He ſends his angel from the ſky,
And ſaves me from the threat'ning ſtorm.

3 Be thou exalted, O my God,
Above the heavens where angels dwell;
Thy power on earth be known abroad,
And land to land thy wonders tell.

4 My heart is fix'd, my ſong ſhall raiſe
Immortal honours to thy name;
Awake, my tongue, to ſound his praiſe,
My tongue, the glory of my frame.

5 High o'er the earth his mercy reigns,
And reaches to the utmoſt ſky;
His truth to endleſs years remains,
When lower worlds diſſolve and die.

6 Be thou exalted, O my God,
Above the heavens where angels dwell;
Thy power on earth be known abroad,
And land to land thy wonders tell.

WATTS.

Pſalm LVIII. *Six Line Long Metre.* [b]

The Deſtruction of Tyrants and Oppreſſors.

SHALL tyrants rule by impious laws?
Shall they deſpiſe the righteous cauſe,
When innocence before them ſtands?
Dare they condemn the helpleſs poor,
And let oppreſſors reſt ſecure,
Whilſt gold and greatneſs bribe their hands?

2 Do they forget th' almighty name,
That God o'er all is Judge ſupreme?
High in the heavens his juſtice reigns;

Yet they invade the rights of God,
And ſend their bold decrees abroad,
To bind the free born ſoul in chains.

3 A poiſon'd arrow is their tongue,
The arrow ſharp, the poiſon ſtrong!
And death attends where'er it wounds;
They hear no counſels, cries nor tears;
So the deaf adder ſtops her ears
Againſt the melody of ſounds.

4 Break thou their teeth, Almighty God,
The teeth of lions drench'd in blood,
And cruſh thoſe ſerpents in the duſt;
Thy voice ſhall thunder from the ſky,
Their crowns ſhall fall, their titles die,
Their grandeur and their power be loſt.

5 Thus ſhall thy juſtice, mighty Lord,
Freedom and peace to men afford,
And nations ſhall unite and ſay,
"Sure there's a God, that rules on high,
Who hears th' oppreſſed when they cry,
And all their ſufferings will repay."

WATTS, altered.

Pſalm LIX. *Short Metre.* [b]

For Deliverance from the Savages.

LORD, let our humble cry
Before thy throne aſcend;
Behold us with compaſſion's eye,
And ſtill our lives defend.

2 For foes a num'rous band
Againſt our lives conſpire;
They aim deſtruction thro' the land,
And ſpread the raging fire.

3 Beneath the silent shade
Their secret plots they lay,
Our peaceful towns by night invade,
And waste the fields by day.

4 And will the God of grace,
Regardless of our pain,
Permit secure that bloody race
To riot o'er the slain?

5 In vain their secret guile
Or open force they prove;
Thine eye can pierce the deepest veil,
Thy hand their force remove.

6 Deliver us from death,
Send our invaders home;
Or drive them with thy powerful breath
Thro' distant wilds to roam.

7 Then shall our grateful voice
Proclaim our guardian God;
In thy salvation we'll rejoice,
And sound thy praise abroad.

BARLOW, altered.

Psalm LX. *Common Metre.* [b]

Humiliation for ***Disappointment in War.***

LORD, hast thou cast the nation off?
Must we forever mourn?
Wilt thou consume us in thy wrath?
Shall mercy ne'er return?

2 The terror of one frown of thine
Melts all our strength away:
Like men subdu'd by power of wine,
We tremble in dismay.

3 Our country ſhakes beneath thy ſtroke,
And dreads thy lifted hand;
O hear the people thou haſt broke,
And ſave the ſinking land.

4 Lift up thy banner in the field,
For thoſe who fear thy name;
Defend thy people with thy ſhield,
And put our foes to ſhame.

5 Go with our armies to the fight,
And be their guardian God;
In vain confederate powers unite
Againſt thy lifted rod.

6 Our troops ſhall gain a wide renown
By thine aſſiſting hand;
For God ſhall tread the mighty down,
And make the feeble ſtand.

WATTS.

Pſalm LXI. *Long Metre.* [✻]

Safety in God.

WHEN overwhelm'd with pain and grief,
Helpleſs and far from all relief,
My heart within me ſinks and dies,
To God I lift my waiting eyes.

2 High on the rock, my footſteps rear,
There let me ſtand unmov'd, and hear
The ſtorms which now around me beat,
Roll harmleſs underneath my feet.

3 Thee, Lord, I ſeek whene'er my foes
On miſchief bent, my path encloſe;
Thou art, in every dang'rous hour,
My ſtedfaſt hope, my ſtrongeſt tower.

4 Remote from fear, within thy ſhrine,
Thou, Lord, my dwelling ſhalt aſſign;

Thy wings ſhall wrap me in their ſhade,
For thou haſt heard me when I pray'd.

5 Safe in thy preſence let me ſtand,
And ſhare the bleſſings of thy hand;
My dwelling let thy truth defend,
Thy mercy on my ſteps attend.

6 So ſhall thy love awake my ſong,
My voice the willing note prolong;
Whilſt, warm'd with zeal, my vows I pay,
And bleſs thee to my lateſt day.

MERRICK, varied.

Pſalm LXII. *Long Metre.* [b]

No Truſt in the Creatures, but in God.

MY ſpirit looks to God alone,
My rock and refuge are his throne;
In all my fears, in all my ſtraits,
My ſoul on his ſalvation waits.

2 Truſt him, ye ſaints, in all your ways,
To him, your ſuppliant voices raiſe;
When helpers fail, and foes invade,
God is our all-ſufficient aid.

3 Falſe are the men of high degree,
The baſer ſort are vanity;
Laid in the balance, both appear
Light as a breath of empty air.

4 Make not increaſing gold your truſt,
Nor ſet your heart on glittering duſt;
Why will you graſp the fleeting ſmoke,
And not believe what God hath ſpoke?

5 Once hath his awful voice declar'd,
Once and again my ears have heard,
"All power is his eternal due,
He muſt be fear'd and truſted too."

6 For ſovereign power reigns not alone,
Grace is a partner of the throne;
Thy grace and juſtice, mighty Lord,
Shall well adjudge our laſt reward.

WATTS.

Pſalm LXIII. *Common Metre.*

For the Lord's Day Morning.

EARLY, my God, without delay,
I haſte to ſeek thy face;
My thirſty ſpirit faints away,
Without thy cheering grace.

2 So pilgrims, on the ſcorching ſand,
Beneath a burning ſky,
Long for a cooling ſtream at hand,
And they muſt drink or die.

3 I've ſeen thy glory and thy power
Through all thy temple ſhine;
My God, repeat that heavenly hour,
That viſion ſo divine.

4 Not all the bleſſings of a feaſt
Can pleaſe my ſoul ſo well,
As when thy richer grace I taſte,
And in thy preſence dwell.

5 Not life itſelf, with all its joys,
Can my beſt paſſions move;
Nor raiſe ſo high my cheerful voice
As thy forgiving love.

6 Thus, till my laſt expiring day,
I'll bleſs my God and King;
Thus will I lift my hands to pray,
And tune my lips to ſing.

WATTS.

Psalm LXIII. *Long Metre.* [✻]

The Love of God and his Worſhip.

GREAT God, indulge my humble claim,
Thou art my hope, my joy, my reſt,
The glories that compoſe thy name
Stand all engag'd to make me bleſt.

2 Thou great and good, thou juſt and wiſe,
Thou art my Father and my God;
And I am thine, by ſacred ties,
Thy ſon, thy ſervant, bought with blood.

3 With heart and eyes and lifted hands,
For thee I long, to thee I look;
As travellers, in thirſty lands,
Long for the cooling water brook.

4 With early feet, I will appear
Among thy ſaints, and ſeek thy face;
Give me to ſee thy glory there,
And taſte the richneſs of thy grace.

5 Not all, by worldly men poſſeſs'd,
Not all the joys our ſenſes know,
Can make me ſo divinely bleſt,
Or raiſe my cheerful paſſions ſo.

6 I'll lift my hands, I'll raiſe my voice,
Whilſt I have breath to pray or praiſe;
This work ſhall make my heart rejoice,
And well employ my future days.

WATTS.

Psalm LXIII. *Short Metre.* [✻]

Delight in Divine Worſhip.

MY God, permit my tongue
With joy to call thee mine;
And let my early cries prevail,
To taſte thy love divine.

2 Within thy churches, Lord,
I long to find my place;
Thy power and glory to behold,
And feel thy quickening grace.

3 For life, without thy love,
No reliſh can afford;
No joy can be compar'd with this,
To ſerve and pleaſe the Lord.

4 To thee I'll lift my hands,
And praiſe thee whilſt I live;
Not the gay ſcenes of time and ſenſe
Such pure delight can give.

5 Since thou haſt been my help,
To thee my ſpirit flies;
And on thy watchful Providence
My cheerful hope relies.

6 The ſhadow of thy wings
My ſoul in ſafety keeps;
I follow where my Father leads,
And he ſupports my ſteps.

WATTS.

Pſalm LXIV. *Six Line L. M.* [✻]

In a Time of Inſurrection.

O LORD, to our requeſt give ear,
And free our ſouls from hoſtile fear;
For crafty men, of impious mind,
(Their powers in ſecret league combin'd)
With factious rage their plots deviſe,
And vent their malice, mix'd with lies.

2 Behold the ſlaughter-breathing throng,
Whet like a ſword their threat'ning tongue,
And bend their bows, to ſhoot their darts
Againſt the men of upright hearts:

In works of miſchief they agree,
And vainly think that none ſhall ſee.

3 But, wretches, whither will ye fly?
Behold the arrow from on high
Deſcends, and bears upon its wing
The wrath of heaven's offended King!
Your ſlanders on yourſelves ſhall fall,
Hated, deſpis'd, and ſhunn'd by all.

4 The world ſhall then God's power confeſs,
His wiſdom, love and righteouſneſs;
And men ſhall ſee, with rev'rend thought,
The wonders that his hand hath wrought;
Whilſt all ſhall own his dealings juſt,
The righteous in his name ſhall truſt.

TATE and MERRICK, united and varied.

Pſalm LXV. Firſt Part. *L. M.* [✻]

Public Worſhip.

FOR thee, O God, our conſtant praiſe
In Zion waits, thy choſen ſeat:
Our promis'd altars there we'll raiſe,
And all our zealous vows complete.

2 O thou, who to my humble prayer
Didſt always bend thy liſtening ear,
To thee ſhall all mankind repair,
And at thy gracious throne appear.

3 Our ſins, though numberleſs, in vain
To ſtop thy flowing mercy try;
For thou wilt purge the guilty ſtain,
And waſh away the crimſon dye.

4 Bleſt is the man, who, near thee plac'd,
Within thy ſacred dwelling lives;
Whilſt we at humbler diſtance taſte
The vaſt delight thy worſhip gives.

TATE.

Psalm LXV. Sec. Part. C. M. [✻]

Divine Providence in Air, Earth, and Sea.

'TIS by thy ſtrength the mountains ſtand,
God of eternal power;
The ſea grows calm at thy command,
And tempeſts ceaſe to roar.

2 Thy morning light and evening ſhade
Succeſſive comforts bring;
Thy plenteous fruits make harveſt glad,
Thy flowers adorn the ſpring.

3 Seaſons and times, and moons and hours,
Heaven, air, and earth are thine;
When clouds diſtil in fruitful ſhowers,
The Author is divine.

4 Thoſe wandering ciſterns in the ſky,
Borne by the winds around,
Whoſe wat'ry treaſures well ſupply
The furrows of the ground.

5 The thirſty ridges drink their fill,
And ranks of corn appear;
Thy ways abound with bleſſings ſtill,
Thy goodneſs crowns the year.

WATTS.

Psalm LXV. Third Part. C. M. [✻]

Fruitful Seaſons.

GOD is the Lord, the heavenly King,
Who makes the earth his care;
Viſits the paſtures every Spring,
And bids the graſs appear.

2 The clouds, like rivers rais'd on high,
Pour out, at thy command,
Their wat'ry bleſſings from the ſky,
To cheer the thirſty land.

3 The soften'd ridges of the field
Permit the corn to spring;
The vallies rich provision yield,
The grateful labourers sing.

4 The little hills on every side
Rejoice at falling showers;
The meadows dress'd, in all their pride,
Perfume the air with flowers.

5 The barren clods refresh'd with rain,
Promise a joyful crop;
The fields with verdure fill'd, again
Revive the reaper's hope.

6 The various months thy goodness crowns,
How bounteous are thy ways!
The bleating flocks spread o'er the downs,
And shepherds shout thy praise.

WATTS.

Psalm LXV. *Long Metre.* [✠]

A New Version.

THY praise, O God, in Zion waits;
All flesh shall crowd thy sacred gates,
To offer sacrifice and prayer,
And pay their willing homage there.

2 What though iniquity prevail,
And feeble flesh be prone to fail;
Yet, Lord, thy grace thou wilt display,
And purge each hateful stain away.

3 Blest is the man approv'd by thee,
And brought thy holy courts to see!
Goodness, immense and unconfin'd,
Shall largely feast his longing mind.

4 Great God, by thy Almighty hand
The everlasting mountains stand;

And every ſtorm and every flood
Obey thy all commanding nod.

5 Thy lightnings, flaſhing through the ſkies,
Fill the wide earth with ſad ſurpriſe;
But, cheer'd by thy enliv'ning voice,
Riſing and ſetting ſuns rejoice.

6 From thy vaſt inexhauſted ſtores,
The earth is bleſt with kindly ſhowers;
And ſavage wilds and deſarts drear
Confeſs thee, Father of the year.

7 The flocks which graze the mountain's brow,
The corn which clothes the plains below,
To every heart new tranſports bring,
And hills and vales rejoice and ſing.

JACOB KIMBALL.

Pſalm LXVI. Firſt Part. *C. M.* [*]

Divine Power and Goodneſs.

NOW to the Lord of heaven and earth,
Addreſs a cheerful ſong;
Let gratitude inſpire your mirth,
And joy the notes prolong.

2 Come ſee the wonders of our God,
How glorious are his ways!
In *Moſes'* hand he puts his rod,
The ſea his voice obeys.

3 He made the ebbing channel dry,
Whilſt Iſrael paſs'd the flood;
The tribes beheld, with wondering eye,
A guardian in their God.

4 O bleſs the Lord, and never ceaſe;
Ye ſaints fulfil his praiſe;
He keeps our life, maintains our peace,
And guides our doubtful ways.

5 Lord, thou haſt prov'd our ſuffering ſouls,
To make our graces ſhine;
So ſilver bears the burning coals,
The metal to refine.

6 Through wat'ry deeps, and fiery ways,
We march at thy command;
Led to poſſeſs the promis'd place,
By thy unerring hand.

WATTS.

Pſalm LXVI. Second Part. *C. M.* [✻]

Praiſe to God for hearing Prayer.

NOW ſhall my ſolemn vows be paid
To that Almighty Power;
Who heard the long requeſts I made
In my diſtreſsful hour.

2 My lips and cheerful heart prepare
To make his mercies known;
Come ye who love my God, and hear
The wonders he hath done.

3 If ſin lay cover'd in my heart,
When praiſe employ'd my tongue,
The Lord had ſhewn me no regard,
Nor I his praiſes ſung.

4 But God, his name be ever bleſt,
Has ſet my ſpirit free;
He ne'er rejected my requeſt,
Nor turn'd his heart from me.

WATTS.

Pſalm LXVII. *Short Metre.* [✻]

Univerſal Praiſe.

TO bleſs thy choſen race,
In mercy, Lord, incline;
And cauſe the brightneſs of thy face
On all thy church to ſhine.

2 That so thy gracious way
May thro' the world be known;
Whilst distant lands their homage pay,
And thy salvation own.

3 Let all the nations join
To celebrate thy fame;
Let the whole world, O Lord, combine,
To praise thy glorious name.

4 O let them shout and sing,
In humble, pious mirth;
For thou, the righteous Judge and King,
Shalt govern all the earth.

TATE.

Psalm LXVIII. F. Part. 6 *Line L. M.* [b]

The Justice and Compassion of God.

LET God arise in all his might,
And put his enemies to flight;
As smoke that sought to cloud the skies,
Before the rising tempest flies,
Or wax that melts before the fire,
So shall his fainting foes expire.

2 Kingdoms and thrones to God belong,
Praise him, ye nations, in your song;
He rides and thunders through the sky,
His name, Jehovah, sounds on high;
Sing to his name, ye sons of grace,
Ye saints rejoice before his face.

3 The widow and the fatherless
Fly to his aid in sharp distress;
In him the poor and helpless find
A Judge most just, a Father kind;
He breaks the captive's galling chain,
And prisoners see the light again.

4 His wond'rous name and power rehearſe,
His honours ſhall enrich your verſe;
Proclaim him King, pronounce him bleſt,
He's your defence, your joy, your reſt;
When terrors riſe and nations faint,
God is the ſtrength of every ſaint.

WATTS.

Pſalm LXVIII. ver. 17, 18. S.P. *L. M.* [*]

Compared with Epheſ. iv. 8, 9, 10.

The Aſcenſion of Chriſt, and the Gift of his Spirit.

LORD, when thou didſt aſcend on high,
Ten thouſand angels fill'd the ſky;
Thoſe heavenly guards around thee wait,
Like chariots that attend thy ſtate.

2 Not Sinai's mountain could appear
More glorious when the Lord was there;
When he proclaim'd his dreadful law,
And ſtruck the choſen tribes with awe.

3 How bright the triumph none can tell,
When the rebellious powers of hell,
Which thouſand ſouls had captive made,
Were all in chains like captives led.

4 Rais'd by his Father to the throne,
He ſent his promis'd Spirit down,
With gifts and grace for rebel men,
That God might dwell on earth again.

WATTS.

Pſalm LXVIII. Third Part. *L. M.* [*]

Praiſe for Divine Care and Goodneſs.

WE bleſs the Lord, the juſt, the good,
Who fills our hearts with joy and food;
Who pours his bleſſings from the ſkies,
And loads us with his rich ſupplies.

2 He ſends the ſun his circuit round,
To cheer the fruits, to warm the ground;
He bids the clouds with plenteous rain,
Refreſh the thirſty earth again.

3 To his kind care we owe our breath,
And all our near eſcapes from death;
Safety and health to God belong,
He heals the ſick and guards the ſtrong.

4 His own right hand his ſaints ſhall raiſe
From death's dark ſhade to ſing his praiſe;
And bring them to his courts above,
To ſee his face, and taſte his love.

WATTS.

Pſalm LXIX. *Common Metre.* [✻]

The Obedience and Death of Chriſt.

FATHER, I ſing thy wond'rous grace,
I bleſs my Saviour's name;
He bought ſalvation for the poor,
And bore the ſinner's ſhame.

2 His deep diſtreſs hath rais'd us high;
His duty and his zeal
Fulfill'd the law which mortals broke,
And finiſh'd all thy will.

3 The ſacrifice he offer'd once
Has better pleas'd my God
Than all the victims of the law,
Than goats' or bullocks' blood.

4 This ſhall his humble followers ſee,
And ſet their hearts at reſt;
They by his death draw near to thee,
And live forever bleſt.

6 Let heaven, and all who dwell on high,
To God their voices raiſe;
While lands and ſeas aſſiſt the ſky,
And join t' advance the praiſe.

7 Zion is thine, moſt holy God,
Thy ſon ſhall bleſs her gates;
And glory, purchas'd by his death,
For thy own Iſrael waits.

WATTS, altered.

Pſalm LXIX. *Long Metre.* [b]

The Sufferings of Chriſt.

DEEP in our hearts, let us record
The ſorrows of our dying Lord,
Behold the riſing billows roll,
To overwhelm his holy ſoul.

2 The Jews, his brethren and his kin,
Abus'd the man who check'd their ſin;
While he obey'd God's holy laws,
They hate him, but without a cauſe.

3 In long complaints he ſpends his breath,
While hoſts of hell and powers of death,
And all the ſons of malice join,
To execute their vain deſign.

4 For, gracious God, thy power and love
Have made the curſe a bleſſing prove;
Tho' once upon the croſs he bled,
Immortal honours crown his head.

5 Thro' Chriſt thy Son our guilt forgive,
And let the mourning ſinner live;
The Lord will hear us in his name,
Nor ſhall our hope be turn'd to ſhame.

WATTS, varied.

Psalm LXX. *Common Metre.* [b]

Protection against Enemies.

GREAT God, attend my humble call,
Nor hear my cries in vain;
O let thy grace prevent my fall,
And still my hope sustain.

2 When foes insulting wound my name,
And tempt my soul astray;
Then let them hide their face with shame,
To their own plots a prey.

3 Whilst all who love thy name rejoice,
And glory in thy word,
In thy salvation raise their voice,
To magnify the Lord.

4 Be thou my help in time of need,
To thee, O Lord, I pray;
In mercy hasten to my aid,
Nor let thy grace delay.

BARLOW.

Psalm LXXI. First Part. *C. M.* [b]

Old Age, Death, and the Resurrection.

MY God, my everlasting hope,
I live upon thy truth;
Thy hands have held my childhood up,
And strengthen'd all my youth.

2 New wonders, Lord, my eyes have seen
With each revolving year;
Thou know'st the days which yet remain,
I trust them to thy care.

3 Wilt thou forsake my hoary hairs,
And leave my fainting heart?

Who ſhall ſuſtain my ſinking years,
If God my ſtrength depart?

4 Down to the ſilent vale of death
Will be my next remove;
O may theſe poor remains of breath
Declare thy wond'rous love.

5 Let me thy power and truth proclaim
To the ſurviving age;
And leave a ſavour of thy name
When I ſhall quit the ſtage.

6 By long experience I have known
Thy ſovereign power to ſave;
At thy command I venture down
Securely to the grave.

7 When I am buried in the duſt,
My fleſh ſhall be thy care;
Theſe with'ring limbs with thee I truſt,
To raiſe them ſtrong and fair.

WATTS.

Pſalm LXXI. Second Part. *C. M.* [*]

Chriſt our Strength and Righteouſneſs.

MY Saviour, my Almighty Friend,
When I begin thy praiſe,
Where will the growing numbers end,
The numbers of thy grace?

2 Thou art my everlaſting truſt,
Thy goodneſs I adore;
And ſince I knew thy graces firſt,
I ſpeak thy glories more.

3 My feet ſhall travel all the length
Of the celeſtial road,
And march with courage in thy ſtrength
To ſee my Father, God.

4 When I am fill'd with ſhame and grief
For ſome remains of ſin,
Thy promiſes ſhall bring relief,
And give me peace within.

5 How will my lips rejoice to tell
The victories of my King!
My ſoul, redeem'd from ſin and hell,
Shall thy ſalvation ſing.

6 My tongue ſhall all the day proclaim
My Saviour's dying blood;
His death has brought my foes to ſhame,
And made my peace with God.

WATTS, altered.

Pſalm LXXII. Firſt Part. *L. M.* [*]

The Kingdom of Chriſt.

1 GREAT God, whoſe univerſal ſway
All heav'n reveres, all worlds obey,
Now make the Saviour's glory known,
Extend his power, exalt his throne.

2 Thy ſceptre well becomes his hands,
Angels ſubmit to his commands;
His juſtice ſhall protect the poor,
And pride and rage prevail no more.

3 With power he vindicates the juſt,
And treads th' oppreſſor in the duſt;
His righteous government ſhall laſt,
Till days and years and time be paſt.

4 The heathen lands that lie beneath
The ſhades of overſpreading death,
Revive at his firſt dawning light,
And deſarts bloſſom at the ſight.

5 The saints shall flourish in his days,
Dreſt in the robes of joy and praiſe;
Peace, like a river, from his throne
Shall flow to nations yet unknown.

WATTS, altered.

Psalm LXXII. Second Part. *L. M.* [*]

The Kingdom of Chriſt.

JESUS shall reign, where'er the sun
Does his succeſſive journies run;
His kingdom ſtretch from ſhore to ſhore,
Till moons ſhall wax and wane no more.

2 Through him ſhall endleſs prayers be made,
And praiſes throng to crown his head;
His name, like ſweet perfume, ſhall riſe
With every daily ſacrifice.

3 From north to ſouth ſhall princes meet,
To pay their homage at his feet;
And barbarous nations, at his word,
Submit and bow, and own their Lord.

4 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love, with grateful ſong;
And infant voices ſhall proclaim
Their early bleſſings on his name.

5 Bleſſings abound where'er he reigns,
The priſoner leaps to loſe his chains;
The weary find eternal reſt,
And all the ſons of want are bleſt.

6 Where he diſplays his healing power,
The ſting of death is known no more;
In him the ſons of Adam boaſt
More bleſſings than their father loſt.

7 Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honours to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the long *Amen*.

WATTS, altered.

Psalm LXXII. Third Part. *L. M.* [※]

Divine Influence compared to Rain.

AS showers on meadows newly mown,
Our God shall send his Spirit down;
Eternal Source of grace divine,
What soul refreshing drops are thine!

2 Lands which beneath a burning sky
Have long been desolate and dry,
Th' effusions of his love shall share,
And sudden life and verdure wear.

3 The dews and rains in all their store,
Watering the pastures o'er and o'er,
Are not so copious as that grace
Which sanctifies and saves our race.

4 As in soft silence, vernal showers
Descend and cheer the fainting flowers;
So in the secrecy of love,
Falls the blest influence from above.

5 That heavenly influence let me find,
In holy silence of the mind;
Whilst every grace maintains its bloom,
Diffusing wide its rich perfume.

6 Nor let these blessings be confin'd
To me, but pour'd on all mankind;
Till all the wastes in verdure rise,
And a new Eden bless our eyes.

RIPPON's Collection.

Pſalm LXXIII. Firſt Part. *L. M.* [b]

Dangerous Proſperity.

LORD, what a thoughtleſs wretch was I,
To mourn and murmur and repine;
To ſee the wicked plac'd on high,
And pride in robes of honour ſhine.

2 To fathom this, my thoughts I bent,
But found the caſe too hard for me;
Till to the houſe of God I went,
Then I their end did plainly ſee.

3 However high advanc'd, they all
On ſlippery places looſely ſtand;
Thence into ruin headlong fall,
Caſt down by thine Almighty hand.

4 Their fancied joys, how faſt they flee!
Juſt like a dream when man awakes;
Their ſongs of ſofteſt harmony
Are but a preface to their plagues.

5 But ſtill thy preſence me ſupplied,
And thy right hand directs my way;
Thy counſels, Lord, ſhall be my guide
To realms of peace and endleſs day.

WATTS and TATE.

Pſalm LXXIII. Sec. Part. *C. M.* [※]

God our Portion.

GOD, my ſupporter and my hope,
My help forever near;
Thine arm of mercy held me up,
When ſinking in deſpair.

2 Thy counſels, Lord, ſhall guide my feet
Through this dark wilderneſs;
Thy hand conduct me near thy ſeat,
To dwell before thy face.

3 Were I in heaven without my God,
'Twould be no joy to me;
And whilſt this earth is my abode,
I long for none but thee.

4 What if the ſprings of life were broke,
And fleſh and heart ſhould faint?
God is my ſoul's eternal rock,
The ſtrength of every ſaint.

5 Behold, the ſinners who remove
Far from thy preſence, die;
Not all the idol gods they love,
Can ſave them when they cry.

6 But to draw near to thee, my God,
Shall be my ſweet employ;
My tongue ſhall ſound thy works abroad,
And tell the world my joy.

WATTS.

Pſalm LXXIV. ver. 12, 17. *C. M.* [*]

Divine Providence.

PARENT of nature, GOD ſupreme,
Thy works are great and good;
All nature manifeſts thy name,
The ſky, the earth, the flood.

2 Thine is the cheerful day, and thine
The dark return of night;
Thou haſt prepar'd the ſun to ſhine,
And every feebler light.

3 By thee each region of the earth
In perfect order ſtands;
The glowing ſouth, the frozen north
Obey thy fix'd commands.

4 Thou didſt divide th' Egyptian ſea,
By thy reſiſtleſs might;
To make thy tribes a wondrous way,
And then ſecure their flight.

5 At thy command, the ſolid rock
Pour'd water from its ſide;
And thou didſt lead thy choſen flock
Through Jordan's parting tide.

6 If nature owns its ſovereign Lord,
We would obey thy will;
And whilſt we truſt thy faithful word,
We ſing thy praiſes ſtill.

WATTS and TATE, with Variation and Addition.

Pſalm LXXV. *Long Metre.* [✱]

Power of Government from God alone.

(Applied to the American Revolution.)

TO thee, moſt holy and moſt high,
We render thanks and ſing thy praiſe;
Thy works declare thy name is nigh,
Thy works of wonder and of grace.

2 To bondage doom'd, thy free-born ſons
Beheld their foes indignant riſe;
And, ſore oppreſs'd by earthly thrones,
Appeal'd to him who rules the ſkies.

3 Then, mighty God, with equal power
Aroſe thy vengeance and thy grace,
To drive their legions from our ſhore,
And ſave the men who fought thy face.

4 Let haughty princes ſink their pride,
Nor lift ſo high their ſcornful head;
But lay their impious thoughts aſide,
And own the powers which God has made,

Such honours never come by chance,
Nor do the winds promotion blow;
But God the Judge doth one advance,
'Tis he that lays another low.

6 No vain pretence to royal birth,
Shall raise a tyrant to the throne;
Th' impartial Sovereign of the earth
Will make the rights of men be known.

7 His hand will yet uphold the just,
And whilst he tramples on the proud,
And lays their glory in the dust,
Our lips shall sing his praise aloud.

Altered from WATTS.

Psalm LXXVI. *Common Metre.* [* or b]

God's guardian Care for his People.

IN Judah, God of old was known,
His name in Israel great;
In Salem stood his sacred throne,
And Sion was his seat.

2 From Sion went his dreadful word,
And broke the threat'ning bow;
The spear, the arrow, and the sword,
And crush'd th' Assyrian foe.

3 What are the earth's wide kingdoms else
But mighty hills of prey?
The hill on which Jehovah dwells,
Is glorious more than they.

4 What power can stand before thy sight,
When once thy wrath appears?
When heaven shines round with dreadful light,
The earth lies still and fears.

5 When God, by his own ſovereign grace,
Appears to ſave the oppreſs'd;
The wrath of man ſhall work his praiſe,
And he'll reſtrain the reſt.

WATTS.

Pſalm LXXVII. *Common Metre.* [b]

Comfort derived from ancient Providences.

WHEN overwhelm'd with pain and grief,
Beneath thy chaſtening rod;
Depriv'd of comfort and relief,
We look to thee, our God.

2 Wilt thou forever caſt us off?
And will thy wrath prevail?
Haſt thou forgot thy tender love?
And will thy promiſe fail?

3 But faith forbids this hopeleſs thought,
And checks this doubting frame;
We know the works thy hand has wrought,
Thy hand is ſtill the ſame.

4 Long did the ſons of *Jacob* lie,
By *Egypt*'s yoke oppreſs'd;
Didſt thou refuſe to hear their cry,
And give thy people reſt?

5 In thine own way, thy choſen ſheep
Muſt hear thy mighty call;
Muſt venture thro' the parted deep;
Beſide the liquid wall.

6 Strange was their journey thro' the ſea,
A path before unknown!
Terrors attend their wond'rous way,
But mercy leads them on.

7 Tho' trackleſs waves of ocean hide
Thy footſteps from our ſight,
We'll follow where thy hand ſhall guide,
For thou wilt lead us right.

Altered from WATTS.

Pſalm LXXVIII. Firſt Part. *C. M.* [Or]

Religious Education of Children.

GIVE ear, ye children, to my law,
Devout attention lend;
Let the inſtructions of my mouth
Deep in your heart deſcend.

2 My tongue by inſpiration taught,
Shall parables unfold;
Dark oracles, but underſtood,
And own'd for truths of old:

3 Which we from ſacred regiſters
Of ancient times have known,
And our forefathers' pious care
To us have handed down.

4 Let children learn the mighty deeds
Which God perform'd of old;
Which in our younger years we ſaw,
And which our fathers told.

5 Our lips ſhall tell them to our ſons,
And they again to theirs;
That generations yet unborn
May teach them to their heirs.

6 Thus ſhall they learn, in God alone
Their hope ſecurely ſtands;
That they may ne'er forget his works,
But practiſe his commands.

TATE and WATTS.

Psalm LXXVIII. Second Part. C. M.

Verse 19, 20. [✠ or ♭]

A Table in the Wilderness.

1 PARENT of universal good,
We own thy bounteous hand;
Which did so rich a table spread,
Ev'n in a desart land.

2 Struck by thy power, the flinty rocks
In gushing torrents flow;
The feather'd wanderers of the air
Thy guiding instinct know.

3 From pregnant clouds, at thy command,
Descends celestial bread;
And by light drops of pearly dew
Ate numerous armies fed.

4 Supported thus, thine Israel march'd,
The promis'd land to gain;
And shall thy children now begin
To seek their God in vain?

5 Are all thy stores exhausted now?
Or does thy mercy fail?
That faith should languish in our breast,
And anxious care prevail?

6 Ye base unworthy fears, be gone,
And wide disperse in air;
For we deserve our Father's rod,
When we distrust his care.

DODDRIDGE.

Psalm LXXIX. *Long Metre.* [♭]

The Devastation of War.

BEHOLD, O God, how cruel foes
Our peaceful heritage invade;

Their lawleſs tribute they impoſe,
And in the duſt our towns are laid.

2 To rav'nous birds, our fleſh they gave,
Slaughter'd on fields, with crimſon dy'd;
The cheap indulgence of a grave
Is by inhuman foes deny'd.

3 How long, O Lord, ſhall we endure?
Wilt thou not hear the captive's cry?
Reſcue, by thine almighty power,
The trembling wretch, condemn'd to die.

4 Remember not our former guilt,
But ſave us by thy boundleſs grace;
Then ſhall our waſtes again be built,
And all our mouths be fill'd with praiſe.

Altered from BARLOW.

Pſalm LXXX. *Long Metre.* [b]

The Vineyard of God laid waſte.

GREAT Shepherd of thine Iſrael,
Who didſt between the cherubs dwell,
And lead the tribes, thy choſen ſheep,
Safe thro' the deſart and the deep:

2 Thy church deſerted now appears;
Shine from on high, diſpel our fears;
Turn us to thee, thy love reſtore,
We ſhall be ſav'd, and ſigh no more.

3 Haſt thou not planted with thy hand
A lovely vine in this our land?
Did not thy power defend it round,
And heavenly dews enrich the ground?

4 How did the ſpreading branches ſhoot,
And bleſs thy people with its fruit;
But now, O Lord, look down and ſee
Thy mourning vine, thy lovely tree!

5 Why is its beauty thus defac'd?
Why are its fences thus laid waſte?
Its fruit expos'd beſide the way,
To each rapacious hand a prey!

6 Return, O God, thy face incline;
Return, and viſit this thy vine;
Turn us to thee, thy face diſplay,
And grief and fear ſhall fly away.

WATTS and MERRICK.

Pſalm LXXXI. *Short Metre.* [✻]

Spiritual Bleſſings and Puniſhments.

SING to the Lord, aloud,
And make a joyful noiſe:
God is our ſtrength, our Saviour God,
Let Iſrael hear his voice.

2 "From vile idolatry,
Preſerve my worſhip clean;
I am the Lord who ſet thee free
From ſlavery and ſin.

3 "Stretch thy deſires abroad,
And I'll ſupply them well;
But if ye will refuſe your God,
If Iſrael will rebel,

4 "I'll leave them, ſaith the Lord,
To their own luſts a prey;
And let them run the dangerous road,
'Tis their own choſen way.

5 "Yet, O that all my ſaints
Would hearken to my voice;
Soon would I eaſe their ſore complaints,
And make their hearts rejoice.

6 "Whilſt I deſtroy their foes,
I'd richly feed my flock;
And they ſhould taſte the ſtream that flows
From their eternal Rock."

WATTS.

Pſalm LXXXII. *Common Metre.* [b]

Warning to Magiſtrates.

GOD in the great aſſembly ſtands,
And, with impartial eye,
Beholds how rulers uſe their power,
And does their actions try.

2 When juſtice reigns, and right prevails,
The Judge their virtue loves;
But when iniquity abounds,
Their deeds he diſapproves.

3 The faithful voice of conſcience ſpeaks
In ſilence to their mind;
"How long will ye unjuſtly judge,
And be to ſinners kind?

4 "Protect the humble, help the poor,
The fatherleſs defend;
Dare not the widow to oppreſs,
And be the ſufferer's friend.

5 "Remember, tho' your ſeat is high,
Your title Gods on earth,
Your heads muſt in the grave be laid,
Like men of humble birth.

6 "Your public acts and private deeds
Will into judgment come;
And from my lips muſt each receive
The moſt impartial doom."

7 Arise, O God, thy sacred truth
Thro' all the earth display;
Till every nation shall behold
And own thy righteous sway.

Altered from TATE.

Psalm LXXXIII. *Short Metre.* [b]

Complaint against Persecutors.

AND will the God of grace
Perpetual silence keep?
When bloody men, more fierce than wolves,
Devour his harmless sheep?

2 Against thy feeble flock
Their counsels they employ;
And malice with her watchful eye
Pursues them, to destroy.

3 "Come, let us join, they say,
To extirpate the race;
Till dark oblivion shall prevail,
Their mem'ry to efface."

4 Awake, Almighty God,
And disappoint their aim;
Make them like chaff before the wind,
Or stubble to the flame.

5 Then shall the nations know,
That glorious, faithful word,
"No human counsels or device
Can stand against the Lord."

Altered from WATTS.

Psalm LXXXIV. *Long Metre.* [✻]

The Pleasure of Public Worship.

GREAT God, attend, while Zion sings
The joy that from thy presence springs;

To ſpend one day with thee on earth,
Exceeds a thouſand days of mirth.

2 The ſparrow chooſes where to reſt,
And for her young provides a neſt;
But will my God to ſparrows grant
Thoſe pleaſures which his children want?

3 Might I enjoy the meaneſt place
Within thy houſe, O God of grace;
Not tents of eaſe, nor thrones of power,
Should tempt me to deſert thy door.

4 God is our Sun, he makes our day;
God is our Shield, he guards our way
From all th' aſſaults of hell and ſin,
From foes without, and foes within.

5 All needful grace will God beſtow,
And crown that grace with glory too;
He gives us all things, and withholds
No real good from upright ſouls.

6 Bleſt are the men, whoſe ſtedfaſt mind
To Zion's gate is ſtill inclin'd;
God is their ſtrength, and through the road,
They lean upon their helper, GOD.

7 Cheerful they walk with growing ſtrength,
Till all ſhall meet in heaven at length;
Till all before thy face appear,
And join in nobler worſhip there.

WATTS.

Pſalm LXXXIV. Firſt Part. *C. M.* [*]

Delight in Divine Ordinances.

MY heart and fleſh cry out for thee,
While far from thine abode;
When ſhall I tread thy courts, and ſee
My Saviour and my God!

2 To ſit one day beneath thine eye,
And hear thy gracious voice,
Exceeds a thouſand days employ'd
In ſin's voluptuous joys.

3 Much rather in God's houſe, would I
The meaneſt office take,
Than in the wealthy tents of ſin
My ſplendid dwelling make.

4 For God, who is our Sun and Shield,
Will grace and glory give;
And no good thing will he withhold
From them who juſtly live.

5 O God, whom heavenly hoſts obey,
How highly bleſt is he,
Whoſe hope and truſt, ſecurely plac'd,
Are ſtill repos'd on thee!

6 O could I o'er the ſpacious land
And ſea extend my ſway,
For one bleſt hour at thy right hand,
I'd give them both away.

TATE and WATTS.

Pſalm LXXXIV. Second Part. *C. M.* [*]

Delight in Divine Ordinances.

O LORD, how worthy of our love
Is that delightful place,
Where we can meet to pray and hear
Thy word of truth and grace!

2 Our longing ſoul faints with deſire
To tread that bleſt abode;
Our panting heart and fleſh cry out
For thee, the living God.

3 There the great Monarch of the skies
His saving power displays,
And light breaks in upon our eyes,
With kind and quick'ning rays.

4 The birds more happy sat than we,
Around thy temple throng;
Securely there they build, and there
Securely hatch their young.

5 Thrice happy they whose choice has thee
Their sure protection made!
Who love to tread the sacred ways
Which to thy temple lead.

6 Thus they proceed by various steps,
And still approach more near,
Till all on Zion's heavenly mount,
Before their God appear.

TATE and WATTS, with Variation.

Psalm LXXXIV. *Hallelujah Metre.* [*]

The Pleasure of Public Worship.

LORD of the worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair
The dwellings of thy love,
Thy earthly temples are!
To thine abode, My heart aspires,
With warm desires, To see my God.

2 The sparrow for her young,
With pleasure seeks a nest,
And wand'ring swallows long
To find their wonted rest;
With equal zeal, Lord I would wait,
Within thy gate, And with thee dwell.

3 To spend one sacred day
Where God and saints abide,

Affords diviner joy
Than thouſand days beſide;
Where God reſorts, I love it more
To keep the door Than ſhine in courts.

4 O happy ſouls that pray
Where God appoints to hear;
O happy men that pay
Their conſtant ſervice there!
They praiſe thee ſtill, And happy they,
Who find the way To Zion's hill.

5 They go from ſtrength to ſtrength,
Through this dark vale of tears,
Till each arrives at length,
Till each in heaven appears.
O glorious ſeat! When God our King
Shall thither bring Our willing feet!

WATTS.

Pſalm LXXXV. *Common Metre.* [b]

Prayer for Public Deliverance.

THY favour, gracious Lord, diſplay
Which we have long implor'd;
And for thy wond'rous mercy's ſake,
Thy heavenly aid afford.

2 Thine anſwer patiently we'll wait,
For thou with glad ſucceſs,
If they no more to folly turn,
Thy mourning ſaints wilt bleſs.

3 To thoſe who fear thy holy name,
Is thy ſalvation near;
And in its former happy ſtate,
Our nation ſhall appear,

4 For mercy now with truth is join'd,
And righteouſneſs with peace;

Thoſe kind companions abſent long,
With friendly arms embrace.

5 Truth from the earth, like faireſt flowers
Shall ſpring and bloom around;
And juſtice from her heavenly ſeat,
Behold and bleſs the ground.

6 The Lord will on our land beſtow
Whatever thing is good;
The ſoil in plenty ſhall produce
Her fruits to be our food.

7 Before him righteouſneſs ſhall go,
And his juſt path prepare;
Whilſt we his ſacred ſteps purſue
With conſtant zeal and care.

MILTON and TATE.

Pſalm LXXXV. *Long Metre.* [✻]

Salvation by Chriſt.

SALVATION is forever nigh
The ſouls who fear and truſt the Lord;
And grace, deſcending from on high,
The hope of glory ſhall afford.

2 Mercy and truth on earth are met,
Since Chriſt the Lord came down from heaven;
By his obedience ſo complete,
Juſtice is pleas'd, and peace is given.

3 Now truth and virtue ſhall abound,
Religion dwell on earth again,
And heavenly influence bleſs the ground,
In our Redeemer's gentle reign.

4 His righteouſneſs is gone before,
To give us free acceſs to God;
Our wandering feet ſhall ſtray no more,
But mark his ſteps, and keep the road.

WATTS.

Psalm LXXXVI. *Common Metre.* [*]

(See Hymn LIV.)

The Greatneſs and Goodneſs of God.

AMONG the gods there's none like thee,
O Lord, alone divine!
Nor is their nature, mighty Lord,
Nor are their works like thine.

2 Therefore their great Creator, thee,
All nations ſhall adore;
Their long miſguided prayers, and praiſe
To thy great name reſtore.

3 All ſhall confeſs thee great, and great
The wonders thou haſt done;
They ſhall confeſs thee God ſupreme,
Confeſs thee God alone.

4 Not only great, but good thou art,
And ready to forgive;
Thy mercy hears the penitent,
And bids the ſinner live.

5 To my repeated, humble prayer,
O Lord attentive be;
In trouble, I on thee will call,
For thou wilt anſwer me.

6 To me, who daily thee invoke,
Thy mercy, Lord, extend;
Refreſh thy ſervant's ſoul, whoſe hopes
On thee alone depend.

TATE and WATTS, with Alteration.

Psalm LXXXVII. *Long Metre.* [*]

The Church the Birth-Place of Saints.

(On opening a new place of worſhip.)

AND will the great eternal God
On earth eſtabliſh his abode?

And will he from his radiant throne,
Avow our temples as his own?

2 We bring the tribute of our praise,
And sing that condescending grace,
Which to our notes will lend an ear,
And call us sinful mortals near.

3 Our Father's watchful care we bless,
Which guards our synagogues in peace,
That no tumultuous foes invade,
To fill our worshippers with dread.

4 These walls, we to thy honour raise,
Long may they echo with thy praise;
And thou descending fill the place,
With choicest tokens of thy grace.

5 Here let the great Redeemer reign,
With all the graces of his train;
Whilst power divine his word attends,
To conquer foes, and cheer his friends.

6 And in the great decisive day,
When God the nations shall survey,
May it before the world appear,
Thousands were born to glory here.

DODDRIDGE.

Psalm LXXXVIII. Ver. 10. *L. M.* [*]

Reanimation.

(Adapted to the design of *Humane Societies.*)

FROM thee, great Lord of life and death,
Do we receive our vital breath;
And at thy sovereign call, resign
That vital breath, that gift divine.

2 Wilt thou show wonders to the dead?
Wilt thou revive the lifeless head?

And from the silence of the grave,
Wilt thou the wretched victim save?

3 Such wonders, formerly unknown,
Thy providence to us hath shown;
To feeble man thou dost impart
The plastic, life-redeeming art.

4 We bless thee for the skill and power,
From death's appearance, to restore
This nice machine of curious frame,
And light again the vital flame.

5 May ev'ry life by thee restor'd,
Be consecrated to the Lord;
May pious love inspire each breast,
Which has thy saving hand confess'd.

6 Again they must resign their breath,
And sink beneath the stroke of death;
When from that death they shall revive,
May each with thee in glory live.

Psalm LXXXVIII. *Six Line L. M.* [b]

On the Death of Friends.

O GOD of my salvation, hear
My nightly groans, my daily prayer,
That still employ my wasting breath;
My soul, declining to the grave,
Implores thy sovereign power to save
From dark despair and gloomy death.

2 Thy wrath lies heavy on my soul,
And waves of sorrow o'er me roll,
Whilst dust and silence spread the gloom;
My friends belov'd, in happier days,
The dear companion of my ways,
Descend around me to the tomb.

3 As loſt in lonely grief I tread
The ſilent manſions of the dead,
Or to ſome throng'd aſſembly go;
Through all alike I rove alone,
Forgotten here, and there unknown,
The change renews my piercing woe.

4 Wilt thou neglect my mournful call?
Or who ſhall profit by my fall,
When life departs and love expires?
Can duſt and darkneſs praiſe the Lord,
Or wake and brighten at his word,
To join the high angelic choirs?

5 My friends are gone, my comforts fled,
The ſad remembrance of the dead
Recals my wandering thoughts to mourn;
But thro' each melancholy day,
I call on thee, and ſtill will pray,
Imploring ſtill thy kind return.

BARLOW.

Pſalm LXXXIX. Firſt Part. *C.M.* [*]

A bleſſed Goſpel.

BLEST are the ſouls who hear and know
The goſpel's joyful ſound;
Peace ſhall attend the path they go,
And light their ſteps ſurround.

2 Their joy ſhall bear their ſpirits up,
Thro' their Redeemer's name;
His promiſes exalt their hope,
Nor Satan dares condemn.

3 The Lord, our glory and defence,
Strength and ſalvation gives;
Iſrael, thy King forever reigns,
Thy God forever lives.

WATTS.

Pſalm LXXXIX. S. P. *C. M.* [♯ or ♭]

The Covenant of Grace.

HEAR what the Lord in viſion ſaid,
And made his mercy known?
"Sinners, behold your help is laid
On my beloved Son.

2 "Behold the man my wiſdom choſe,
Among your mortal race;
His head my holy oil o'erflows,
The ſpirit of my grace.

3 "High ſhall he reign on David's throne,
My people's better king;
My arm ſhall put his rivals down,
And ſtill new ſubjects bring.

4 "My truth ſhall guard him in his way,
With mercy by his ſide;
While in my name, thro' earth and ſea,
He ſhall in triumph ride.

5 "Me for his father and his God,
He ſhall forever own;
Call me his rock, his high abode,
And I'll ſupport my Son.

6 "My firſt-born Son, array'd in grace,
At my right hand ſhall ſit;
Beneath him, angels know their place,
And princes at his feet.

7 "My cov'nant ſtands forever faſt,
My promiſes are ſtrong;
Firm as the heav'n his throne ſhall laſt,
His ſeed endure as long."

WATTS.

Psalm LXXXIX. 3d P. C. M. [* or b]

The Covenant of Grace.

"YET (ſaith the Lord) if David's race,
The children of my Son,
Should break my laws, abuſe my grace,
And tempt my anger down;

2 "Their ſins I'll viſit with the rod,
And make their folly ſmart;
But never ceaſe to be their God,
Nor from my truth depart.

3 "My cov'nant I will not revoke,
But keep my grace in mind;
And what eternal love hath ſpoke,
Eternal truth ſhall bind.

4 "Once have I ſworn (I need no more)
And pledg'd my holineſs;
To ſeal the ſacred promiſe ſure
To David and his race.

5 "The ſun ſhall ſee his offſpring riſe,
And ſpread from ſea to ſea;
Long as he travels round the ſkies,
To give the nations day.

6 "Sure as the moon that rules the night,
His kingdom ſhall endure;
Till the fix'd laws of ſhade and light
Shall be obſerv'd no more."

WATTS.

Psalm LXXXIX. Six Line L. M. [b]

Life, Death and the Reſurrection.

THINK, mighty God, on feeble man!
How few his hours, how ſhort the ſpan!
Short from the cradle to the grave:

Who can ſecure his vital breath,
Againſt the bold demands of death,
With ſkill to fly, or power to ſave?

2 Lord, ſhall it be forever ſaid,
"The race of men was only made
For ſickneſs, ſorrow and the duſt?"
Are not thy ſervants, day by day,
Sent to the grave, and turn'd to clay?
Lord, where's thy kindneſs to the juſt?

3 Haſt thou not promis'd to thy Son,
And all his ſeed, a heavenly crown?
But fleſh and ſenſe indulge deſpair:
Forever bleſſed be the Lord,
That faith can read thy holy word,
And find a reſurrection there.

4 Forever bleſſed be the Lord,
Who gives his ſaints a long reward
For all their toil, reproach and pain:
Let all below, and all above,
Join to proclaim thy wond'rous love,
And each repeat their loud *Amen.*

WATTS.

Pſalm LXXXIX. Firſt Part. *L. M.* [*]

The Covenant of Grace.

FOREVER ſhall my ſong record
The truth and mercy of the Lord;
Mercy and truth forever ſtand
Like heaven, eſtabliſh'd by his hand.

2 Thus to his Son he ſwore, and ſaid,
"With thee my covenant is made;
In thee ſhall dying ſinners live,
Glory and grace are thine to give.

3 "Be thou my prophet, thou my priest,
Thy children shall be ever blest;
Thou art my chosen king, thy throne
Shall stand eternal, as my own.

4 "There's none of all my saints above,
So much my image or my love,
Celestial powers thy subjects are;
Then what can earth with thee compare?

5 "David, my servant, whom I chose
To guard my flock, to crush my foes,
And rais'd him to the Jewish throne,
Was but the shadow of my Son."

6 Now let the church rejoice and sing,
Jesus her Saviour, and her King;
Angels his heavenly honours show,
And saints declare his works below.

WATTS.

Psalm LXXXIX. S. P. *L. M.* [♯ or ♭]

Divine Sovereignty, and Public Worship.

WHAT seraph of celestial birth,
To vie with Israel's God shall dare?
Or who among the sons of earth
Can with the mighty God compare?

2 Lord God of armies, who can boast
Of strength and power like thine renown'd?
Of such a numerous faithful host
As that which does thy throne surround?

3 Thou dost the raging sea control,
And change the surface of the deep;
Thou mak'st the sleeping billows roll,
Thou mak'st the rolling billows sleep!

4 In thee the sov'reign right remains
Of earth and heaven; thee, Lord, alone,

The world, and all that it contains,
Their Maker and Preſerver own.

5 Happy, thrice happy they, who hear
The ſacred trumpet's joyful ſound;
And who among thy ſaints appear,
With thy moſt glorious preſence crown'd.

6 With rev'rence and religious dread,
Thy ſaints will to thy temple preſs;
Thy fear thro' all their hearts ſhall ſpread,
Who thy moſt holy name confeſs.

TATE.

Pſalm XC. *Common Metre.* [b]

God's Eternity, and Man's Mortality.

BEFORE the hills in order ſtood,
Or earth receiv'd her frame;
From everlaſting, thou art GOD,
To endleſs years the ſame.

2 Thy word commands our fleſh to duſt,
"Return, ye ſons of men;"
All nations roſe from earth at firſt,
And turn to earth again.

3 A thouſand ages in thy ſight,
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night,
Before the riſing ſun.

4 Time, like an ever-running ſtream,
Bears all its ſons away;
They fly forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

5 'Tis but a few whoſe days amount
To threeſcore years and ten;

And all beyond that ſhort account
Is ſorrow, toil, and pain.

6 Then let us learn the heavenly art,
T' improve the hours we have;
That we may act the wiſer part,
And live beyond the grave.

WATTS.

Pſalm XC. *Long Metre.* [* or b]

Divine Protection through every Age.

THOU, Lord, thro' every changing ſcene,
Haſt to the ſaints a refuge been;
Thro' every age, eternal GOD,
Their pleaſing home, their ſafe abode.

2 In thee our fathers ſought their reſt,
And were with thy protection bleſt;
Though in the ſhade of death they lie,
They'll riſe and dwell above the ſky.

3 Behold their ſons, a feeble race!
We come to fill our fathers' place!
Our helpleſs ſtate with pity view,
And let us ſhare their refuge too.

4 Through all the thorny paths we tread,
Ere we are number'd with the dead;
When friends deſert, and foes invade,
Be thou our all-ſufficient aid.

5 So when this pilgrimage is o'er,
And we muſt dwell on earth no more,
To thee, great God, may we aſcend,
And find an everlaſting friend.

6 To thee our infant race we'll leave,
Them may their father's God receive;
That voices yet unform'd may raiſe
Succeeding hymns of humble praiſe.

DODDRIDGE.

Psalm XC. *Short Metre.* [♭]

The Shortneſs of Life.

LORD, what a feeble piece
Is this our mortal frame!
Our life how poor a trifle 'tis,
That ſcarce deſerves the name!

2 Alas, the brittle clay,
That built our body firſt!
And every month, and every day,
'Tis mould'ring back to duſt!

3 Then, if our days muſt fly,
We'll keep their end in ſight;
We'll ſpend them all in wiſdom's way,
And let them ſpeed their flight.

4 They'll ſooner waft us o'er
This life's tempeſtuous ſea;
Then ſhall we reach the peaceful ſhore
Of bleſt eternity.

WATTS.

Psalm XCI. *Common Metre.* [✱ or ♭]

Divine Protection, Reſignation and Gratitude.

WHEN I ſurvey life's varied ſcene,
Amidſt the darkeſt hours;
Bright rays of comfort ſhine between,
And thorns are mix'd with flowers.

2 This thought can all my fears control,
And bid my ſorrows fly;
No harm can ever reach my ſoul,
Beneath my Father's eye.

3 Whate'er thy ſacred will ordains,
O give me ſtrength to bear;

And let me know my Father reigns,
And truſt his tender care.

4 If pain and ſickneſs rend this frame,
And life almoſt depart;
Is not thy mercy ſtill the ſame,
To cheer my drooping heart?

5 Is blooming health my happy ſhare?
O may I bleſs my God;
Thy goodneſs let my ſong declare,
And ſpread thy praiſe abroad.

6 While ſuch delightful gifts as theſe
Are kindly dealt to me,
Be all my hours of health and eaſe
Devoted, Lord, to thee.

7 If cares and ſorrows me ſurround,
Their power why ſhould I fear?
My inward peace they cannot wound,
If thou, my God, art near.

8 Thy ſov'reign ways are all unknown
To my weak, erring ſight;
Yet let my ſoul, adoring, own
That all thy ways are right.

Mrs. STEELE.

Pſalm XCII. *Long Metre.* [✻]

For the Lord's Day.

WELCOME, thou day of ſacred reſt!
No mortal cares ſhall fill my breaſt;
O may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of ſolemn ſound.

2 My heart ſhall triumph in my Lord,
And bleſs his works, and bleſs his word;
Thy works of grace, how bright they ſhine!
How deep thy counſels, how divine!

3 Fools never raiſe their thoughts ſo high,
Like brutes they live, like brutes they die!
Like graſs they flouriſh, 'till thy breath
Command them to the ſhade of death.

4 But I ſhall ſhare a glorious part,
When grace hath purify'd my heart,
And freſh ſupplies of joy are ſhed
Like holy oil to cheer my head.

5 Sin, my worſt enemy before,
Shall vex my eyes and ears no more;
My inward foes ſhall all be ſlain,
Nor Satan break my peace again.

6 Then ſhall I ſee, and hear, and know,
All I deſir'd or wiſh'd below;
And every power find full employ
In that eternal world of joy.

WATTS.

Pſalm XCIII. *Long Metre.* [♯ or ♭]

Divine Sovereignty and Holineſs.

THE Lord, the God of glory reigns,
In robes of majeſty array'd;
The earth's foundation he ſuſtains,
And rules the world his hand hath made.

2 Ere rolling ſeas began to move,
Or the blue heavens were ſtretch'd abroad;
Thy ſacred throne was fix'd above,
From everlaſting thou art God.

3 The floods, O Lord, lift up their voice
And toſs their troubled waves on high;
But God above can ſtill the noiſe,
And make the angry ſea comply.

4 Thy righteous laws, O Lord, are ſure,
And thoſe who in thy preſence dwell,

That happy ſtation to ſecure,
Muſt ſtill in holineſs excel.

TATE and STEELE.

Pſalm XCIII. *Particular Metre.* [*]

Divine Power, the Church's Safety.

THE Lord Jehovah reigns,
And royal ſtate maintains;
His head with awful glories crown'd;
Array'd in robes of light,
Begirt with ſov'reign might,
And rays of majeſty around.

2 Upheld by thy commands,
The world ſecurely ſtands,
And ſkies and ſtars obey thy word;
Thy throne was fix'd on high,
Before the ſtarry ſky;
Eternal is thy kingdom, Lord.

3 In vain the noiſy crowd,
Like billows fierce and loud,
Againſt thine empire rage and roar;
In vain with angry ſpite,
The furly nations fight,
And daſh like waves againſt the ſhore.

4 Let floods and nations rage,
And all their powers engage,
Let ſwelling tides aſſault the ſky;
The terrors of thy frown,
Shall beat their madneſs down;
Thy throne forever ſtands on high.

5 Thy promiſes are true,
Thy grace is ever new;
There fix'd, thy church ſhall ne'er remove:

Thy saints with holy fear,
Shall in thy courts appear,
And sing thine everlasting love.

WATTS.

Psalm XCIV. *Common Metre.* [b]

Against wicked Rulers.

HOW long, O Lord, shall wicked men
In splendid triumph ride!
How long shall haughty tyrants reign,
By violence and pride!

2 They say, "the Lord nor sees nor hears;"
When will the fools be wise?
Can he be deaf, who form'd their ears?
Or blind, who made their eyes?

3 He knows their impious tho'ts are vain,
And they shall feel his power;
His wrath shall pierce their souls with pain,
In some distressing hour.

4 Powers of iniquity may rise,
And frame pernicious laws;
But God, my refuge, rules the skies,
He will defend my cause.

5 When multitudes of mournful tho'ts
Within my bosom roll,
Thy grace, which pardons all my faults,
Shall cheer my drooping soul.

6 Blest is the man thy hands chastife,
And to his duty draw;
Thy scourges make thy children wise,
When they forget thy law.

7 For God will not cast off his saints,
Nor his own promise break;

He pardons his inheritance,
For his own mercy's ſake.

WATTS.

Pſalm XCV. *Common Metre.* [*]

Before Prayer.

SING to the Lord Jehovah's name,
And in his ſtrength rejoice;
When his ſalvation is our theme,
Exalted be our voice.

2 With thanks approach his awful throne,
And pſalms of honour ſing;
The great Jehovah reigns alone,
The whole creation's King,

3 Let princes hear, let angels know
How mean their natures ſeem,
Thoſe gods on high and gods below,
When once compar'd with him.

4 Earth, with its caverns dark and deep,
Lies in his ſpacious hand;
He fix'd the ſeas what bounds to keep,
And where the hills muſt ſtand.

5 Come, and with humble ſouls adore,
Come kneel before his face;
O may the creatures of his power
Be children of his grace.

6 Now is the time, he bends his ear,
And waits for our requeſt;
Come, leſt he rouſe his wrath, and ſwear
"Ye ſhall not ſee my reſt."

WATTS.

Psalm XCV. First Part. L. M. [※]

Public Worship.

O COME, loud anthems let us sing,
Loud thanks to our Almighty King;
For we our voices high should raise,
When our salvation's Rock we praise.

2 Into his presence let us haste,
To thank him for his favours past;
To him address, in joyful songs,
The praise that to his name belongs.

3 For God, the Lord, enthron'd in state,
Is with unrivall'd glory great;
A King superior far to all
Whom by the title gods, we call.

4 The depths of earth are in his hand,
Her secret wealth at his command;
The strength of hills that threat the skies,
Subjected to his empire lies.

5 The rolling ocean's vast abyss
By the same sov'reign right is his;
'Tis mov'd by that Almighty hand,
Which form'd and fix'd the solid land.

6 O let us to his courts repair,
And bow with adoration there!
Down on our knees devoutly all
Before the Lord our Maker fall.

TATE.

Psalm XCV. Sec. Part. L. M. [※ or ♭]

Canaan lost through Unbelief.

COME, let our souls address the Lord,
Who fram'd our natures by his word;

He is our Shepherd, we the sheep,
His mercy chose, his pastures keep.

2 Come, let us hear his voice to-day,
The counsels of his love obey;
Nor let our harden'd hearts provoke,
Like Israel, the revenging stroke.

3 Thus saith the Lord, "How false they prove,
Forget my power, abuse my love!
Since they despise my rest, I swear
Their feet shall never enter there."

4 Look back, my soul, with holy dread,
And view those ancient rebels, dead;
Attend the offer'd grace to day,
Nor lose the blessing by delay.

5 Seize the kind promise while it waits,
And march to Zion's heavenly gates;
Believe, and take the promis'd rest;
Obey, and be forever blest.

Watts.

Psalm XCV. *Short Metre.* [*]

Before a Sermon.

COME, sound his praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing;
Jehovah is the sov'reign God,
The universal King.

2 He form'd the deeps unknown,
He gave the seas their bound;
The watry worlds are all his own,
And all the solid ground.

3 Come, worship at his throne,
Come, bow before the Lord;
We are his work, and not our own,
He form'd us by his word.

4 To detain'd his wrath,
Nor dare provoke his rod.
Come, like the people of his choice,
And own your gracious God.

5 But if your ears refuse
The language of his grace,
And hearts grow hard, like stubborn Jews,
That unbelieving race,

6 The Lord, in anger dress,
Will lift his hand and swear,
"You, who despis'd my promis'd rest,
Shall have no portion here."

WATTS.

Psalm XCVI. *Six Lines L. M.*

Universal Praise.

LET all the earth their voices raise,
To sing a lofty psalm of praise,
And bless the great Jehovah's name;
His glory let the heathen know,
His wonders to the nations show,
And all his works of grace proclaim.

2 Great is the Lord, his praise be great,
Who sits on high, enthron'd in state;
To him alone let praise be given:
Those gods the heathen world adore,
In vain pretend to sov'reign power,
He only rules who made the heaven.

3 He fram'd the globe, he spread the sky,
And all the shining worlds on high;
He reigns complete in glory there:
His beams are majesty and light,
His glories how divinely bright!
His temple how divinely fair!

4 Let heaven be glad, let earth rejoice,
Let ocean lift its roaring voice;
Proclaiming loud, "Jehovah reigns;"
For joy let fertile vallies sing,
And tuneful groves their tribute bring
To him, whose power the world sustains.

5 Come, the great day, the glorious hour,
When earth shall own his sov'reign power,
And barb'rous nations fear his name;
Then shall the universe confess
The beauty of his holiness,
And in his courts his grace proclaim.

TATE and WATTS, united and varied.

Psalm XCVII. *Long Metre.* [*]

Grace and Glory.

TH' Almighty reigns exalted high,
O'er all the earth, o'er all the sky;
Let the whole earth in songs rejoice,
And hosts celestial join their voice.

2 Deep are his counsels and unknown,
But grace and truth support his throne;
Though gloomy clouds his feet surround,
Justice is their eternal ground.

3 Ye, who confess his holy name,
Hate every work of sin and shame;
He guards the souls of all his friends,
And from the snares of hell defends.

4 Immortal light, and joys unknown
Are for the saints in darkness sown;
Those glorious seeds shall spring and rise,
And the bright harvest bless our eyes.

5 Rejoice, ye righteous, and record
The ſacred honours of the Lord;
None but the ſouls who taſte his grace
Can triumph in his holineſs.

WATTS.

Pſalm XCVIII. *Common Metre.* [✻]

Bleſſings of the Meſſiah's Kingdom.

TO our Almighty Maker, GOD,
New honours be addreſs'd;
His great ſalvation ſhines abroad,
And makes the nations bleſs'd.

2 He ſpake the word to Abr'ham firſt,
His truth fulfils his grace;
The Gentiles make his name their truſt,
And learn his righteouſneſs.

3 Joy to the world! the Lord is come;
Let earth receive her king;
Let ev'ry heart prepare him room,
And heaven and nature ſing.

4 Joy to the world! her Saviour reigns;
Let men their ſongs employ;
While lands and ſeas, rocks, hills and plains
Repeat the ſounding joy.

5 No more let ſin and ſorrow grow,
Nor violence abound;
He comes to make his bleſſings flow,
Wherever man is found.

6 He rules the world with righteouſneſs,
And makes the nations prove
The bleſſings of his truth and grace,
The wonders of his love.

WATTS.

Psalm XCIX. *Short Metre.* [✻]

A holy God worshipped with Reverence.

THE God, Jehovah, reigns,
Let all the nations fear;
Let sinners tremble at his throne,
And saints be humble there.

2 Exalt the Lord our God!
And worship at his feet;
His nature is all holiness,
And mercy is his seat.

3 When Israel was his church,
When Aaron was his priest,
When Moses cry'd, and Samuel pray'd,
He gave his people rest.

4 Oft he forgave their sins,
Nor would destroy their race;
And oft he made his vengeance known,
When they abus'd his grace.

5 Exalt the Lord our God,
Whose grace is still the same;
Still he's a God of holiness,
And jealous for his name.

WATTS.

Psalm C. *Long Metre.* [✻]

Praise to our Creator.

BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations bow with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone,
He can create, and he destroy.

2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and form'd us men;

And when like wand'ring sheep we stray'd,
He brought us to his fold again.

3 We are his people, we his care,
Our souls and all our mortal frame;
What lasting honours shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to thy name!

4 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heaven our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

5 Thou Lord art good, thou Lord art kind;
Great is thy grace, thy mercy sure;
And the whole race of men shall find
Thy truth from age to age endure.

6 Wide as the world is thy command;
Vast as eternity thy love:
Firm as a rock, thy truth shall stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

WATTS.

Psalm CI. *Common Metre.* [♯ or ♭]

A Psalm for the Master of a Family.

OF justice and of grace I sing,
And pay to God my vows;
Thy grace and justice, heavenly King,
Teach me to rule my house.

2 Now to my tent, O God, repair,
And make thy servant wise;
I'll suffer nothing near me there,
That shall offend thine eyes.

3 The man who doth his neighbour wrong,
By falsehood or by force;
The scornful eye, the sland'rous tongue,
I'll drive them from my doors.

4 The pure, the faithful, and the juſt,
My favour ſhall enjoy;
Theſe are the friends that I will truſt,
The ſervants I'll employ.

5 The wretch that deals in ſly deceit,
I'll not endure a night;
The liar's tongue I ever hate,
And baniſh from my ſight.

6 I'll purge my family around,
And make the wicked flee;
So ſhall my houſe be ever found
A dwelling fit for thee.

WATTS.

Pſalm CII. First Part. *C. M.* [*]

Prayer heard, and Zion reſtored.

LET Zion and her ſons rejoice;
Behold the promis'd hour!
Her God hath heard her mourning voice,
And will exalt his power.

2 Her duſt and ruins that remain,
Are precious in our eyes;
Thoſe ruins ſhall be built again,
And all that duſt ſhall riſe.

3 The Lord will raiſe Jeruſalem,
And ſtand in glory there;
Nations ſhall bow and own his name,
And worſhip in his fear.

4 He ſits a ſovereign on his throne,
With pity in his eyes;
He hears the dying priſoners groan,
And ſees their wants ariſe.

5 He frees the souls condemn'd to death,
And when his saints complain,
It can't be said they spent their breath,
Or shed their tears in vain.

6 This shall be known when we are dead,
And left on long record,
That ages yet unborn, may read,
And learn to trust the Lord. WATTS.

Psalm CII. Second Part. *C. M.* [*]

The unchangeableness of God.

THOU, Lord, hast earth's foundations laid,
The heavens, a glorious frame,
By thine Almighty hand were spread,
And speak their Maker's name.

2 Their shining glories all shall fade,
By thy controlling power,
Chang'd like a vesture when decay'd:
But thou shalt still endure.

3 Thy bright perfections, all divine,
Eternal as thy days;
Through everlasting ages shine,
With undiminish'd rays.

4 Thy servant's children, still thy care,
Shall own their father's God;
To latest times thy favour share,
And spread thy praise abroad.

Mrs. STEELE.

Psalm CII. Verse 24—27. *L. M.* [b]

Compared with Hebrews, i. 8—12. xiii. 8.

The Mortality of Man, and the Eternity of Christ.

IT is the Lord, our Maker's hand
Weakens our strength amidst the race;

Diſeaſe and death, at his command,
Arreſt us, and cut ſhort our days.

2 Spare us, O Lord, aloud we pray,
Nor let our ſun go down at noon;
Thy years are one eternal day;
And muſt thy people die ſo ſoon?

3 Yet in the midſt of death and grief,
This tho't our ſorrow ſhall aſſuage;
Our Father and our Saviour live,
Chriſt is the ſame thro' ev'ry age.

4 'Twas he this earth's foundation laid,
Heav'n is the building of his hand;
This earth grows old, theſe heavens ſhall fade,
And all be chang'd at his command.

5 The ſtarry curtains of the ſky
Like garments ſhall be laid aſide;
But ſtill thy throne ſtands firm and high,
Thy church forever muſt abide.

6 Before thy face, thy church ſhall live,
And on thy throne thy children reign;
This dying world ſhall they ſurvive,
And the dead ſaints be rais'd again.

WATTS.

Pſalm CIII. Firſt Part. *L. M.* [*]

Praiſe to God for his Goodneſs.

BLESS, O my ſoul, the living GOD,
Call home thy tho'ts that rove abroad;
Let all the powers within me join,
In work and worſhip ſo divine.

2 Bleſs, O my ſoul, the God of grace,
His favours claim thy higheſt praiſe;

Let not the wonders he hath wro't,
Be loſt in ſilence and forgot.

3 The vices of the mind he heals,
And cures the pains that nature feels;
Redeems the ſoul from guilt, and ſaves
Our waſting life from threat'ning graves.

4 Our youth decay'd, his power repairs,
His mercy crowns our growing years;
He ſatisfies our mouth with good,
And fills our ſouls with heavenly food.

5 He ſees the oppreſſor and the oppreſt,
And often gives the ſufferers reſt;
But will his juſtice more diſplay
In the laſt, great deciſive day.

6 His power he ſhow'd by *Moſes'* hands,
And gave to *Iſrael* his commands;
But made his truth and mercy known
To all the nations by his Son.

WATTS.

Pſalm CIII. Second Part. S. M. [*]

Divine Mercy in the midſt of Judgment.

MY ſoul, repeat his praiſe,
Whoſe mercies are ſo great;
Whoſe anger is ſo ſlow to riſe,
So ready to abate.

2 God will not always chide,
And when his wrath is felt;
His ſtrokes are fewer than our crimes,
And lighter than our guilt.

3 High as the heavens are rais'd
Above the ground we tread;
So far the riches of his grace
Our higheſt thoughts exceed.

4 His grace subdues our sins;
And his forgiving love
Far as the east is from the west,
Doth all our guilt remove.

5 The pity of the Lord
To those who fear his name,
Is such as tender parents feel;
He knows our feeble frame.

6 Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning flower;
When blasting winds spread o'er the field,
It withers in an hour.

7 But thy compassion, Lord,
Through ages shall endure;
And children's children ever find
Thy words of promise sure.

Psalm CIII. Third Part. C. M. [b]

God's tender Regard to human Weakness.

LORD, we thy won'drous power proclaim,
And make that power our trust;
Which rais'd at first this curious frame,
From mean and lifeless dust.

2 By dust supported still it stands,
Prepar'd in various forms;
And wrought by thy creating hands,
To nourish mortal worms.

3 A while these frail machines endure;
The fabric of a day!
Then lose their animating power;
And moulder back to clay.

4 Yet frail and feeble as we are,
This thought is our repose,

That he who firſt our frame did rear,
Its various weakneſs knows.

5 He views us with a pitying eye,
While ſtruggling with our load;
In pains and dangers he is nigh,
Our Father and our God.

6 Gently ſupported by his love,
We tend to realms of peace;
Where ev'ry pain ſhall far remove,
And ev'ry frailty ceaſe.

DODDRIDGE.

Pſalm CIII. Fourth Part. *C. M.* [✻]

Angelic Praiſe.

THOU, Lord, in heav'n haſt plac'd thy throne,
Thy kingdom wide extends;
Thy vaſt dominion ſhall be known
To earth's remoteſt ends.

2 Ye angels, who excel in might,
And wait to do his will,
Bleſs him, whoſe work is your delight,
Whoſe pleaſure ye fulfil.

3 Ye ſeraphs, who with joy obey
The orders of your King,
Attend his churches when they pray,
And join the praiſe they ſing.

4 Whilſt all his works his praiſe proclaim,
O let my heart and tongue
Join with the univerſal frame,
In this eternal ſong.

Partly from WATTS.

Psalm CIV. First Part. *L. M.* [*]

Divine Majesty and Goodness in Storm and Rain.

AWAKE, my soul, to hymns of praise,
To God the song of triumph raise;
Adorn'd with majesty divine,
What pomp, what glory, Lord, are thine!

2 Light forms his robe, and round his head
The heavens their ample curtain spread;
See on the wind's expanded wings
The chariot of the King of kings!

3 Around him rang'd in awful state,
Dark silent storms attendant wait;
And thunders ready to fulfil
The mandates of his sovereign will.

4 From earth's low margin to the skies
He bids the dusky vapours rise;
Then from his magazines on high,
Commands th' imprison'd winds to fly.

5 The lightning's pallid sheet expands,
And showers descend on furrow'd lands;
Whilst down the mountain's channel'd side,
The torrent rolls in swelling pride.

6 Till spent its wild impetuous force,
And settled in its destin'd course,
It waters all the fruitful plains,
And life in various forms sustains.

7 Thus clouds, and storms, and fires obey
Thy wise and all-controlling sway;
And whilst thy terrors round us stand,
We see a Father's bounteous hand.

MERRICK, with Alteration and Addition.

Psalm CIV. Second Part. *L. M.* [♭]

The Seaman's Prayer.

ALMIGHTY Ruler of the ſkies,
How various are thy works! how wiſe!
Thy power throughout all ſpace extends,
Sinks through all depth, all height tranſcends!

2 Not earth alone beholds her ſhores
Enrich'd by thy exhauſtleſs ſtores;
Alike, throughout their liquid reign,
The ſpreading ſeas thy gifts contain.

3 Beneath, unnumber'd fiſhes ſwarm,
Of diff'rent ſize, of various form;
Above, the ſhips incumbent ride,
Borne on the boſom of the tide.

4 Here, huge Leviathan is ſeen
To ſport the mighty waves between;
There, icy mountains float and roll,
Driv'n from the ſeas beneath the pole.

5 On high, the concave we behold
In living blue, or ſparkling gold;
Whilſt waving azure fields around
Spread to th' horizon's utmoſt bound.

6 The winds and waves obey thy will;
The needle owns thy power and ſkill;
And, ſteer'd by thy directing hand,
Our bark ſhall gain the wiſh'd for land.

MERRICK, with Alteration and Addition.

Psalm CIV. Third Part. *L. M.* [♯ or ♭]

Divine Providence toward Man and Beaſt.

VAST are thy works, Almighty Lord,
All nature reſts upon thy word;

And the whole race of creatures ſtands,
Waiting their portion from thy hands.

2 If thou the vital air deny,
Behold them ſicken, faint and die;
Duſt to its kindred duſt returns,
And earth her ruin'd offſpring mourns.

3 But thou canſt breathe on duſt again,
And fill the world with beaſts and men;
A word of thy creating breath
Repairs the waſte of time and death.

4 Thy glory, fearleſs of decline,
Thy glory, Lord, ſhall ever ſhine;
Thy works, the honour of thy might,
Are honour'd with thy own delight.

5 Earth at thy look ſhall trembling ſtand,
Conſcious of ſovereign power at hand;
And, touch'd by thy vindictive ſtroke,
The everlaſting mountains ſmoke.

6 In thee our hopes and wiſhes meet,
And make our contemplations ſweet;
Thy praiſe ſhall our breath employ,
Till we ſhall riſe to endleſs joy.

WATTS and MERRICK.

Pſalm CIV. Fourth Part. *L. M.* [✻]

The Voice of the Creatures proclaiming God.

THERE is a God, all nature ſpeaks,
Thro' earth, and air, and ſeas, and ſkies;
See, from the clouds his glory breaks,
When the firſt beams of morning riſe!

2 Behold the ſun ſerenely bright,
O'er the wide world's extended frame,
Inſcribes, in characters of light,
His mighty Maker's glorious name.

3 Diffuſing life, his influence ſpreads,
And health and plenty ſmile around;
The fruitful fields and verdant meads
Are with a thouſand bleſſings crown'd.

4 Almighty goodneſs, power divine,
The fields and verdant meads diſplay,
And bleſs the hand which made them ſhine
With various charms, profuſely gay.

5 For man and beaſt, here, daily food
In wide extenſive plenty grows;
And there, for drink, the cryſtal flood
In ſtreams, ſweet winding, gently flows.

6 By cooling ſtreams and ſoft'ning ſhowers,
The vegetable race are fed;
And trees, and plants, and herbs, and flowers,
Their Maker's conſtant bounty ſpread.

7 Ye curious minds, who roam abroad,
And trace creation's wonders o'er,
Confeſs the footſteps of our God;
Come, bow before him, and adore.

MRS. STEELE.

Pſalm CIV. *Particular Metre.* [*]

PART I.

BLESS GOD, O my ſoul,
Rejoice in his name,
And let my glad voice
Thy greatneſs proclaim;
Surpaſſing in honour,
Dominion and might;
Thy throne is the heaven,
Thy robe is the light.

2 The ſky we behold,
A curtain diſplay'd,
The chambers of heaven
On waters are laid.
The clouds are a chariot
Thy glory to bear,
On winds thou art wafted,
Thou rideſt on air.

3 As rapid as fire,
Thy angels on high
Convey thy commands,
Thy miniſters fly.
The earth, on its baſis
Eternal ſuſtain'd,
Is fix'd in the ſtation
Thy wiſdom ordain'd.

4 The world, when at firſt
Of chaos compos'd,
Was void, without form,
In waters enclos'd;
Thy voice, how majeſtic,
In thunder was heard;
The waters ſubſided,
The mountains appear'd.

PART II.

5 Thy providence fix'd
The ſtream and its ſource;
The ſea knows its bounds,
The rivers their courſe.
Convey'd through dark channels,
Springs riſe on the hills,
They burſt in the fountains,
They fall in the rills.

6 The beasts of the wild
Their forest forsake;
The herd quits the field,
To drink of the lake:
On trees crown'd with blossoms,
Its margin along,
Birds, warbling sweet music,
Praise GOD in their song.

7 Descending on hills,
Clouds plenteousness pour;
All nature revives,
Earth smiles in the shower;
A garment of verdure
Apparels the plain;
Fruits swell in the garden,
Fields wave with their grain.

8 With moisture refresh'd,
The vine yields its fruit,
'Tis balm to our hearts,
To health a recruit.
With pleasure we gather
The richness of oil;
'Tis strength to our body,
Support to our toil.

PART III.

9 The trees full of sap,
With joy rear their head,
The cedars their boughs
O'er Lebanon spread.
Secure in the covert
The bird flies for rest,
She sings on the branches,
She broods on the nest.

10 The pine yields a home
The ſtork to ſecure;
The goat on the crag
Defies the purſuer.
Even creatures too feeble
Themſelves to defend,
On caves and concealment
For ſafety depend.

11 The moon, by thy law,
Increaſes and wanes:
The ſun keeps the courſe
Thy wiſdom ordains.
By night the fierce lion
Roams wide for his prey,
But flies to his cavern
When morn brings the day.

12 Then man with the ſun
His labour renews,
Till ev'ning arrives,
That labour purſues.
Such, Lord, is the wiſdom
Thy works all proclaim;
Let earth, crown'd with riches,
Rejoice in thy name!

PART IV.

13 Nor here only, Lord,
Thy might we adore,
The ſea owns thy hand,
Thy wiſdom and power;
Their tribes without number,
Thy creatures, reſort;
Leviathans gambol,
And whales take their ſport.

14 Their ſhips ſpread their ſails,
The ſurface to ſweep;
Their fiſh nimbly glide,
Conceal'd in the deep:
They all know their ſeaſon,
As ſeaſons ariſe;
And tribes, which thy bounty
Has made, it ſupplies.

15 Thy will and thy word
Endue them with breath,
Conſum'd by thy blaſt,
They ſhrink into death;
Reſtor'd at thy pleaſure,
New beings appear,
To people the waters,
The earth and the air.

16 Rejoice then, O Lord,
In glory ſecure;
The works thou haſt made
Through ages endure:
Yet, aw'd by thy preſence,
When thou draweſt near,
Smoke burſts from the mountains,
Earth trembles with fear.

17 Thus, Lord, let me ſing,
Thy glory to raiſe;
Delightful the ſtrain,
When tun'd to thy praiſe,
The vile have their ſuff'rings,
The juſt their reward:
Bleſs GOD, O my ſpirit!
O praiſe ye the Lord!

VINCENT,

Psalm CV. *Common Metre.* [✠]

The Divine Promise to Abraham fulfilled.

GIVE thanks to God, invoke his name,
And tell the world his grace;
Sound through the earth his deeds of fame,
That all may seek his face.

2 To Abrah'm and his seed he swore,
To give Canaan's land;
Though strangers, destitute of power,
A little feeble band.

3 Like pilgrims through the countries round,
Securely, they remov'd;
And haughty kings who on them frown'd
Severely he reprov'd.

4 The Lord himself chose out their way,
And mark'd their journies right;
Gave them his leading cloud by day,
A fiery guide by night.

5 They thirst, and waters from the rock
In rich abundance flow;
And, foll'wing still the course they took,
Ran all the desart through.

6 O wond'rous stream! O blessed type!
Of everflowing grace!
So Christ our Rock maintains our life,
While we his footsteps trace.

7 Thus guarded by th' Almighty hand,
The chosen tribes possess'd
The blessings of the promis'd land,
And there enjoy'd their rest.

8 Then let the world forbear its rage,
Nor put the church in fear;

Iſrael muſt live through ev'ry age,
And be th' Almighty's care.

WATTS.

Pſalm CVI. Firſt Part. *L. M.* [*]

The Character and final Proſperity of the Righteous.

O RENDER thanks to God above,
The fountain of eternal love;
Whoſe mercy firm through ages paſt,
Has ſtood, and ſhall forever laſt.

2 Who can his mighty deeds expreſs,
Not only vaſt, but numberleſs?
What mortal eloquence can raiſe
Juſt tribute of immortal praiſe?

3 Happy are they, and only they,
Who from thy precepts never ſtray!
Who know what's right, nor only ſo,
But always practiſe what they know.

4 Extend to me that favour, Lord,
Thou to thy choſen doſt afford;
Be this my happineſs, to ſee
Thy church in full proſperity.

5 Remember what thy mercy did
For Jacob's race, thy choſen ſeed;
And with the ſame ſalvation bleſs
Each humble ſuppliant of thy grace.

6 O may I ſee thy tribes rejoice,
And aid the triumph with my voice;
This is my glory, Lord, to be
Join'd to thy church, and near to thee.

7 Let Iſrael's God be ever bleſt,
Who gives his people heavenly reſt;

Let all his saints, with full accord,
Exalt their voice to praise the Lord.

TATE and WATTS, united.

Psalm CVI. Sec. Part. *S. M.* [♯ or ♭]

Israel punished and pardoned: Or, the Love of God unchangeable.

GOD of eternal love!
How fickle are our ways!
And yet how oft did Israel prove
The riches of thy grace!

2 They saw his wonders wrought,
And then his praise they sung;
But soon his works of power forgot,
And murmur'd with their tongue.

3 Now they believe his word,
While rocks with water flow;
Now with their lusts provoke the Lord,
And dare the vengeful blow.

4 Yet, when they mourn'd their faults,
He hearken'd to their groans;
Brought his own cov'nant to his thoughts,
And call'd them still his sons.

5 Their names were in his book;
He sav'd them from their foes;
Oft he chastis'd, but ne'er forsook
The people whom he chose.

6 Let Israel bless the Lord,
Who lov'd their ancient race;
And Christians join the solemn word
Amen, to all the praise.

WATTS.

Psalm CVII. First Part. *L. M.* [b]

Iſrael led through the Wilderneſs to the Land of Promiſe.

GIVE thanks to God; he reigns above;
Kind are his thoughts, his name is Love;
His mercy ages paſt have known,
And ages long to come ſhall own.

2 Let the redeemed of the Lord
The wonders of his grace record;
Iſrael, the nation whom he choſe,
And reſcu'd from their mighty foes.

3 In their diſtreſs, to God they cry'd,
God was their Saviour and their Guide;
He led their march far wand'ring round;
'Twas the *right path* to Canaan's ground.

4 So when our firſt releaſe we gain,
From ſin's hard yoke and Satan's chain,
We have this deſart world to trace,
A tireſome and a dang'rous place.

5 God feeds and clothes us all the way,
He guides our footſteps, leſt we ſtray;
He guards us with a powerful hand,
And brings us to the heavenly land.

6 Then let us all with joy record
The truth and goodneſs of the Lord;
How great his works, how kind his ways!
Let every tongue pronounce his praiſe!

WATTS.

Psalm CVII. Second Part. *L. M.* [b]

Correction for Sin, and relief to Priſoners.

FROM age to age exalt his name,
God and his grace are ſtill the ſame;

He fills the hungry ſouls with food,
And feeds them with ſubſtantial good.

2 But if their hearts rebel and riſe
Againſt the God who rules the ſkies;
If they reject his heavenly word,
And ſlight the counſels of the Lord,

3 He'll bring their ſpirits to the ground,
And no deliv'rance ſhall be found;
Laden with grief, they waſte their breath
In darkneſs and the ſhades of death.

4 Then to the Lord they raiſe their cries;
He makes the dawning light ariſe,
And ſcatters all that diſmal ſhade,
Which hung ſo heavy o'er their head.

5 He cuts the iron bars in two,
And lets the joyful pris'ner through;
Takes off the load of pain and grief,
And gives the lab'ring ſoul relief.

6 O may the ſons of men record
The wond'rous goodneſs of the Lord;
How great his works! How kind his ways!
Let every tongue pronounce his praiſe!

WATTS.

Pſalm CVII. Third Part. *C. M.* [b]

Intemperance chaſtiſed and reformed.

BENEATH God's terrors doom'd to groan,
Behold th' intemp'rate band
The fruits of folly reap, and own
The juſtice of his hand.

2 From food eſtrang'd, their languid ſoul
The needful meal foregoes;

Life feels its current faintly roll,
And haſtens to its cloſe.

3 Diſtreſs'd, to God they make their pray'r,
And nature, joyous, ſees
His word her ruin'd ſtrength repair,
Her fierceſt tortures eaſe.

4 O then that all would bleſs his name,
Who thus his mercy prove;
And ſtill from age to age proclaim
The wonders of his love.

5 That men of various tongues would ſing,
His acts in frequent lays;
And yield to heaven's eternal King
The ſacrifice of praiſe.

MERRICK.

Pſalm CVII. Fourth Part. *L. M.* [b]

Dangers and Deliverance by Sea.

THEY who in ſhips, with courage bold,
O'er ſwelling waves their trade purſue,
The Lord's amazing works behold,
And in the deep his wonders view.

2 Soon as his dread command is paſt,
The low'ring ſtorm begins to riſe;
It ſweeps the ſea with rapid haſte,
And makes the ſwelling billows riſe.

3 The lab'ring ſhips borne up to heav'n,
Upon the lofty waves appear;
Then down the deep abyſs are driv'n,
Whilſt ev'ry ſoul diſſolves with fear.

4 They reel and ſtagger to and fro,
Like men with fumes of wine oppreſs'd;
Nor does the ſkilful ſeaman know
Which way to ſteer, what courſe is beſt,

5 Then, to the Lord's indulgent ear,
Their ſupplication they addreſs;
He kindly condeſcends to hear,
And frees them from their deep diſtreſs.

6 He bids the ſtorm its fury ceaſe,
And lays the billows calm and ſtill;
Then ſummon's forth the gentle breeze,
The ſeaman's wiſhes to fulfil.

7 O then, that all the earth, with me,
Would God for all his goodneſs praiſe;
And for the mighty works which he
Throughout the wond'ring world diſplays.

TATE, varied.

Pſalm CVII. Fifth Part. *L. M.* [Or b]

Colonies planted and puniſhed.

WHERE nothing dwelt but beaſts of prey,
Or men as fierce and wild as they,
God bids the oppreſs'd and poor repair,
And builds them towns and cities there.

2 They ſow the fields, and trees they plant,
Whoſe yearly fruit ſupplies their want;
Their race grows up from fruitful ſtocks,
Yheir wealth increaſes with their flocks.

3 Thus they are bleſt; but if they ſin,
He lets the ſavage nations in;
A hoſtile race invades their lands,
Their princes die by barb'rous hands.

4 Their captive ſons, expos'd to ſcorn,
Wander unpitied and forlorn:
The country lies unfenc'd, untill'd,
And deſolation ſpreads the field.

5 Yet if the humbled people mourns,
Again his dreadful hand he turns;
Again he makes their cities thrive,
And bids the dying churches live.

6 The righteous, with a joyful ſenſe,
Admire the works of Providence;
And wiſe obſervers ſtill ſhall find
The Lord is holy, juſt and kind.

WATTS.

Pſalm CVIII. *Common Metre.* [✱]

A general Song of Praiſe.

O GOD, my grateful ſoul aſpires
To magnify thy name;
My tongue, with cheerful ſongs of praiſe,
Shall celebrate thy fame.

2 Awake, my heart, and thou, my voice,
Thy willing tribute pay;
And let a hymn of ſacred joy
Salute the op'ning day.

3 To all the liſtening world around
Thy goodneſs I will ſing;
Whilſt every grateful tongue ſhall join
To praiſe th' eternal King.

4 Becauſe thy mercy's boundleſs height
The higheſt heav'n tranſcends;
And far beyond the ſpreading earth
Thy faithfulneſs extends:

5 Be thou exalted, O my God,
Above the ſtarry frame;
And let the world, with one conſent,
Confeſs thy glorious name.

Altered from TATE.

Psalm CIX. *Common Metre.* [✻]

Love to Enemies, from the Example of Christ.

O GOD, we celebrate thy praise,
Thy mercy is our song;
Though sinners speak against thy grace
With a blaspheming tongue.

2 When in the form of mortal man
Thy Son on earth was found;
With cruel slanders, false and vain,
They compass'd him around.

3 Their mis'ries his compassion mov'd,
Their peace he still pursu'd;
They render'd hatred for his love,
And evil for his good.

4 Their malice rag'd without a cause;
Yet with his dying breath
He pray'd for murderers on his cross,
And bless'd his foes in death.

5 Let not this bright example shine
In vain before our eyes;
May we like him to peace incline,
And love our enemies.

6 Thus shall we too thine image bear,
And thus our sonship prove;
For good and bad thy bounty share,
Thou God of boundless love.

WATTS, varied.

Psalm CX. *Long Metre.* [✻ or ♭]

The Priesthood and Kingdom of Christ.

THUS the eternal Father spake,
To Christ his Son, "Ascend and sit
At my right hand, till I shall make
Thy foes submissive at thy feet.

2 "From Zion ſhall thy word proceed;
Thy word, the ſceptre in thy hand,
Shall make the hearts of ſinners bleed,
And bow their wills to thy command.

3 "O bleſſed power! O glorious day!
A ſplendid victʼry ſhall enſue!
And converts who thy grace obey
Exceed the drops of morning dew!"

4 God hath pronounc'd a firm decree,
Nor will repent the thing he ſwore;
"Eternal ſhall thy prieſthood be,
When *Aaron's* ſons ſhall ſerve no more.

5 "*Melchizedek* the wond'rous prieſt,
Whoſe generation was unknown,
The king of righteouſneſs and peace,
Was a fair type of Chriſt my Son."

6 Through all the earth his reign ſhall ſpread,
And fierce oppoſers frown in vain;
For God ſhall raiſe his humble head,
And his exalted throne maintain.

WATTS, varied.

Pſalm CXI. *Long Metre.* [✻]

The Divine Perfections.

PRAISE ye the Lord; to ſpeak his praiſe,
My ſoul her utmoſt powers ſhall raiſe,
With private friends, and in the throng
Of thoſe who to his houſe belong.

2 His works, for greatneſs though renown'd,
His wond'rous works are always found,
By thoſe who ſeek for them aright,
And in the pious ſearch delight.

3 His works are all of matchleſs fame,
And univerſal glory claim;
His truth, confirm'd through ages paſt,
Shall to eternal ages laſt.

4 By precept, he has us enjoin'd
To keep his wond'rous works in mind;
And to poſterity record,
How good and gracious is the Lord.

5 Juſt are the dealings of his hands,
Immutable are his commands;
By truth and equity ſuſtain'd,
And for eternal rules ordain'd.

6 Who wiſdom's ſacred prize would win,
Muſt with the fear of God begin;
Immortal praiſe and heavenly ſkill
Have they who know and do his will.

TATE.

Pſalm CXII. *Long Metre.* [♯ or ♭]

The Character and Happineſs of the liberal Man.

THAT man is bleſs'd, who ſtands in awe
Of God, and loves his ſacred law;
His name on earth ſhall be renown'd,
And with increaſing honour crown'd.

2 His hoſpitable houſe ſhall be
To friends and ſtrangers always free;
His virtue ſafe from all decay,
Shall bleſſings to his heirs convey.

3 The man that's fill'd with virtue's light,
Shines brighteſt in affliction's night;
Compaſſion dwells within his mind,
His juſtice flows to all mankind.

4 His lib'ral favours he extends,
To ſome he gives, to others lends;
And what his charity impairs,
He ſaves by prudence in affairs.

5 Though dangers threaten him around,
Unmov'd ſhall he maintain his ground.
The ſweet remembrance of the juſt
Shall flouriſh when he ſleeps in duſt.

6 His hands, whilſt they his alms beſtow'd,
His glory's future harveſt ſow'd;
Whence he ſhall reap a ſure reward,
And dwell forever with the Lord.

TATE, varied.

Pſalm CXIII. *Long Metre.* [✻]

Divine Greatneſs, and Condeſcenſion.

YE ſervants of th' Almighty King,
In every age his praiſes ſing;
Where'er the circling ſun diſplays
His riſing beams or ſetting rays.

2 Above the earth, beyond the ſky,
Stands his high throne of majeſty;
Not time, nor nature's narrow rounds,
Can give his vaſt dominion bounds.

3 What impious mortal raſhly dare,
What angel, with our God compare?
His glories, how divinely bright,
Who dwells in uncreated light?

4 He bows his glorious head to view
What the bright hoſts of angels do;
And condeſcends yet more to know
The mean affairs of men below.

5 From duſt and cottages obſcure,
His grace exalts the humble poor;
Gives them the honour of his ſons,
And makes them meet for heav'nly thrones.
WATTS.

Pſalm CXIV. *Long Metre.* [♯ or ♭]

Miracles attending Iſrael's Journey.

WHEN Iſrael, free'd from Pharaoh's hand,
Left the proud tyrant and his land,
The tribes with cheerful homage own
Their King, and Judah was his throne.

2 Acroſs the deep their journey lay,
The deep divides to make them way;
Jordan beheld their march, and fled
With backward current to his head.

3 The mountains ſhook like trembling ſheep,
Like lambs, the ſmaller hills did leap;
Not *Sinai* on its baſe could ſtand,
Conſcious of ſovereign power at hand.

4 What power could make the ſea divide?
Or *Jordan* backward roll his tide?
Why did ye leap, ye little hills?
And whence the fright that *Sinai* feels?

5 Let ev'ry mountain, ev'ry flood
Retire, and know th' approaching God;
The King of Iſrael! ſee him here!
Tremble thou earth, adore and fear.

6 He thunders, and all nature mourns;
The rock to flowing water turns;
From ſtones, ſpring fountains at his word,
And earth and ſeas confeſs the Lord.
WATTS.

Psalm CXV. *Long Metre.* [✻ or b]

Idolatry reproved.

NOT to ourſelves, who are but duſt;
Not to ourſelves is glory due;
But to thy name, thou only juſt,
Thou only gracious, wiſe and true!

2 Thy dreadful majeſty proclaim,
Nor let the heathen's haughty tongue
Inſult us, and, to raiſe our ſhame,
Say "where's the God you've ſerv'd ſo long?"

3 The God we ſerve maintains his throne
Above the clouds, beyond the ſkies;
Through all the earth his will is done,
He knows our groans, and hears our cries.

4 But the vain idols they adore
Are ſenſeleſs ſhapes of ſtone or wood;
At beſt a maſs of glittering ore,
A ſilver ſaint, or golden god.

5 O *Iſrael*, make the Lord thy hope,
Thy help, thy refuge, and thy reſt;
The Lord ſhall build thy ruins up,
And bleſs the people and the prieſt.

6 The dead no more can ſpeak thy praiſe,
They dwell in ſilence, in the grave;
But, whilſt we live, we'll ſing thy grace,
And tell the world thy power to ſave.

WATTS.

Psalm CXVI. *Common Metre.* [✻]

Praiſe for Deliverance from Diſtreſs.

WHAT ſhall I render to my God,
For all his kindneſs ſhown?

My feet ſhall viſit thine abode,
My ſongs addreſs thy throne.

2 Among the ſaints who fill thy houſe,
My off'rings ſhall be paid;
There ſhall my zeal perform the vows
My ſoul in anguiſh made.

3 How much is mercy thy delight,
Thou ever bleſſed GOD!
How dear thy ſervants in thy ſight!
How precious is their blood!

4 How happy all thy ſervants are!
How great thy grace to me!
My life, which thou haſt made thy care,
Lord, I devote to thee.

5 Here, in thy courts, I leave my vow,
And thy rich grace record;
Witneſs, ye ſaints, who hear me now,
If I forſake the Lord.

WATTS.

Pſalm CXVII. *Short Metre.* [※]

Praiſe to God from all Nations.

THY name, Almighty Lord,
Shall ſound through diſtant lands;
Great is thy grace, and ſure thy word,
Thy truth forever ſtands.

2 Far be thine honours ſpread,
Long may thy praiſe endure;
Till morning light and ev'ning ſhade
Shall be exchang'd no more.

WATTS.

Psalm CXVIII. v. 18, 19. 1st P. *C. M.* [*]

Recovery from Sickness.

SOV'REIGN of life, I own thy hand
In every chast'ning stroke;
And whilst I smart beneath thy rod,
Thy presence I invoke.

2 To thee, in my distress, I cry'd,
Thy mercy lent an ear;
Thy powerful word my life prolong'd,
And brought salvation near.

3 Unfold, ye gates of righteousness,
That, with the pious throng,
I may record my solemn vows,
And tune my grateful song.

4 Praise to the Lord, whose gentle hand
Renews our lab'ring breath;
Praise to the Lord, who makes his saints
Triumphant in their death.

5 My God, in that appointed hour,
The heav'nly world display;
Where sin and death shall have no place,
And tears be wip'd away.

6 There, whilst the nations of the bless'd
With rapture sing around;
My anthems to delivering grace
In loftier strains shall sound.

DODDRIDGE, with Variation.

Psalm CXVIII. Sec. Part. *C. M.* [*]

For the Lord's Day.

THIS is the day the Lord hath made,
He calls the hours his own;

Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praiſe ſurround thy throne.

2 This day, the Saviour left the dead,
And Satan's empire fell;
This day, the ſaints his triumph ſpread,
And all his wonders tell.

3 Hoſanna to th' anointed King,
To *David's* holy ſon;
Save us, O Lord, deſcend and bring
Salvation from thy throne.

4 Bleſt be the Lord, who comes to men
With meſſages of grace;
Who comes in God, his Father's name,
To ſave our ſinful race.

5 Hoſanna in the higheſt ſtrains
The church on earth can raiſe;
The higheſt heav'ns in which he reigns
Shall give him nobler praiſe.

WATTS.

Pſalm CXVIII. *Short Metre.*

Salvation by Chriſt.

BEHOLD the corner ſtone,
Which God in Zion lays,
To build our heav'nly hopes upon,
And his eternal praiſe!

2 The Jewiſh ſcribe and prieſt
Reject it with diſdain;
Yet on this rock ſhall Zion reſt,
And envy rage in vain.

3 The work, O Lord, is thine,
And wond'rous in our eyes;
This day declares it all divine;
This day did Jeſus riſe.

4 How glorious is the day,
By our Redeemer made!
Let us rejoice, and ſing, and pray,
Let all the church be glad.

5 Hoſanna to the King
Of David's royal blood;
Bleſs him, ye ſaints, he comes to bring
Salvation from your God.

6 We bleſs thy holy word,
Which all this grace diſplays;
And offer on thine altar, Lord,
Our ſacrifice of praiſe.

WATTS.

Pſalm CXIX. Firſt Part. *C. M.* [* or ♭]

The Happineſs of a virtuous Life.

HOW bleſs'd are they who always keep
The pure and perfect way;
Who never from the ſacred paths
Of God's commandments ſtray!

2 How bleſs'd, who to his righteous laws
Have ſtill obedient been;
And have with humble fervent zeal
His favour ſought to win!

3 Such men their utmoſt caution uſe
To ſhun each wicked deed;
But in the path which he directs
With conſtant care proceed.

4 Thou ſtrictly haſt enjoin'd us, Lord,
To learn thy ſacred will,
And all our diligence employ
Thy ſtatutes to fulfil.

5 O then that thy moſt holy will
Might o'er our ways preſide;

And we the courſe of all our life
By thy direction guide!

6 Then with aſſurance ſhould we walk
From all confuſion free,
Convinc'd, with joy, that all our ways
With thy commands agree.

TATE.

Pſalm CXIX. Sec. Part. *C. M.* [b]

The Danger attending Youth.

INDULGENT God, with pitying eye
The ſons of men ſurvey;
And ſee how youthful ſinners ſport
In a deſtructive way.

2 In pleaſure's flowery path they tread,
On future years preſume;
Although ten thouſand ſnares are ſpread,
To ſnatch them to the tomb.

3 Reduce, O Lord, their wandering mind,
Amus'd with airy dreams;
That heavenly wiſdom may diſpel
Their viſionary ſchemes.

4 With holy caution may they walk,
And make thy word their guide;
Till each, the danger ſafely paſt,
On Zion's hill abide.

DODDRIDGE, with Variation.

Pſalm CXIX. Third Part. *C. M.* [b]

Repentance and Obedience.

THOU art my portion, O my God;
Soon as I know thy way,
My heart prepares t' obey thy word,
And ſuffers no delay.

2 I chooſe the path of heavenly truth,
And glory in my choice;
Not all the riches of the earth
Can make me ſo rejoice.

3 The teſtimonies of thy grace
I ſet before my eyes;
Thence I derive my daily ſtrength,
And there my comfort lies.

4 If e'er I wander from thy path,
I think upon my ways,
Then turn my feet to thy commands,
And truſt thy pard'ning grace.

5 If thou incline this wandering heart
Thy precepts to fulfil;
Then, till my mortal life ſhall end,
I ſhall perform thy will.

WATTS.

Pſalm CXIX. 4th Part. *C. M.* [♯ or ♭]

Inſtruction from Scripture.

THY word is like a heavenly light,
Which guides us all the day;
And through the dangers of the night,
A lamp to lead our way.

2 When once it enters to the mind,
It ſpreads ſuch light abroad,
The meaneſt ſouls inſtruction find,
And raiſe their thoughts to God.

3 The ſtarry heavens thy rule obey,
The earth preſerves her place;
In nature's volume night and day,
Thy power and ſkill we trace.

4 But in thy law, and goſpel, Lord,
Are leſſons more divine;
Not earth ſtands firmer than thy word,
Nor ſtars ſo nobly ſhine.

5 Thy word is everlaſting truth;
How pure is every page!
That holy book ſhall guide our youth,
And well ſupport our age.

WATTS.

Pſalm CXIX. Fifth Part. *L. M.* [b]

Godly Sorrow for the Sins of Men.

ARISE, my tender thoughts, ariſe;
Let torrents drown my weeping eyes;
And thou, my heart, with anguiſh feel
Thoſe evils which thou canſt not heal.

2 See human beings ſunk in ſhame;
See ſcandals pour'd on Jeſus' name;
See God inſulted through his Son,
The world abus'd, the ſoul undone.

3 My heart with reverence hears thy word,
And trembles at thy threat'nings, Lord;
I know the wretched, dreadful end
To which their careleſs ſteps deſcend.

4 My God, the mournful ſcene I view,
With horror and with pity too;
O could my ſympathy reclaim
The wretches from deſtructive flame!

5 But feeble my compaſſion proves,
It can but weep, where moſt it loves;
Thy own all-ſaving grace employ,
And turn theſe drops of grief to joy.

DODDRIDGE.

Psalm CXIX. 6th Part. C. M. [⁂ or b]

Delight in the Word of God.

O HOW I love thy holy law,
'Tis daily my delight;
And thence my meditations draw
Divine advice by night.

2 My waking eyes prevent the day,
To meditate thy word;
My ſoul with longing melts away,
To hear thy goſpel, Lord.

3 When midnight darkneſs veils the ſkies,
I call thy words to mind;
My thoughts in warm devotion riſe,
And God's acceptance find.

4 How doth thy word my heart engage;
How well employ my tongue!
It cheers my tireſome pilgrimage,
And yields a heav'nly ſong!

5 Am I a ſtranger, or at home,
'Tis my continual feaſt:
Not honey dropping from the comb
So much allures the taſte.

6 No treaſures ſo enrich the mind,
Nor ſhall thy word be ſold
For loads of ſilver well refin'd,
Nor heaps of ſhining gold.

7 When nature ſinks and ſpirits droop,
Thy promiſes of grace
Are pillars to ſupport my hope,
And elevate my praiſe.

WATTS.

Psalm CXIX. 7th Part. C. M. [* or b]

The Variety and Comfort of the divine Word.

LORD, I have made thy word my choice,
Thy ſtatutes all are juſt;
They make my nobleſt powers rejoice,
And mortify my luſt.

2 Thy precepts often I ſurvey,
And keep thy laws in ſight;
Through all the buſineſs of the day,
To form my actions right.

3 And when my ſpirit takes her fill
From fountains ſo divine,
Not mighty men that ſhare the ſpoil,
Have joy compar'd to mine.

4 I read the hiſt'ries of thy love,
And keep thy grace in ſight;
Whilſt through the promiſes I rove
With ever new delight.

5 'Tis like a land of wealth unknown,
Where living ſprings ariſe;
Seeds of immortal bliſs are ſown,
And hidden glory lies.

6 The beſt relief that mourners have;
It makes our ſorrows bleſt;
Our faireſt hope beyond the grave,
And our eternal reſt.

WATTS.

Psalm CXIX. 8th Part. C. M. [* or b]

The Perfection of Scripture.

LET all the heathen writers join
To form one perfect book;
Great God, if once compar'd with thine,
How mean their writings look!

2 Not the moſt perfect rules they gave,
Could ſhow one ſin forgiven;
Nor lead a ſtep beyond the grave;
But thine conduct to heaven.

3 I've ſeen an end of what we call
Perfection, here below;
How ſhort the powers of nature fall,
And can no farther go.

4 But thy commands, O righteous Lord,
Pervade the heart within;
Thy perfect law, exceeding broad,
Detects the ſecret ſin.

5 In vain we boaſt perfection here,
While ſin defiles our frame,
And ſinks our virtues down ſo far,
They ſcarce deſerve the name.

6 Our faith, and love, and every grace
Fall far beneath thy word;
But perfect truth and righteouſneſs
Dwell only with the Lord.

WATTS, varied.

Pſalm CXIX. 9th Part. *C. M.* [♯ or ♭]

Deſire of Divine Knowledge.

THY mercies fill the earth, O Lord,
How great thy works appear!
Open my eyes to read thy word,
And ſee thy wonders there.

2 My fleſh, by thy creating hands,
Is form'd with care and ſkill;
O make me learn thy juſt commands,
That I may them fulfil.

3 Since I'm a ſtranger here below,
Be thou my conſtant guide;

Direct the way my feet shall go,
Nor let me turn aside.

4 If thou to me thy statutes shew,
And heav'nly truth impart;
Thy work forever I'll pursue,
Thy law shall rule my heart.

5 From those vain objects turn my sight,
Which this false world displays;
But give me heav'nly power and light,
To tread thy righteous ways.

TATE and WATTS.

Psalm CXIX. Tenth Part. C. M. [b]

Breathing after Holiness.

O THAT the Lord would guide my ways,
To keep his statutes still;
O that my God would grant me grace
To know and do his will.

2 Send thy good Spirit, Lord, to write
Thy law upon my heart,
Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,
Nor act the liar's part.

3 From vanity turn off my eyes,
Let no corrupt design,
Nor covetous desires arise
Within this soul of mine.

4 Order my footsteps by thy word,
And make my heart sincere;
Let sin have no dominion, Lord,
But keep my conscience clear.

5 My soul hath gone too far astray,
My feet too often slide;
O bring me back to virtue's way,
And be thy truth my guide.

6 Make me to walk in thy commands,
'Tis a delightful road;
Nor let my head, or heart, or hands
Offend againſt my God.

WATTS.

Pſalm CXIX. Eleventh Part. *C. M.* [b]

Holy Reſolutions.

O THAT thy ſtatutes every hour
Might dwell upon my mind!
Thence I derive a quick'ning power,
And daily comfort find.

2 Thy word ſhall dwell upon my heart,
To keep me pure within;
And be an everlaſting guard
From every riſing ſin.

3 To meditate thy precepts, Lord,
Shall be my ſweet employ;
My ſoul ſhall ne'er forget thy word;
Thy word is all my joy.

4 How would I run in thy commands,
If thou my heart diſcharge
From ſin's deceit, and folly's bands,
And ſet my feet at large.

5 My lips with courage ſhall declare
Thy ſtatutes and thy name;
I'll ſpeak thy word, though tyrants hear,
Nor yield to ſinful ſhame.

6 Depart from me, ye wicked race,
Whoſe hands and hearts are ill;
I love my God, I love his ways,
And muſt obey his will.

WATTS.

Psalm CXIX. Twelfth Part. C. M. [b]

The Benefit of Afflictions.

CONSIDER all my sorrows, Lord,
And thy deliverance send;
My soul for thy salvation waits,
When will my troubles end!

2 Yet I have found 'tis good for me
To bear my Father's rod;
Afflictions make me learn the law,
And reverence my God.

3 This is the comfort I enjoy,
When new distress begins;
I read thy word, I run thy ways,
And hate my former sins.

4 Had not thy word been my delight,
When earthly joys were fled,
My soul, oppress'd with sorrow's weight,
Had sunk among the dead.

5 I know thy judgments, Lord, are right,
Though they may seem severe;
In all the suff'rings I endure,
Thy grace and love appear.

6 Before I knew thy chast'ning rod,
My feet were apt to stray;
But now I learn to keep thy word,
Nor wander from thy way.

WATTS.

Psalm CXIX. 13th Part. C. M. [b]

Prayer for quickening Grace.

MY soul lies cleaving to the dust,
Lord, give me life divine;

From vain desires, and every lust,
Turn off these eyes of mine.

2 I need the influence of thy grace,
To speed me in my way;
Lest I should loiter in my race,
Or turn my feet astray.

3 When sore afflictions press me down,
I need thy quick'ning powers;
Thy word that I have rested on
Shall help my heaviest hours.

4 Are not thy mercies sov'reign still?
And thou a faithful God?
Wilt thou not grant me warmer zeal,
To run the heav'nly road?

5 Does not my heart thy precepts love?
And long to see thy face?
And yet how slow my spirits move,
Without enliv'ning grace!

6 Then shall I love thy gospel more,
And ne'er forget thy word;
When I have felt its quick'ning power,
To draw me near the Lord.

WATTS.

Psalm CXIX. 14th Part. *L. M.* [b]

Afflictions sanctified.

FATHER, I bless thy gentle hand;
How kind was thy chastising rod!
That forc'd my conscience to a stand,
And brought my wand'ring soul to God!

2 Foolish and vain, I went astray,
Ere I had felt thy scourges, Lord;

I left my guide, and loſt my way;
But now I love and keep thy word.

3 'Tis good for me to wear the yoke,
For pride is apt to riſe and ſwell;
'Tis good to bear my Father's ſtroke,
That I may learn his ſtatutes well.

4 The law that iſſues from thy mouth,
Shall raiſe my cheerful paſſions more
Than all the treaſures of the ſouth,
Or weſtern hills of golden ore.

5 Thy hands have made my mortal frame,
Thy Spirit form'd my ſoul within;
Teach me to love thy holy name,
And guard me ſafe from every ſin.

6 Then thoſe who love and fear the Lord,
In my ſalvation ſhall rejoice;
For I have truſted in thy word,
And make thy grace my only choice.

WATTS.

Pſalm CXX. *Common Metre.* [b]

Complaint againſt Enemies.

THOU God of love, thou ever bleſt,
Pity my ſuff'ring ſtate;
When wilt thou ſet my ſoul at reſt
From men who love deceit?

2 Ah, woe is me, to have my ſeat
Among the ſons of ſtrife;
Perpetual inſult doom'd to meet,
From men of reſtleſs life.

3 O might I fly to change my place,
I'd rather chooſe to roam
In ſome wide, loneſome wilderneſs,
To find a ſilent home.

4 Peace is the bleſſing that I ſeek,
And friendly terms prepare;
But when to them of peace I ſpeak,
They all for war declare.

5 New paſſions ſtill their ſouls engage,
And keep their malice ſtrong;
What ſhall be done to curb thy rage,
O thou provoking tongue!

6 Should deadly arrows ſtrike thee through,
Strict juſtice would approve:
But I had rather ſpare my foe,
And melt his heart with love.

WATTS and MERRICK.

Pſalm CXXI. *Common Metre.* [♯ or ♭]

Divine Preſervation.

FROM Zion's hill, my help deſcends;
To God I lift mine eyes;
My ſtrength alone on him depends,
Who built the earth and ſkies.

2 He, ever watchful, ever nigh,
Forbids my feet to ſlide;
No ſleep nor ſlumber ſeals the eye
Of Iſrael's faithful Guide.

3 He will ſuſtain my feeble powers
With his almighty arm;
And watch my moſt unguarded hours,
Againſt all fatal harm.

4 Then let my ſoul ſecurely reſt,
My guardian is the Lord;
His power which makes my ſlumbers bleſt,
Protection will afford.

5 Nor ſcorching ſun, nor ſickly moon,
Will he permit to ſmite;
He ſhields my head from burning noon,
From noxious damps by night.

6 At home, abroad, in peace, in war,
God will my life defend;
Conduct me free from every ſnare,
Safe to my journey's end.

TATE, WATTS, and MERRICK.

Pſalm CXXI. *Hallelujah Metre.* [♯ or ♭]

Divine Preſervation.

TO God I lift my eyes,
From whom is all my aid;
The God who built the ſkies,
And earth's foundation laid.
God is the tower
To which I fly;
His grace is nigh
In every hour.

2 My feet ſhall never ſlide,
And fall in fatal ſnares;
Since God, my heavenly guide,
Will diſſipate my fears.
Thoſe wakeful eyes
Which never ſleep,
Shall Iſrael keep,
When dangers riſe.

3 No burning heat by day,
Nor blaſt of ev'ning air,
Shall take my health away,
If God be with me there.

Thou art my light,
And thou my ſhade,
To guard my head,
By day or night.

4 Haſt thou not promis'd, Lord,
To ſave my ſoul from death?
And I can truſt thy word,
To keep my mortal breath.
I'll go and come,
Nor fear to die,
Till from on high
Thou call me home.

WATTS.

Pſalm CXXII. *Common Metre.* [✻]

For the Lord's Day Morning.

BEHOLD the riſing dawn appear,
Which calls our willing feet
To tread thy courts, O God, and here
Our ſolemn praiſe repeat!

2 Fair Zion's gates are our delight;
Within her walls we ſtand;
And all her happy ſons unite
In friendſhip's ſacred band.

3 We love the place where Zion's Lord
Is pleas'd to ſhew his face;
Here he proclaims his holy word,
And here accepts our praiſe.

4 With reverend awe and godly fear,
We bow before thy throne;
For thou the fervent prayer wilt hear,
Through thy beloved Son,

5 Peace be within this hallow'd place,
And joy a conſtant gueſt;
With holy gifts, and heav'nly grace,
Be her attendants bleſt.

6 Our ſoul ſhall pray for Zion ſtill,
While life or breath remains;
For here our friends and brethren dwell,
And here our Saviour reigns.

WATTS and MERRICK, united and varied.

Pſalm CXXII. *Particular Metre.* [✠]

The Pleaſure of Public Worſhip.

HOW does my heart rejoice
To hear the public voice,
"Come, let us ſeek our God to-day!"
Yes, with a cheerful zeal,
We'll haſte to Zion's hill,
And there our vows and honours pay.

2 Zion, thrice happy place!
Adorn'd with wond'rous grace,
And walls of ſtrength encloſe thee round;
In thee our tribes appear,
To pray, and praiſe, and hear
The ſacred goſpel's joyful ſound.

3 Here David's holy Son
Hath plac'd his royal throne,
He ſits for grace and judgment here;
He bids the ſaints be glad;
He makes the wicked ſad;
But humble ſouls rejoice with fear.

4 May peace attend thy gate,
And joy within thee wait,
To bleſs the ſoul of ev'ry gueſt;

The man who ſeeks thy peace,
And wiſhes thine increaſe,
A thouſand bleſſings on him reſt!

5 My tongue repeats her vows,
"Peace to this ſacred houſe,"
For here my friends and brethren dwell;
And ſince my glorious God
Makes thee his bleſt abode,
My ſoul ſhall ever love thee well.

WATTS.

Pſalm CXXIII. *Common Metre.*

Pleading with Submiſſion.

O THOU, whoſe grace and juſtice reign,
Enthron'd above the ſky,
To thee our hearts would tell their pain,
To thee we lift our eye.

2 As ſervants watch their maſter's hand,
And dread the ſtern rebuke;
Or maids before their miſtreſs ſtand,
And wait the peaceful look:

3 So for our ſins we juſtly feel
Thy righteous hand, O God;
Yet wait the gracious moment ſtill,
Till thou remove thy rod.

4 Thoſe who in eaſe and pleaſure live,
Our daily groans deride;
And thy delays of mercy give
Freſh courage to their pride.

5 Our foes inſult us; but our hope
In thy compaſſion lies;
This thought ſhall bear our ſpirits up,
That God will not deſpiſe.

WATTS.

Psalm CXXIV. *Long Metre.* [✻]

Deliverance from Enemies.

HAD not the Lord, may Iſrael ſay,
Had not the Lord maintain'd our ſide,
When men, to make our lives a prey,
Roſe like the ſwelling of the tide;

2 The ſwelling tide had ſtopt our breath,
So fiercely did the billows roll;
We had been ſwallow'd deep in death;
The waters had o'erwhelm'd our ſoul.

3 We leap for joy, we ſhout and ſing,
Who juſt eſcap'd the fatal ſtroke;
So flies the bird with lively wing,
When once the fowler's ſnare is broke.

4 Forever bleſſed be the Lord,
Who broke the fowler's deadly ſnare;
Who ſav'd us from the threat'ning ſword,
And made our lives his watchful care.

5 Our help is in Jehovah's name,
Who form'd the earth and built the ſkies;
Who ſtill upholds all nature's frame,
And guards his church with wakeful eyes.

WATTS.

Psalm CXXV. *Common Metre.* [✻ or ♭]

Trial and Safety.

UNSHAKEN as the ſacred hill,
And firm as mountains be,
When tempeſts riſe, the ſoul ſhall ſtand,
That truſts, O Lord, in thee.

2 As lofty mountains ſtood to guard
Fair Salem's happy ground,
So God's almighty power and love
Encloſe his church around.

3 Though he permit the tyrant's rod
T' inflict a chaſt'ning ſtroke;
Yet, leſt it wound the ſoul too deep,
Its fury ſhall be broke.

4 The Lord will gently deal with thoſe,
Whoſe filial love and fear,
Whoſe faith, and hope, and every grace
Proclaim their hearts ſincere.

WATTS, varied.

Pſalm CXXVI. *Common Metre.* [✻]

Remarkable Deliverance.

WHEN God reveal'd his gracious name,
And chang'd our mournful ſtate,
Our rapture ſeem'd a pleaſing dream,
The work appear'd ſo great.

2 "Great is the work," our brethren cry'd,
And own'd the power divine;
"Great is the work," our ſouls reply'd,
"And be the glory thine."

3 The Lord can clear the darkeſt ſkies,
Can give us day for night;
Make drops of ſacred ſorrow riſe
To rivers of delight.

4 Let thoſe who ſow in ſadneſs, wait
'Till the fair harveſt come;
They ſhall confeſs their ſheaves are great,
And ſhout the bleſſings home.

5 The ſeed, though buried long in duſt,
Will not deceive their hope;
The precious grain cannot be loſt,
For grace enſures the crop.

WATTS,

Psalm CXXVII. *Common Metre.* [※ or ♭]

Success and Prosperity from God.

IF God to build the house deny,
The builders work in vain;
Cities without his watchful eye
An useless guard maintain.

2 In vain we rise before the day,
And late to rest repair;
Allow no respite to our toil,
And eat the bread of care.

3 But, if we trust our Father's love,
And in his ways delight,
He'll give us needful food by day,
And quiet sleep by night.

4 Then children, relatives and friends
Shall real blessings prove;
And all the earthly joys he sends
Be crown'd with heavenly love.

TATE and WATTS, with Addition.

Psalm CXXVIII. *Long Metre.* [※]

Family Duties and Blessings.

BLEST is the man who fears the Lord,
And walks by his unerring word;
Comfort and peace his days attend,
And God will ever prove his friend.

2 To him who condescends to dwell
With saints in their obscurest cell,
Be our domestic altars rais'd,
And daily let his name be prais'd.

3 To him may each assembled house
Present their night and morning vows;

Their ſervants and their riſing race
Be taught his precepts and his grace.

4 Then ſhall the charms of wedded love
Still more delightful bleſſings prove;
And parents' hearts ſhall overflow
With joys that parents only know.

5 When nature droops, our aged eyes
Shall ſee our children's children riſe;
Till pleas'd and thankful we remove,
And join the family above.

DODDRIDGE and MERRICK, united and varied.

Pſalm CXXIX. *Long Metre.* [♯ or ♭]

(A new verſion.)

The Counſels of Enemies diſappointed.

HOW often have our reſtleſs foes
Their arts employ'd to vex our land!
But God did kindly interpoſe;
His power hath made our feet to ſtand.

2 By ſubtil wiles as dark as night,
Their malice lay a while conceal'd;
But ſoon the miſchief ſprang to light,
And all their projects ſtood reveal'd.

3 With pride and power and lifted hand,
They dealt their vengeful blows around;
Our backs were like the furrow'd land,
When ploughmen break the ſtubborn ground.

4 But ſecret arts, and open force
Have never mov'd our ſtedfaſt feet;
His juſtice ſtill maintains its courſe,
And he will all their plots defeat.

5 Like wither'd graſs their hopes ſhall fade,
Nor God nor man their counſels bleſs;

No friendly hand ſhall lend them aid,
No tongue ſhall wiſh them good ſucceſs.

Pſalm CXXX. *Common Metre.* [b]

Repentance and Pardon.

LORD, ſhould'ſt thou call us to thy bar;
Should thine impartial hand
Avenge our ſins againſt thy law,
What mortal fleſh could ſtand!

2 But ſovereign mercy dwells with thee;
Hope dawns amidſt our fears;
Divine forgiveneſs, large and free,
Shall wipe our flowing tears.

3 On thee alone our ſouls would wait,
And in thy word would ſtay;
Thy promiſes can light create,
And turn our night to day.

4 Juſt as the guards that keep the night
Long for the morning ſkies,
Watch the firſt beams of breaking light,
And meet them with their eyes:

5 So wait our ſouls to ſee thy grace,
And more intent than they,
Meet the firſt openings of thy face,
And find a brighter day.

6 Let contrite ſinners on the Lord,
With humble hope, recline;
Juſtice and mercy, in his word,
Harmoniouſly combine.

7 Unnumber'd though our ſins appear,
And fill our hearts with pain;
Thy boundleſs love diſpels our fear,
And cleanſes every ſtain.

WATTS and STEELE.

Pſalm CXXX. *Long Metre.* [b]

FROM deep diſtreſs and troubled thoughts,
To thee, my God, I raiſe my cry;
If thou ſeverely mark our faults,
What fleſh could ſtand before thine eye!

2 But thou haſt ſet thy throne of grace
Free to diſpenſe thy pardons there;
That ſinners may approach thy face,
And hope and love, as well as fear.

3 As the benighted pilgrims wait,
And long and wiſh for breaking day,
So waits my ſoul before thy gate;
When will my God his face diſplay?

4 My truſt is fix'd upon thy word,
Nor ſhall I truſt thy word in vain;
Let mourning ſouls addreſs the Lord,
And find relief from all their pain.

5 Great is his love, and large his grace,
Through the redemption of his Son;
He turns our feet from ſinful ways,
And pardons what our hands have done.

WATTS.

Pſalm CXXXI. *Common Metre.* [b]

Humility and Contentment.

IS there ambition in my heart?
Search, gracious God, and ſee;
Or, do I act a haughty part?
Lord, I appeal to thee.

2 Drive from the confines of my heart
All diſcontent and pride;

Nor let me, in erroneous paths,
With thoughtleſs ſinners glide.

3 Whate'er thine all diſcerning eye
Sees for thy creature fit,
I'll bleſs the good, and to the ill
Contentedly ſubmit.

4 With humble pleaſure let me view
The proſp'rous and the great;
Malignant envy let me fly,
And odious ſelf-conceit.

5 Let not deſpair nor fell revenge
Be to my boſom known;
O give me tears for others' woe,
And patience for my own.

6 Feed me with neceſſary food,
I aſk not wealth or fame;
But give me eyes to view thy works,
And ſenſe to praiſe thy name.

7 May my ſtill days obſcurely paſs,
Without remorſe or care;
And let me for the parting hour
Inceſſantly prepare.

B. WILLIAMS's Collection.

Pſalm CXXXII. *Common Metre.*

The Jewiſh and Chriſtian Churches compared.

THE Lord in Zion plac'd his name,
His ark was ſettled there;
To Zion the whole nation came
To worſhip thrice a year.

2 Thither from Canaan's utmoſt ends
The favour'd tribes reſort;
And God his ſure protection lends,
While they approach his court.

3 But we have no ſuch lengths to go,
Nor ſuch a tedious road;
Where'er thy ſaints aſſemble now,
There is a houſe of God.

4 Ariſe, O King of grace, ariſe,
And enter to thy reſt;
Lo thy church waits with longing eyes,
Thus to be own'd and bleſt.

5 Enter, with all thy glorious train,
Thy Spirit and thy word;
All that the ark did once contain
Could no ſuch grace afford.

6 Here, mighty God, accept our vows,
Here let thy praiſe be ſpread;
Bleſs the proviſions of thy houſe,
And fill thy poor with bread.

WATTS, with Variation.

Pſalm CXXXIII. *Short Metre.* [✻]

Brotherly Love.

BLEST are the ſons of peace,
Whoſe hearts and hopes are one;
Whoſe kind deſigns to ſerve and pleaſe
Through all their actions run!

2 Bleſt is the pious houſe,
Where zeal and friendſhip meet;
Their ſongs of praiſe, their mingled vows
Make their communion ſweet.

3 Thus on the heavenly hills
The ſaints are bleſt above;
Where peace like morning dew diſtils,
And all the air is love.

WATTS.

Psalm CXXXIV. *Long Metre.* [*]

Daily and nightly Devotion.

YE ſervants of th' eternal King,
Your grateful hymns in triumph ſing;
Ye who attend his courts by day,
And in the night your homage pay.

2 Behold the ſun, obedient ſtill
To execute his Maker's will!
The ſilver moon and planets roll,
In ſilence round the glowing pole.

3 As they diſpenſe their ſteady rays,
Like them be conſtant in his praiſe;
Like them, harmoniouſly join
To celebrate the hand divine.

4 And may that God whoſe power has made
This earth, and heaven's wide arch diſplay'd,
From ſacred Zion bid you prove
The bleſſings of his boundleſs love.

Partly from Merrick.

Psalm CXXXV. *Common Metre.* [*]

Praiſe to the true and living God.

AWAKE, ye ſaints, to praiſe your King;
Your nobleſt paſſions raiſe;
The pious pleaſure, while you ſing,
Increaſing with the praiſe.

2 Great is the Lord, and works of might
His majeſty declare;
But ſtill his ſaints are near his ſight,
And find a parent's care.

3 Heaven, earth and ſea confeſs his hand;
He bids the vapours riſe;

Lightning and ſtorm, at his command,
Sweep through the vaulted ſkies.

4 All power that kings or gods have claim'd,
Is found with him alone:
But heathen gods ſhould ne'er be nam'd
Where our Jehovah's known.

5 Which of the ſtocks or ſtones they truſt
Can give them ſhowers of rain:
In vain they pray to glittering duſt,
And worſhip gold in vain.

6 But ye who know the living GOD,
Serve him with holy fear;
He makes his church his bleſt abode,
And claims your homage here.

WATTS, varied.

Pſalm CXXXVI. *Long Metre.* [✻]

Creation, Providence and Grace.

GIVE to our God immortal praiſe;
Mercy and truth are all his ways;
Wonders of grace to God belong;
Repeat his mercies in your ſong.

2 Give to the Lord of lords, renown,
The King of kings with glory crown;
His mercies never ſhall decay,
Though lords and kings ſhall paſs away.

3 He built the earth, he ſpread the ſky,
And fix'd the ſtarry lights on high:
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat his mercies in your ſong.

4 He gives the ſun his cheering light,
He bids the moon direct the night;

His mercies never ſhall decay,
Though ſuns and moons ſhall paſs away.

5 He ſent his Son with power to ſave
From ſin and darkneſs and the grave;
Wonders of grace to God belong;
Repeat his mercies in your ſong.

6 Through this vain world he guides our feet,
And leads us to his heavenly ſeat:
His mercies ever ſhall endure,
When this vain world ſhall be no more.

WATTS.

Pſalm CXXXVI. *Hallelujah Metre.* [*]

TO God, the mighty Lord,
Your joyful thanks repeat;
To him due praiſe afford,
As good as he is great.
For God does prove
Our conſtant friend;
His boundleſs love
Shall never end.

2 To him, whoſe wond'rous power,
All other gods obey;
Whom earthly kings adore,
This grateful homage pay.
For God will prove
Our conſtant friend;
His boundleſs love
Shall never end.

3 By his Almighty hand,
Stupendous works are wrought;
The heavens by his command
Were to perfection brought.
This God will prove
Our conſtant friend;

His boundleſs love
Shall never end.

4 Through heaven he doth diſplay
The radiant orbs of light;
The ſun to rule by day,
The moon and ſtars by night.
This God will prove
Our conſtant friend;
His boundleſs love
Shall never end.

5 He ſpread the ocean round
About the ſpacious land;
And made the ſolid ground
Above the waters ſtand.
This God will prove
Our conſtant friend;
His boundleſs love
Shall never end.

6 He doth the food ſupply,
On which all creatures live;
To God, who reigns on high,
Eternal praiſes give.
This God will prove
Our conſtant friend;
His boundleſs love
Shall never end.

TATE.

Pſalm CXXXVI. *All Sevens Metre.* [※]

The Perfections and Providence of God.

LIFT your voice, and thankful ſing
Praiſes to your heavenly King:
For his bleſſings far extend,
And his mercy knows no end.

2 Be the Lord your only theme;
Who of gods is God ſupreme;
He to whom all lords beſide
Bow the knee, their faces hide.

3 Who aſſerts his juſt command,
By the wonders of his hand;
He whoſe wiſdom, thron'd on high,
Built the manſions of the ſky.

4 He who bade the watery deep
In appointed bounds to keep,
And the ſtars that gild the pole
Through unmeaſur'd ether roll.

5 Thee, O ſun, whoſe powerful ray
Rules the empire of the day;
You, O moon and ſtars, whoſe light
Cheers the darkneſs of the night.

6 He with food ſuſtains, O earth,
All which claim from thee their birth;
For his bleſſings wide extend,
And his mercy knows no end.

MERRICK.

Pſalm CXXXVII. *Common Metre.* [b]

(A new verſion.)

Captivity.

FAR from our friends and country dear,
In hoſtile lands we moan;
No tender hand to wipe the tear
Which flows with every groan!

2 Our foes inſulting mock our grief,
And ſport with our complaints;
No mercy prompts to give relief,
Though languid miſery faints.

3 In retroſpective ſcenes employ'd,
We think on former days;
When peaceful ſabbaths we enjoy'd,
And all our work was praiſe.

4 But now, of liberty depriv'd,
In ſolitude confin'd;
In vain we ſeek the word of life,
To feed the ſtarving mind.

5 To thee, O Lord, we lift our eye,
To thee our cauſe commend;
Thou hear'ſt the mourning priſ'ner's ſigh;
Thou art the ſuff'rer's friend.

6 We ſeek no vengeance on our foes,
But put our truſt in thee;
O let thy mercy interpoſe,
And ſet thy captives free.

Pſalm CXXXVIII. *Common Metre.* [※]

A Song of Praiſe.

TO thee, my God, my heart ſhall bring
The lively grateful ſong;
Attending crowds ſhall hear me ſing
With rapture on my tongue.

2 Amidſt the glories of thy name,
Thy truth exalted ſhines;
A faithful God, thy words proclaim
In everlaſting lines.

3 Th' eternal God looks kindly down
On pious humble ſouls;
But from afar his piercing frown
The ſons of pride controls.

4 Thou, Lord, wilt all my hopes fulfil;
To thee, the work belongs;

Let endleſs mercy guide me ſtill,
And tune my grateful ſongs.

Mrs. STEELE.

Pſalm CXXXVIII. *Long Metre.* [✱]

Reſtoring and preſerving Mercy.

WITH all my powers of heart and tongue,
I'll praiſe my Maker in my ſong;
While holy zeal directs my eyes
To thy fair temple in the ſkies.

2 I'll ſing thy truth and mercy, Lord;
I'll ſing the wonders of thy word;
Not all thy works and names below
So much thy power and glory ſhow.

3 The God of heaven maintains his ſtate,
Frowns on the impious, proud and great;
But from his throne deſcends to ſee
The ſons of humble poverty.

4 Amidſt a thouſand ſnares I ſtand,
Upheld and guarded by thy hand;
Thy words my fainting ſoul revive,
And keep my dying faith alive.

5 Grace will complete what grace begins,
To ſave from ſorrows or from ſins;
The work which wiſdom undertakes,
Eternal mercy ne'er forſakes.

WATTS.

Pſalm CXXXVIII. v. 3, 5. *S. M.* [✱]

Spiritual Strength and Joy.

MY ſoul, review the time,
In which my God I ſought;
I cry'd aloud for aid divine,
And aid divine he brought.

2 Through all my fainting heart,
His ſecret vigour ſpread;
To me his ſtrength he did impart,
And rais'd my drooping head.

3 Then will I raiſe my voice,
And form a cheerful ſong;
With all the ſaints I will rejoice,
Who to his courts belong.

4 With them, the path I'll trace,
Which leads to his abode;
And join to ſing redeeming grace,
Along the joyful road.

5 Here, flowers of paradiſe
In rich profuſion ſpring;
There, Zion's lofty towers ariſe,
The ſeat of Zion's King.

6 Within thoſe ſacred walls,
I ſhall be ever bleſt;
I'll follow where my Father calls,
And ſeek his heav'nly reſt.

Altered from DODDRIDGE.

Pſalm CXXXIX. 1ſt Part. *C. M.* [♯ or ♭]

The univerſal Preſence of God.

IN all my vaſt concerns with thee,
In vain my ſoul would try
To ſhun thy preſence, Lord, or flee
The notice of thine eye.

2 Thy all-ſurrounding ſight ſurveys
My riſing and my reſt;
My public walks, my private ways,
And ſecrets of my breaſt.

3 My thoughts lie open to the Lord,
Before they're form'd within;

And ere my lips pronounce the word,
He knows the ſenſe I mean.

4 O wond'rous knowledge, deep and high!
Where can a creature hide?
Within thy circling arms I lie,
Beſet on ev'ry ſide.

5 So let thy grace ſurround me ſtill,
And like a bulwark prove;
To guard my ſoul from every ill,
Secur'd by ſov'reign love.

WATTS.

Pſalm CXXXIX. 2d Part. *C. M.* [b]

The all-ſeeing Eye of God.

LORD, where ſhall guilty ſouls retire,
Forgotten and unknown?
In hell they meet thy dreadful ire;
In heaven thy glorious throne.

2 Should I ſuppreſs my vital breath,
T' eſcape the wrath divine;
Thy voice would break the bars of death,
And make the grave reſign.

3 If, wing'd with beams of morning light,
I fly beyond the weſt,
Thy hand, which muſt ſupport my flight,
Would ſoon betray my reſt.

4 If o'er my ſins I think to draw
The curtains of the night,
Thoſe flaming eyes which guard thy law
Would turn the ſhades to light.

5 The beams of noon, the midnight hour
Are both alike to thee;

O may I ne'er diſtruſt that power
From which I cannot flee.

WATTS.

Pſalm CXXXIX. 3d Part *C.M.* [Worb]

God the Author of our Being.

GOD of my life, whoſe bounteous care
First gave me power to move;
How ſhall my grateful heart declare
The wonders of thy love?

2 Thee will I honour, for I ſtand
The product of thy ſkill;
The wonders of thy forming hand
My admiration fill.

3 Whilſt void of thought and ſenſe, I lay,
Duſt of my parent earth;
Thy breath inform'd the ſleeping clay,
And call'd me into birth.

4 From thee, before my breath begun,
My limbs their faſhion took;
And in continuance, every one
Was written in thy book.

5 Thine eye beheld in perfect view,
The yet unfiniſh'd plan;
Th' imperfect lines thy pencil drew,
And form'd the future man.

6 O may this animated frame,
This work of matchleſs ſkill,
Be all devoted to thy name,
And love to do thy will.

B. WILLIAMS's Collection, varied.

Psalm CXXXIX. 4th Part. *C. M.* [*]

Praise for temporal and spiritual Mercies.

ALMIGHTY Father, gracious Lord,
King guardian of my days;
My heart thy mercies would record,
In grateful songs of praise.

2 In life's first dawn, my tender frame,
Was thy indulgent care;
Before I could pronounce thy name,
Or breathe my infant prayer.

3 When reason with my stature grew,
How faint her brightest ray!
How little of my God I knew!
How apt from thee to stray!

4 When life hung trembling on a breath,
'Twas thine almighty love
That sav'd me from impending death,
And bade my fears remove.

5 How many blessings round me shone,
Where'er I turn'd my eye!
How many past almost unknown,
Or unregarded, by!

6 Each rolling year new favours brought
From thy exhaustless store;
But ah! in vain my lab'ring thought
Would count thy mercies o'er.

7 Lord, when this mortal frame decays,
And every weakness dies;
Complete the wonders of thy grace,
And raise me to the skies.

8 Then ſhall my joyful powers unite,
In more exalted lays,
And join the happy ſons of light,
In everlaſting praiſe.

Mrs. STEELE.

Pſalm CXXXIX. 5th Part. *L.M.* [♯ or ♭]

The Formation of Body and Soul.

THOU God, by whoſe command I live,
The tribute of my praiſe receive?
To thee, O Lord, my life I owe,
And all my joys from thee do flow.

2 Not many ſuns have form'd the year,
And roll'd their courſes round the ſphere,
Since thou my ſhapeleſs duſt ſurvey'd,
In undiſtinguiſh'd matter laid.

3 Thy plaſtic hand my clay refin'd,
Its particles in order join'd;
And, to complete the wond'rous whole,
Did ſtamp thine image on my ſoul.

4 A ſoul ſuſceptible of joy,
Which length of time cannot deſtroy;
Though nature claims my vital breath,
It bids defiance ſtill to death.

5 To realms of bliſs that ſoul will ſoar,
When earth and ſkies ſhall be no more;
And there in more exalted lays
Shall ſing my great Creator's praiſe.

Mrs. CARTER, varied.

Pſalm CXXXIX. 6th Part. *C.M.* [♯ or ♭]

To the Searcher of Hearts.

LORD, ſhould I count thy mercies o'er,
How vaſt the numbers riſe!

Beyond the ſands that ſpread the ſhore,
Or ſtars that gild the ſkies.

2 Whene'er I cloſe my eyes to ſleep,
Theſe thoughts ſhall ſoothe my reſt;
And when I wake they ſtill ſhall keep
Their place within my breaſt.

3 Before thine all pervading eyes
I would my ſoul diſplay;
I ſcorn to uſe the leaſt diſguiſe,
But aſk thy ſtrict ſurvey.

4 Does my fond heart ſome fav'rite ſin
Within itſelf conceal!
O may a beam of light divine
The hidden guilt reveal.

5 If in the paths of dark deceit
My ſoul hath gone aſtray,
O turn and guide my wand'ring feet
In thy celeſtial way.

Partly from DODDRIDGE.

Pſalm CXL. *Long Metre.* [♭]

Deliverance from Enemies.

GREAT God, our haughty foes repel;
Their rage by power ſuperior quell;
Save us from their vindictive tongue,
And guard us from the hand of wrong.

2 The tongue, by wiſdom unſubdu'd,
From bliſs its owner ſhall exclude;
Deſtruction follows faſt behind
The feet to wickedneſs inclin'd.

3 Our heart has known thee, Lord, prepar'd
The helpleſs and the poor to guard;

To save them from oppression's jaws,
And vindicate the injur'd cause.

4 The soul, subjected to thy fear,
With gratitude thy voice shall hear;
Shall bow their wills to thy command,
And in thy sight accepted stand.

MERRICK.

Psalm CXLI. *Long Metre.* [♭ or ♮]

Watchfulness and brotherly Reproof.

LORD, when I call, make haste to hear,
And to my voice incline thine ear;
So shall my prayer like incense rise,
My lifted hands like sacrifice.

2 O set upon my lips a guard,
And let my tongue be doubly barr'd;
Let not my heart to vice incline,
Nor let my hand in mischief join.

3 If e'er from wisdom's path I stray,
And walk in sin's delusive way,
Let virtue's friends, severely kind,
Reprove the errors of my mind.

4 Their faithful words like ointment shed,
Shall never bruise, but heal my head;
And when I find them press'd with grief,
I'll pray to Heav'n for their relief.

WATTS, MERRICK and DENHAM.

Psalm CXLII. *Long Metre.* [♮]

Deliverance from Trouble and Sorrow.

TO thee, great God, I will disclose,
In sad recital, all my woes;
Because thine eyes, with steady view,
Through sorrow's gloom my steps pursue.

2 On every ſide I caſt mine eye,
But found no friend or helper nigh;
No lenient tongue my grief to cheer,
No eye to drop the ſocial tear.

3 Then, mighty God, to thee I cry'd,
In whom I can my hopes confide;
Be thou my refuge while I live,
And when I die, my ſoul receive.

4 Do thou my priſon doors unbar,
So ſhall my tongue thy love declare;
And righteous men with me ſhall join
To celebrate thy power divine.

WATTS and MERRICK, varied.

Pſalm CXLIII. *Long Metre.* [♭]

Complaint and Hope.

HEAR, O my God, with pity hear,
My humble, ſupplicating moan;
In mercy anſwer all my prayer,
And make thy truth and goodneſs known.

2 O let thy mercy ſtill be nigh;
Should awful juſtice frown ſevere,
Before the terror of thine eye,
What trembling mortal can appear!

3 I call to mind the former days;
Thine ancient works declare thy name,
Thy truth, thy goodneſs and thy grace;
And theſe, O Lord, are ſtill the ſame.

4 To thee I lift my ſuppliant hands,
To thee my longing ſoul aſpires;
As cheering ſhowers to thirſty lands,
Thy grace can fill theſe ſtrong deſires.

5 Speak to my heart; the gloomy night
Shall vaniſh, and bright morning break;

In thee I truſt, my guide, my light,
Teach me the path my feet ſhould take.

6 Teach me to do thy ſacred will;
Thou art my God, my hope, my ſtay;
Let thy good Spirit lead me ſtill,
And point the ſafe, the upright way.

Mrs. STEELE.

Pſalm CXLIV. *Long Metre.* [♭ or ♯]

Divine Protection, Peace and Plenty.

DESCEND from heaven, Almighty Lord,
And earth ſhall tremble at thy word;
The ſmoking hills, with conſcious fear,
Shall own their ſov'reign Maker near.

2 Whilſt thy keen pointed lightnings fly
Like flaming arrows through the ſky;
Our foes diſpers'd ſhall riſe no more,
Nor dare the terrors of thy power.

3 O let thy potent arm control
Theſe threat'ning waves that round us roll;
Theſe ſons of vanity that riſe,
With fraudful hands and impious lies.

4 Then ſhall our ſons, beneath thy care,
Grow up like plants erect and fair;
Our daughters ſhall like pillars riſe,
Where ſplendid buildings charm the eyes.

5 Then plenty ſhall our ſtores increaſe,
Plenty, the lovely child of peace;
The flock its fleecy wealth ſhall yield,
And pour its thouſands o'er the field.

6 The well fed ox ſhall then afford
His cheerful labours to his lord;
No more ſhall ſons of plunder reign,
Nor ſons of miſery complain.

7 O happy people! favour'd ſtate!
Whom ſuch peculiar bleſſings wait;
Happy who on the Lord depend,
Their help, their guardian and their friend.

Mrs. STEELE.

Pſalm CXLV. 1ſt Part. C. M. [✻]

The divine Perfections and Providence.

THEE will I bleſs, my God and King,
Thy endleſs praiſe proclaim;
This tribute daily will I bring,
And ever bleſs thy name.

2 Thou, Lord, art infinitely great,
And highly to be prais'd;
Thy majeſty, with boundleſs height,
Above our knowledge rais'd.

3 Renown'd for mighty acts, thy fame
To future time extends;
From age to age, thy glorious name
Succeſſively deſcends.

4 The fathers to the liſtening youth
Shall teach thy wond'rous ways;
Ages to come proclaim thy truth,
And nations ſound thy praiſe.

5 Thy glorious deeds of ancient date
Shall through the world be known;
Thine arm of power, thy heav'nly ſtate
With public ſplendor ſhown.

6 The world is govern'd by thy hands,
Thy ſaints are rul'd by love;
And thine eternal kingdom ſtands,
Though rocks and hills remove.

TATE and WATTS.

Psalm CXLV. Sec. Part. C. M. [✻]

Divine Goodneſs.

GREAT is the Lord! our ſouls adore!
We wonder while we praiſe;
Thy power, what creature can explore,
Or equal honours raiſe?

2 Thy name ſhall dwell upon my tongue,
While ſuns ſhall ſet and riſe;
And tune my everlaſting ſong
In realms beyond the ſkies.

3 Thy praiſe ſhall be my conſtant theme,
The wonders of thy power;
I'll ſpeak the honours of thy name,
And bid the world adore.

4 But ſweetly flowing ſtrains ſhall tell
The riches of thy grace;
And ſongs of grateful joy reveal
Thy ſpotleſs righteouſneſs.

5 How large thy tender mercies are!
How wide thy grace extends!
On thy beneficence and care
The univerſe depends.

6 To thee, O Lord, for daily meat,
Thy creatures lift their eyes;
On thee, their common Father, wait;
From thee receive ſupplies.

7 Thy ſov'reign bounty freely gives
From thine exhauſtleſs ſtore;
And univerſal nature lives
On thy ſuſtaining power.

8 Holy and juſt in all its ways,
Is Providence divine;

In all thy works, immortal rays
Of power and goodneſs ſhine.

Mrs. Steele.

Pſalm CXLV. Third Part. *C. M.* [✱]

Divine Power and Compaſſion.

GREAT God, while nature ſpeaks thy praiſe,
With all her num'rous tongues,
Thy ſaints ſhall tune diviner lays,
And love inſpire their ſongs.

2 Thy power and goodneſs they ſhall ſing,
The glories of thy reign;
Thy wond'rous deeds, Almighty King,
Shall fill the raptur'd ſtrain.

3 Thy kingdom, Lord, forever ſtands,
While earthly thrones decay;
And time ſubmits to thy commands,
While ages roll away.

4 He that invokes the God of grace,
Shall find him ever near;
To all who humbly ſeek his face
He lends a pitying ear.

5 He knows the pain his ſervants feel;
He hears his children cry;
And their beſt wiſhes to fulfil,
His grace is ever nigh.

6 His mercy never ſhall remove
From men of heart ſincere;
He ſaves the ſouls whoſe humble love
Is join'd with holy fear.

7 His praiſe, a moſt delightful theme,
Shall fill my heart and tongue;
Let all creation bleſs his name
In one eternal ſong.

Watts and Steele.

Psalm CXLVI. *Long Metre.* [*]

No Truſt in Man, but in God.

THE praiſes of my God and King,
While I have life and breath to ſing,
Shall fill my heart, and tune my tongue,
Till heaven improve the bliſsful ſong.

2 No more in princes will I truſt!
Vain man, thou art but air and duſt!
With all thy pride, and all thy power,
The helpleſs creature of an hour!

3 He breathes, he thinks, but ſoon he dies!
No more the potent or the wiſe;
The ſcheme his morning thoughts begun
Is loſt before the ſetting ſun.

4 Happy the man whoſe hopes divine
On nature's guardian God recline;
Who can with ſacred tranſport ſay,
This God is mine, my help, my ſtay.

5 Heaven, earth and ſea declare his name,
He built, he fill'd their ſpacious frame;
And o'er creation's faireſt lines
His ſtedfaſt truth unchanging ſhines.

6 His juſtice looks on thoſe who mourn
Beneath the proud oppreſſor's ſcorn;
The hungry poor his hand ſuſtains,
And breaks the wretched captive's chains.

7 If weary ſtrangers friendleſs roam,
Divine protection is their home;
The Lord relieves the widow's care,
And dries the helpleſs orphan's tear.

8 The Lord ſhall reign forever King,
And age to age his glory ſing;
Thy God, O happy Zion, reigns,
Reſound his praiſe in lofty ſtrains.

Mrs. STEELE

Psalm CXLVI. *Six Line L. M.* [b]

Praiſe for divine Goodneſs.

I'LL praiſe my Maker with my breath,
And when my voice is loſt in death,
Praiſe ſhall employ my nobler powers;
My days of praiſe ſhall ne'er be paſt,
While life and thought and being laſt,
Or immortality endures.

2 Why ſhould I make a man my truſt?
Princes muſt die and turn to duſt;
Vain is the help of fleſh and blood;
Their breath departs, their pomp and power
And thoughts all vaniſh in an hour,
Nor can they make their promiſe good.

3 Happy the man whoſe hopes rely
On Iſrael's God who made the ſky,
And earth and ſeas, with all their train;
His truth forever ſtands ſecure;
He ſaves th' oppreſs'd, he feeds the poor,
And none ſhall find his promiſe vain.

4 The Lord hath eyes to give the blind;
The Lord ſupports the ſinking mind;
He ſends the lab'ring conſcience peace;
He helps the ſtranger in diſtreſs,
The widow and the fatherleſs,
And grants the priſ'ner ſweet releaſe.

5 He loves his ſaints, he knows them well,
His love their joyful lips ſhall tell:
Thy God, O Zion, ever reigns:
Let every tongue, let every age
In this delightful work engage;
Praiſe him in everlaſting ſtrains.

6 I'll praiſe him whilſt he lends me breath,
And when my voice is loſt in death,
Praiſe ſhall employ my nobler powers:
My days of praiſe ſhall ne'er be paſt,
While life and thought and being laſt,
Or immortality endures.

WATTS.

Pſalm CXLVII. *Com. Metre.* [*]

The changing Seaſons.

WITH ſongs and honours ſounding loud,
Addreſs the Lord on high;
Over the heavens he ſpreads his cloud,
And waters veil the ſky.

2 He ſends his ſhowers of bleſſing down,
To cheer the plains below;
He makes the wood the mountains crown,
And graſs in vallies grow.

3 He gives the grazing ox his meat;
He hears the raven's cry;
But man who taſtes his fineſt wheat,
Should raiſe his honours high.

4 His ſteady counſels changed the face
Of the declining year,
He bids the ſun cut ſhort the Lord's race,
And wintry days appear.

5 His hoary froaſt, his fleecy ſnow
Deſcend and clothe the ground;
The liquid ſtreams forbear to flow,
In icy fetters bound.

6 When, from his dreadful ſtores on high,
He pours the rattling hail,
The man who dares his God defy,
Shall find his courage fail.

7 He ſends his ſun to melt the ſnow,
The fields no longer mourn;
He calls the warmer winds to blow,
And bids the Spring return.

8 The changing wind the flying cloud
Obey his ſov'reign word;
With ſongs and honours ſounding loud,
Praiſe ye th' Almighty Lord.

WATTS.

Pſalm CXLVII. 1ſt Part. *L. Metre.* [*]

The Beauties of Nature.

SING to the Lord, let praiſe inſpire
The grateful voice, the tuneful lyre;
In ſtrains of joy proclaim abroad
The endleſs glories of our God.

2 He counts the hoſts of ſtarry flames;
He knows their natures and their names;
Great is our God! his wond'rous pow'r
And boundleſs wiſdom we adore.

3 He veils the ſky with treaſur'd ſhowers,
On earth, the plenteous bleſſing pours;
The meadows ſmile in lively green,
And fairer blooms the flowery ſcene.

4 His bounteous hand, great ſpring of good,
Provides the brute creation food;
He feeds the ravens when they cry,
All nature lives beneath his eye.

5 In nature, what can him delight,
Moſt lovely in its Maker's ſight?
Not active ſtrength his favour moves,
Nor comely form he beſt approves.

6 But to the Lord is ever dear,
The heart where he implants his fear;
The ſouls who on his grace rely
Are ever lovely in his eye.

Mrs. STEELE.

Pſalm CXLVII. 2d Part. *L. M.* [✻]

The Seaſons of the Year.

PRAISE ye the Lord! Oh bliſsful theme,
To ſing the honours of his name!
'Tis pleaſure, 'tis divine delight,
And praiſe is lovely in his ſight.

2 He ſpeaks, and, ſwiftly from the ſkies
To earth, the ſov'reign mandate flies;
Obſervant nature hears the word,
And bows, obedient to her Lord.

3 Now thick deſcending flakes of ſnow
O'er earth a fleecy mantle throw;
Now glittering froſt, o'er all the plains
Extends its univerſal chains.

4 At his fierce ſtorms of icy hail,
The ſhivering powers of nature fail;
Before his cold, what life can ſtand,
Unſhelter'd by his guardian hand?

5 He ſpeaks, the ſnow and ice obey,
And nature's fetters melt away;
Now vernal gales ſoft riſing blow,
And liquid waters gently flow.

6 Sing to the Lord, let praiſe inſpire
The grateful voice, the tuneful lyre;
In ſtrains of joy proclaim abroad
The endleſs glories of our God.

Mrs. STEELE.

Pſalm CXLVIII. 1ſt Part. *C. M.* [*]

Univerſal Praiſe.

PRAISE ye the Lord, immortal choir,
Who fill the realms above;
Praiſe him who form'd you of his fire,
And feeds you with his love.

2 Shine to his praiſe, ye cryſtal ſkies,
The floor of his abode;
Or veil the luſtre of your eyes
Before a brighter God.

3 Thou central globe of golden light,
Whoſe beams create our days;
Join with the ſilver queen of night,
To own your borrow'd rays.

4 Bluſh and refund the honours paid
To your inferior names;
Tell the blind world your orbs are fed
By his exhauſtleſs flames.

5 Winds, ye ſhall bear his name aloud,
Through the etherial blue!
For when his chariot is a cloud,
He makes his wheels of you.

6 Thunder and hail, and fire and ſtorms,
The troops of his command,
Appear in all your awful forms,
And ſpeak his potent hand.

WATTS.

Pſalm CXLVIII. 2d Part. *C. M.* [*]

SHOUT to the Lord, ye ſurging ſeas,
In your eternal roar;
Let wave to wave reſound his praiſe,
And ſhore reply to ſhore.

2 While fiſhes, ſporting on the flood,
In ſcaly ſilver ſhine;
Proclaim their mighty Maker, God,
Amidſt the foaming brine.

3 But gentler things ſhall tune his name
To ſofter notes than theſe;
Young zephyrs breathing o'er the ſtream,
Or whiſpering through the trees.

4 Wave your tall heads, ye lofty pines,
To him who makes you grow;
Sweet cluſters bend the fruitful vines,
On every thankful bough.

5 Let the ſhrill birds his honour raiſe,
And climb the morning ſky;
Whilſt grov'ling beaſts attempt his praiſe
In hoarſer harmony.

6 Thus while the meaner creatures ſing,
Ye mortals take the ſound;
Echo the glories of your King
Through all the nations round.

WATTS.

Pſalm CXLVIII. 1ſt Part. *L. M.* [*]

FAIREST of all the lights above,
Thou ſun, whoſe beams adorn the ſpheres,
And with unwearied ſwiftneſs move,
To form the circles of our years:

2 Praiſe the Creator of the ſkies,
Who dreſs'd thine orb in golden rays;
Or may the ſun forget to riſe,
If he forget his Maker's praiſe.

3 Thou reigning beauty of the night,
Fair queen of ſilence, ſilver moon,

Whoſe gentle beams and borrow'd light
Are ſofter rivals of the noon :

4 Ariſe, and to that ſov'reign Power
Waxing and waning honours pay,
Who bade thee rule the duſky hours,
And half ſupply the want of day.

5 Ye glitt'ring ſtars that gild the ſkies,
When darkneſs has its curtain drawn,
And keep your watch with wakeful eyes,
When buſineſs, cares and day are gone :

6 Proclaim the glories of your Lord,
Diſpers'd through all the heavenly ſtreet,
Whoſe boundleſs treaſures can afford
So rich a pavement for his feet.

7 O God of glory, God of love,
Thou art our ſun that makes our days ;
With all thy ſhining works above
We would unite to ſing thy praiſe.

WATTS.

Pſalm CXLVIII. 2d Part. *L. M.* [*]

AWAKE, ye tempeſts, and his fame
In ſounds of dreadful praiſe declare ;
While the ſoft whiſper of his name
Fills every gentle breeze of air.

2 Let clouds, and winds, and waves agree
To join their praiſe with blazing fire ;
Let the firm earth and rolling ſea
In this eternal ſong conſpire.

3 Ye flowery plains, proclaim his ſkill ;
Vallies, lie low before his eye ;
And let his praiſe, from every hill,
Riſe, tuneful, to the neighb'ring ſky.

4 Ye ſtubborn oaks, and ſtately pines,
Bend your high branches, and adore;
Praiſe him, ye beaſts, in different ſtrains;
The lamb ſhall bleat, the lion roar.

5 Birds, ye ſhall make his praiſe your theme,
Nature *demands* a ſong from you;
While the dumb fiſh that cut the ſtream
Leap up and mean his praiſes too.

6 Mortals, can you refrain your tongue,
When Nature all around you ſings?
O for a ſhout from old and young,
From humble ſwains and lofty kings!

7 Wide as his vaſt dominion lies,
Make the Creator's name be known;
Loud as his thunder ſhout his praiſe,
And ſound it lofty as his throne.

8 JEHOVAH! tis a glorious word!
O may it dwell on every tongue!
But thoſe who beſt have known the Lord,
Are bound to raiſe the nobleſt ſong.

WATTS.

Pſalm CXLVIII. *Short Metre.* [✻]

LET every creature join
To praiſe th' eternal God;
Ye heavenly hoſt, the ſong begin,
And ſound his name abroad.

2 Thou ſun, with golden beams,
And moon, with paler rays,
Ye ſtarry lights, ye twinkling flames,
Shine to your Maker's praiſe.

3 He built thoſe worlds above,
And fix'd their wond'rous frame;

By his command, they ſtand or move,
And ever ſpeak his name.

4 Ye vapours, when ye riſe,
Or fall in ſhowers, or ſnow,
Ye thunders murm'ring round the ſkies,
His power and glory ſhow.

5 Wind, hail and flaſhing fire,
Agree to praiſe the Lord,
When ye in dreadful ſtorms conſpire
To execute his word.

6 By all his works above,
His honours be expreſs'd;
But they who taſte his ſaving love,
Should ſing his praiſes beſt.

WATTS.

Pſalm CXLVIII. 1ſt *Hallelujah Met.*[*]

Univerſal Praiſe.

YE boundleſs realms of joy!
Exalt your Maker's fame;
His praiſe your ſong employ,
Above the ſtarry frame.
Ye holy throng Of angels bright,
In worlds of light, Begin the ſong.

2 Thou ſun, with dazzling rays,
Thou moon that rules the night;
Shine to your Maker's praiſe,
With ſtars of feebler light.
His praiſe declare, Ye heavens above,
And clouds that move In liquid air.

3 Let them adore the Lord,
And praiſe his holy name;
By whoſe almighty word,
They all from nothing came.

And all ſhall laſt, From changes free;
His firm decree Stands ever faſt.

4 He mov'd their mighty wheels,
In unknown ages paſt;
And each his word fulfils,
While time and nature laſt.
In different ways, His works proclaim
His wond'rous name, And ſpeak his praiſe.

5 United zeal be ſhown,
His wond'rous fame to raiſe,
Whoſe glorious name alone
Deſerves our endleſs praiſe.
Earth's utmoſt ends His power obey;
His glorious ſway The ſky tranſcends.

6 Virgins and youths engage,
To ſound his praiſe divine;
While infancy and age
Their feebler voices join.
Wide as he reigns, His name be ſung,
By every tongue, In endleſs ſtrains.

7 Let all the nations fear
The God who rules above;
He brings his people near,
And makes them taſte his love.
While earth and ſky Attempt his praiſe,
His ſaints ſhall raiſe His honours high.

TATE and WATTS, united.

Pſalm CXLVIII. 2d *Hallelujah Met.* [✻]

Praiſe from all the Creatures.

FIRST PART.

TO your Creator, God,
Your great Preſerver, raiſe,
Ye creatures of his hand,
Your higheſt notes of praiſe.

Let ev'ry voice Proclaim his power,
His name adore, And loud rejoice.

2 Let all creation join,
To pay the tribute due;
Ye heavenly hoſts begin,
And we ſhall learn of you.
Let nature raiſe, From every tongue,
A general ſong Of grateful praiſe.

3 Thou ſource of light and heat,
Bright ruler of the day,
Diſpenſing bleſſings round,
With all diffuſive ray:
From morn to night, With every beam,
Record his name, Who gave thee light.

4 Thou moon in radiance mild,
With all thy ſtarry train,
Which riſe in ſhining hoſts,
To gild th' etherial plain:
With countleſs rays, Declare his name,
Prolong the theme, Reflect his praiſe.

5 Ye clouds, or fraught with ſhowers,
Or ting'd with various dyes,
That pour your bleſſings down,
Or charm our gazing eyes:
His goodneſs ſpeak, His praiſe declare,
As through the air You ſhine or break.

6 Ye winds, that ſhake the world,
With tempeſts on your wing,
Or breathe in gentle gales,
To waft the ſmiling ſpring:
Proclaim aloud, As you fulfil
His ſov'reign will, The pow'rful GOD.

SECOND PART.

1 Ye rivers, as ye flow,
Convey your Maker's name,
Where'er you winding rove
On every silver stream.
Your cooling flood, His hand ordains,
To bless the plains; Great spring of good!

2 Ye numerous bleating flocks,
Far spreading o'er the plain,
With gentle artless voice,
Assist the humble strain.
To give you food, He bids the field
Its verdure yield, Extensive good.

3 Ye herds of nobler size,
Who graze in meads below;
Resound your Maker's praise,
In each responsive low.
You wait his hand; The herbage grows,
The riv'let flows At his command.

4 Ye feather'd warblers, come,
And bring your sweetest lays;
And tune the sprightly song
To your Creator's praise.
His work you are, He tun'd your voice,
And you rejoice Beneath his care.

THIRD PART.

Ye trees which form the shade,
Or bend the loaded bough
With fruits of sweetest taste,
Your Maker's bounty show.
From him you rose, Your vernal suits
And autumn fruits His hand bestows.

2 Ye lovely verdant fields,
In all your green array,
Though ſilent, ſpeak his praiſe
Who makes you bright and gay.
While we in you, With future bread,
Profuſely ſpread, His goodneſs view.

3 Ye flowers, which bloom around
A thouſand beauteous dyes,
Your fragrant odours breathe,
A grateful ſacrifice:
To him whoſe word Gave all your bloom,
And ſweet perfume; All bounteous Lord!

4 But, O, from human tongues
Should nobler praiſes flow;
And every thankful heart
With warm devotion glow.
Your voices raiſe, Ye highly bleſt,
Above the reſt Declare his praiſe.

5 Aſſiſt me, gracious God,
My heart, my voice inſpire;
Then ſhall I grateful join
The univerſal choir.
Thy grace can raiſe My heart and tongue,
And tune my ſong To lively praiſe.

Mrs. STEELE.

Pſalm CXLVIII. *Particular Metre.* [*]

BEGIN, my ſoul, th' exalted lay;
Let each enraptur'd thought obey,
And praiſe th' Almighty name;
Lo! heav'n, and earth, and ſeas, and ſkies,
In one melodious concert riſe,
To ſwell th' inſpiring theme.

2 Ye angels, ſpread the joyful ſound,
While all th' adoring throngs around
His wond'rous mercy ſing;
Let every liſt'ning ſaint above,
Wake all the tuneful ſoul of love,
And touch the loudeſt ſtrain.

3 Thou heaven of heavens, his vaſt abode,
Ye clouds, proclaim your Maker, God,
Ye thunders, ſpeak his power;
Lo! on the lightning's rapid wings,
In triumph rides the King of kings,
Th' aſtoniſh'd worlds adore.

4 Ye deeps, with roaring billows riſe,
To join the thunder of the ſkies,
Praiſe him who bids you roll;
His praiſe in ſofter notes declare,
Each whiſp'ring breeze of yielding air,
And breathe it to the ſoul.

5 Wake, all ye ſoaring throng, and ſing;
Ye cheerful warblers of the ſpring,
Harmonious anthems raiſe;
To him who ſhap'd your finer mould,
Who tipt your glittering wings with gold,
And tun'd your voice to praiſe.

6 Let man, by nobler paſſions ſway'd,
The feeling heart, the reas'ning head,
In heavenly praiſe employ;
Spread the Creator's name around,
Till heav'ns wide arch repeat the ſound,
The general burſt of joy.

B. WILLIAMS's Collections.

Psalm CXLIX. *Particular Metre.* [*]

Thankſgiving.

O PRAISE ye the Lord,
Prepare your glad voice,
His praiſe in the great
Aſſembly to ſing.
In their great Creator
Let all men rejoice,
And heirs of ſalvation
Be glad in their King.

2 Let them his great name
Devoutly adore;
In loud ſwelling ſtrains
His praiſes expreſs,
Who graciouſly opens
His bountiful ſtore,
Their wants to relieve, and
His children to bleſs.

3 With glory adorn'd,
His people ſhall ſing
To God, who defence
And plenty ſupplies:
Their loud acclamations
To him their great King,
Through earth ſhall be ſounded,
And reach to the ſkies.

4 Ye angels above,
His glories who've ſung,
In loftieſt notes,
Now publiſh his praiſe:
We mortals delighted,
Would borrow your tongue;
Would join in your numbers,
And chant to your lays.

TATE, varied.

Psalm CL. *Long Metre.* [✻]

Praiſe.

PRAISE ye the Lord, let praiſe employ,
In his own courts, your ſongs of joy;
The ſpacious firmament around
Shall echo back the joyful ſound.

2 Recount his works in ſtrains divine,
His wond'rous works, how bright they ſhine!
Praiſe him for all his mighty deeds,
Whoſe greatneſs all your praiſe exceeds.

3 Awake the trumpet's piercing ſound,
To ſpread your ſacred pleaſure round;
While ſofter muſic tunes the lute,
The warbling harp, the breathing flute.

4 Ye virgin train, with joy advance,
To praiſe him in the graceful dance;
Awake each voice, and ſtrike each ſtring,
And to the ſolemn organ ſing.

5 Let the loud cymbal ſound on high,
To ſofter, deeper notes reply;
Harmonious let the concert riſe,
And bear the rapture to the ſkies.

6 Let all whom life and breath inſpire
Attend and join the bliſsful choir;
But chiefly ye who know his word,
Adore, and love, and praiſe the Lord!

Mrs. STEELE.

END OF THE PSALMS.

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N. B. The HYMNS are placed in the alphabetical order of their initial letters.

HYMNS.

Hymn I. *Long Metre.* [℣ or ♭]

Perſecution.

ABSURD and vain attempt! to bind
With iron chains, the freeborn mind;
To force conviction, and reclaim
The wandering, by deſtructive flame!

2 Bold arrogance, to ſnatch from heaven
Dominion not to mortals given!
O'er conſcience to uſurp the throne,
Accountable to God alone.

3 Mad zeal! that fills the world with woe!
That hurls down kingdoms at a blow!
That wakens vengeance to devour
The foes of antichriſtian power.

4 Jeſus, thy gentle law of love
Does no ſuch cruelties approve;
Mild as thyſelf, thy doctrine wields
No arms, but what perſuaſion yields.

5 By proofs divine and reaſon ſtrong,
It draws the willing ſoul along;
And conqueſts to thy church acquires,
By eloquence, which Heaven inſpires.

6 O happy, who are thus compell'd
To the rich feaſt, by Jeſus held!
May we this bleſſing know, and prize
The light which liberty ſupplies.

SCOTT.

Hymn II. *Common Metre.* [*]

The Reſurrection of Chriſt.

AGAIN the Lord of life and light
Awakes the kindling ray,
Unſeals the eyelids of the morn,
And pours increaſing day.

2 This day be grateful homage paid,
And loud hoſannas ſung;
Let gladneſs dwell in every heart,
And praiſe on every tongue.

3 Ten thouſand differing lips ſhall join,
To hail this welcome morn;
Which ſcatters bleſſings from its wings,
To nations yet unborn.

4 Jeſus, the friend of human kind,
With ſtrong compaſſion mov'd,
Came from the boſom of his God,
To ſave the ſouls he lov'd.

5 The powers of darkneſs leagu'd in vain,
To bind his ſoul in death;
He ſhook their kingdom when he fell,
With his expiring breath.

6 Not long the bands of death could keep
The hope of Judah's line;
Corruption never could take hold
On one ſo much divine.

7 Exalted high at God's right hand,
And Lord of all below;
Through him is pard'ning love diſpens'd,
And endleſs bleſſings flow.

8 Now to our Saviour and our King,
Glad homage let us give;
And be prepar'd like him to die,
That with him we may live.

Mrs. Barbauld.

Hymn III. *Long Metre.* [b]

Holy Reſolution.

AH, wretched ſouls, who ſtrive in vain!
Slaves to the world, and ſlaves to ſin!
A nobler toil may I ſuſtain,
A nobler ſatisfaction win.

2 I would reſolve with all my heart,
With all my powers to ſerve the Lord;
Nor from his precepts e'er depart,
Whoſe ſervice is a rich reward.

3 O be his ſervice all my joy,
Around let my example ſhine;
Till others love the bleſs'd employ,
And join in labours ſo divine.

4 Be this the purpoſe of my ſoul,
My ſolemn, my determin'd choice;
To yield to his ſupreme control,
And in his kind commands rejoice.

5 O may I never faint nor tire,
Nor wander from thy ſacred ways;
Great God, accept my ſoul's deſire,
And give me ſtrength to live thy praiſe.

MRS. STEELE.

Hymn IV. *Common Metre.* [b]

Watchfulneſs and Prayer.

ALAS, what hourly dangers riſe!
What ſnares beſet my way!
To heaven then let me lift my eyes,
And hourly watch and pray.

2 How oft my mournful thoughts complain,
And melt in flowing tears!
My weak reſiſtance, ah how vain!
How ſtrong my foes and fears!

3 O gracious God, in whom I live,
My feeble efforts aid,
Help me to watch and pray, and ſtrive,
Though trembling and afraid.

4 Increaſe my faith, increaſe my hope,
When foes and fears prevail;
And bear my fainting ſpirit up,
Or ſoon my ſtrength will fail.

5 When ſtrong temptations fright my heart,
Or lure my feet aſide;
My God, thy powerful aid impart,
My Guardian and my Guide.

6 Still keep me in thy heavenly way,
And bid the tempter flee;
And never let me go aſtray,
From happineſs and thee.

Mrs. STEELE.

Hymn V. *Long Metre.* [b]

The Syro-Phenician Woman. Mat. xv. 26, 27.

ALL-conqu'ring faith! how high it roſe!
When heav'n itſelf might ſeem t' oppoſe!
All gracious Lord! who didſt appear
Moſt merciful when moſt ſevere!

2 Thus, at thy feet, our ſouls would fall,
And loudly thus for mercy call;
"Thou Son of David, pity ſhow,
And ſave us from th' infernal foe."

3 Though viler than the brutes we be,
Our longing eyes would wait on thee,
Who doſt to dogs ſuch grace afford,
To taſte the crumbs beneath thy board.

4 But thou the humble ſoul wilt raiſe,
And all its ſorrows turn to praiſe;

Each self abasing broken heart,
Shall with thy children share a part.

DODDRIDGE.

Hymn VI. *Short Metre.* [✻]

Christ the Branch of David, and the Morning Star.

ALL hail, mysterious King!
Hail, David's ancient root!
Thou righteous branch, which thence did [spring,
To give the nations fruit.

2 Our weary souls shall rest
Beneath thy grateful shade;
Our thirsting lips the sweets shall taste,
By thy blest fruit convey'd.

3 Fair morning star, arise!
With living glories bright;
And pour on these awakening eyes
A flood of sacred light.

4 The horrid gloom is fled,
Pierc'd by thy heavenly ray;
Shine, and our wandering footsteps lead
To everlasting day.

DODDRIDGE, altered.

Hymn VII. *Common Metre.* [✻]

A Pillar in the heavenly Temple.

ALL hail, victorious Saviour, hail!
I bow to thy command,
And own that David's royal key
Well fits thy sov'reign hand.

2 Open the treasures of thy love,
And shed thy gifts abroad;
Unveil to my rejoicing eyes
The temple of my God.

3 There as a pillar let me ſtand,
On an eternal baſe;
Uprear'd by thy almighty hand,
And poliſh'd by thy grace.

4 There, deep engraven let me bear,
The title of my God;
And mark the new Jeruſalem,
As my ſecure abode.

5 In laſting characters inſcribe
Thy own beloved name;
That endleſs ages there may read
The great Immanuel's claim.

DODDRIDGE.

Hymn VIII. *Long Metre.* [♯ or ♭]

Uncharitable Judgment.

ALL-knowing God, 'tis thine to know
The ſprings whence wrong opinions flow;
To judge from principles within,
When frailty errs, and when we ſin.

2 Who among men, high Lord of all,
Thy ſervants to his bar may call?
Decide of hereſy, and ſhake
A brother o'er the flaming lake?

3 Who, with another's eye, can read?
Or worſhip by another's creed?
Revering thy command alone,
We humbly ſeek and uſe our own.

4 If wrong, forgive; accept, if right,
Whilſt faithful we obey our light;
And, cens'ring none, are zealous ſtill
To follow, as to learn, thy will.

5 When ſhall our happy eyes behold
Thy people, faſhion'd in thy mould?

And charity our lineage prove,
Deriv'd from thee, O God of love?

SCOTT.

Hymn IX. *Long Metre.* [✻]

A Vision of the Lamb.

ALL mortal vanities, be gone;
Nor tempt my eyes, nor tire my ears;
Behold, before th' eternal throne,
A vision of the Lamb appears!

2 Glory his fleecy robe adorns,
Mark'd with the bloody death he bore;
Seven are his eyes, and seven his horns,
To speak his wisdom and his power.

3 Lo! he receives a sealed book
From him that sits upon the throne!
Jesus, my Lord, prevails to look
On dark decrees and things unknown.

4 All the assembling saints around
Fall worshipping before the Lamb;
And in new songs of gospel sound,
Address their honours to his name.

5 Our voices join the heavenly strain,
And with transporting pleasure sing,
Worthy the Lamb that once was slain,
To be our Saviour and our King.

6 Thou hast redeem'd our souls from hell,
With thine inestimable blood;
And wretches who did once rebel,
Are now made servants of their God.

7 Worthy forever is the Lord,
Who dy'd for treasons not his own;
By every tongue to be ador'd,
And reign upon his Father's throne.

WATTS.

Hymn X. *Common Metre.* [*]

The Marriage of the Lamb.

ALL ye who faithful ſervants are
Of our Almighty King,
Both high and low, and ſmall and great,
His praiſe devoutly ſing.

2 Let us rejoice and render thanks
To his moſt holy name;
Rejoice, rejoice, for now is come
The marriage of the Lamb.

3 His bride herſelf has ready made,
How pure and white her dreſs!
This is the ſaint's integrity,
And ſpotleſs holineſs.

4 How happy then is every one,
Who to the marriage feaſt,
And holy ſupper of the Lamb,
Is call'd, a welcome gueſt.

TATE.

Hymn XI. *Particular Metre.* [b]

Submiſſion to the Divine Will.

ALMIGHTY King of heaven above,
Eternal ſource of truth and love,
And Lord of all below,
With reverence and religious fear,
Permit thy ſuppliants to draw near,
And at thy feet to bow.

2 Thy ſovereign *fiat* form'd us firſt;
Thy breath can blow us back to duſt,
Frail, ſinful, mortal clay;
'Tis thine undoubted right to give
Thoſe earthly bleſſings we receive;
And thine to take away.

3 All things are under thy control,
Eternal wiſdom rules the whole,
Educing good from ill;
Submiſſive therefore we reſign,
Our wills are ſwallow'd up in thine,
In thy moſt holy will.

4 In heaven above, thy will is done,
There, angels wait around thy throne,
Thy counſels to obey;
Adoring at thy feet they fall,
Confeſs thee, ſovereign Lord of all,
And own thy powerful ſway.

5 Lord, may we join the heav'nly throng,
May mortals learn th'angelic ſong,
Who dwell beneath the ſun;
May every tongue thy praiſe proclaim,
This be the univerſal theme,
"Jehovah's will be done."

Hymn XII. *Short Metre.* [♯ or ♭]

Humble Praiſe.

ALMIGHTY Maker, God,
How wond'rous is thy name!
Thy glories how diffus'd abroad,
Throughout creation's frame.

2 Nature in every dreſs
Her humble homage pays,
And finds a thouſand ways t' expreſs
Thy goodneſs and thy praiſe.

3 In native white and red,
The roſe and lily ſtand;
And free from pride their beauties ſpread,
To ſhow thy ſkilful hand.

4 The lark mounts up on high
With unambitious ſong,

And bears her Maker's praiſe on high,
Upon her artleſs tongue.

5 My ſoul would riſe and ſing
To her Creator too;
Fain would my tongue adore my King,
And pay the worſhip due.

6 But pride, that buſy ſin,
Spoils all that I perform;
Curs'd pride that creeps ſecurely in,
And ſwells a wretched worm.

7 Create my ſoul anew,
Or all my worſhip's vain;
This ſinful heart will not be true,
Till it be form'd again.

8 In joy then let me ſpend
The remnant of my days;
And to my God my ſoul aſcend,
In ſweet perfume of praiſe.

WATTS.

Hymn XIII. *Common Metre.* [* or ‖]

Holy Fortitude.

AM I a ſoldier of the croſs?
A follower of the Lamb?
And ſhall I fear to own his cauſe,
Or bluſh to ſpeak his name?

2 Muſt I be carried to the ſkies
On flowery beds of eaſe?
Whilſt others fought to win the prize,
And ſail'd through bloody ſeas?

3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Muſt not I ſtem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

4 Sure I muſt fight, if I would reign;
Increaſe my courage, Lord;

I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

5 Thy saints, in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer though they die;
They view the triumph from afar,
And seize it with their eye.

6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thy armies shine
In robes of vict'ry through the skies,
The glory shall be thine.

WATTS.

Hymn XIV. *Long Metre.* [♯ or ♭]

Christ our Example.

AND is the gospel peace and love?
Such let our conversation be;
The serpent blended with the dove,
Wisdom and meek simplicity.

2 Whene'er the angry passions rise,
And tempt our thoughts or tongues to strife;
To Jesus let us lift our eyes,
Bright pattern of the Christian life.

3 O how benevolent and kind!
How mild, how ready to forgive!
Be this the temper of our mind,
And these the rules by which we live.

4 To do his heav'nly Father's will,
Was his employment and delight;
Humility and holy zeal
Shone through his life divinely bright.

5 Dispensing good where'er he came,
The labours of his life were love;
Then, if we bear the Saviour's name,
By his example let us move.

6 But, ah, how blind, how weak we are!
How frail, how apt to turn aſide!
Lord we depend upon thy care,
We aſk thy Spirit for our guide.

7 Thy fair example may we trace,
To teach us what we ought to be;
Make us, by thy transforming grace,
O Saviour, daily more like thee.

Mrs. STEELE.

Hymn XV. *Short Metre.* [♯ or ♭]

Triumph over Death.

AND muſt this body die?
This mortal frame decay?
And muſt theſe active limbs of mine
Lie mould'ring in the clay?

2 Corruption, earth and worms
Shall but refine this fleſh,
Till my triumphant ſpirit comes
To put it on afreſh.

3 Chriſt, my Redeemer, lives,
And often, from the ſkies,
Looks down and watches all my duſt,
Till he ſhall bid it riſe.

4 Array'd in glorious grace,
Shall theſe vile bodies ſhine,
And every ſhape, and every face
Look heavenly and divine.

5 Theſe lively hopes we owe
To Jeſus' dying love;
We would adore his grace below,
And ſing his power above.

6 O Lord, accept the praiſe
Of theſe our humble ſongs,
Till tunes of nobler ſound we raiſe,
With our immortal tongues.

WATTS.

Hymn XVI. *Common Metre.* [* or b]

For the New Year.

AND now, my ſoul, another year
Of my ſhort life is paſt;
I cannot long continue here,
And this may be my laſt.

2 Much of my dubious life is done,
Nor will return again;
And ſwift my paſſing moments run,
The few that yet remain.

3 Awake, my ſoul, with utmoſt care,
Thy true condition learn;
What are thy hopes? how ſure? how fair?
And what thy chief concern?

4 With the new year, which now begins,
Begin thy race for heaven;
Repent of all thy former ſins,
Reform, and be forgiven.

5 Devoutly yield thyſelf to God,
To him thyſelf commend;
With zeal purſue the heavenly road,
Nor doubt a happy end.

Liverpool Collection.

Hymn XVII. *All Sevens Metre.* [*]

The Reſurrection and Aſcenſion of Chriſt.

ANGELS, roll the ſtone away,
Death, give up thy mighty prey;
See! he riſes from the tomb,
Shining in immortal bloom.

2 'Tis the Saviour, angels raiſe
Your triumphant ſong of praiſe;
Let the heavens' remoteſt bound
Hear the joy inſpiring ſound.

3 Now, ye saints, lift up your eyes,
Now to glory see him rise;
Mark his progress through the sky,
To the radiant world on high.

4 Heaven displays her crystal gate;
Enter in thy royal state;
King of glory, mount thy throne,
'Tis thy Father's and thy own.

5 Praise him, all ye heavenly choirs,
Strike with awe your golden lyres;
Shout, O earth, in rapt'rous song,
Let the strains be loud and strong.

6 To the list'ning nations tell,
Sin o'erthrown and vanquish'd hell:
Where is death's once dreaded king!
Where, O monster, is thy sting!

SCOTT.

Hymn XVIII. *Long Metre.* [♯ or ♭]

The Sabbath.

ANOTHER six days' work is done!
Another Sabbath is begun!
Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest,
Improve the day that God has bless'd.

2 Come, praise the Lord, whose love assigns
So sweet a rest to weary minds;
Provides an antepast of heaven,
And gives this day the food of seven.

3 O that our thoughts and thanks may rise
As grateful incense to the skies;
And draw from heaven that sweet repose
Which none but he who feels it knows.

4 This heavenly calm, within the breast,
Is the dear pledge of glorious rest,
Which for the church of God remains,
The end of cares, the end of pains.

5 With joy, great God, thy works we view,
In various ſcenes, both old and new;
With praiſe we think on mercies paſt,
With hope we future pleaſures taſte.

6 In holy duties let the day,
In holy pleaſures paſs away;
The Sabbath thus we love to ſpend,
In hope of one which ne'er ſhall end.

STENNET.

Hymn XIX. *Six Line L. M.* [♯ or ♭]

God's Name proclaimed to Moſes.

ATTEND, my ſoul, the voice divine,
And mark what beaming glories ſhine
Around thy condeſcending God:
To us, he in his word proclaims
His awful, his endearing names;
Attend, and ſound them all abroad.

2 "Jehovah I, the ſov'reign Lord,
The mighty God by heaven ador'd,
Down to the earth my footſteps bend:
My heart the tendereſt pity knows,
Goodneſs full ſtreaming wide o'erflows,
And grace and truth ſhall never end.

3 "My patience long can crimes endure,
My pard'ning love is ever ſure,
When penitential ſorrow mourns:
To millions, through unnumber'd years,
New hope and new delight it bears,
Yet wrath againſt the ſinner burns."

4 Make haſte, my ſoul, the viſion meet,
All proſtrate at Jehovah's feet,
And drink the tuneful accents in.
Speak on, my Lord, repeat the voice,
Diffuſe theſe heart-expanding joys,
Till heav'n complete the rapt'rous ſcene.

DODDRIDGE.

Hymn XX. *Common Metre.* [✻ or ♭]

The new Creation.

ATTEND, whilſt God's exalted Son
Doth his own glories ſhew;
"Behold I ſit upon my throne,
Creating all things new!

2 "Old things are wholly paſs'd away,
And the firſt Adam dies;
My hands a new foundation lay;
See the new world ariſe!

3 "I'll be a Sun of righteouſneſs,
To the new heavens I make;
None but the new born heirs of grace
My glories ſhall partake."

4 Mighty Redeemer, ſet me free
From my old ſtate of ſin;
O make my ſoul alive to thee,
Create new powers within.

5 Renew my eyes, and form my ears,
And mould my heart afreſh;
Give me new paſſions, joys and fears,
And turn the ſtone to fleſh.

6 Far from the regions of the dead,
From ſin and earth and hell,
In the new world which grace hath made,
I would forever dwell.

WATTS.

Hymn XXI. *Long Metre.* [✻ or ♭]

Glory in the Croſs.

AT thy command, our bleſſed Lord,
Here we attend thy dying feaſt;
Thy blood, like wine, adorns thy board,
And thy own fleſh feeds every gueſt.

2 Our faith adores thy bleeding love,
And truſts for life in one that died;
We hope for heavenly crowns above,
From a Redeemer crucified.

3 Let the vain world pronounce its ſhame,
And fling its ſcandals on the cauſe;
We come to boaſt our Saviour's name,
And make our triumph in his croſs.

4 With joy, we tell the ſcoffing age,
He that was dead hath left his tomb;
He lives above their utmoſt rage,
And we are waiting till he come. WATTS.

Hymn XXII. *Common Metre.* [✻]

The Incarnation of the Word.

AWAKE, awake the ſacred ſong
To our incarnate Lord!
Let every heart and every tongue
Adore th' eternal Word.

2 That glorious Word, that ſovereign Power,
By whom the worlds were made,
O happy morn! illuſtrious hour!
Was once in fleſh array'd.

3 Then ſhone Almighty power and love,
In all their glorious forms;
When Jeſus left the world above,
To dwell with ſinful worms.

4 To dwell with miſery below,
The Saviour left the ſkies;
And ſunk to poverty and woe,
That wretched man might riſe.

5 Adoring angels tun'd their ſongs
To hail the joyful day;
With rapture then let mortal tongues
Their grateful homage pay.

6 What glory, Lord, to thee is due!
With wonder we adore;
But could we sing as angels do,
We'd love and praise thee more.

Mrs. STEELE.

Hymn XXIII. *Long Metre.* [b]

Temptation without and within.

AWAKE, my soul, lift up thine eyes,
See how thy foes against thee rise,
In long array, a numerous host;
Awake, my soul, or thou art lost.

2 See how rebellious passions rage,
And fierce desires and lusts engage;
See pleasure's silken banners spread,
And willing souls are captive led.

3 I tread upon enchanted ground,
Perils and snares beset me round;
O let me then guard every part,
But most, the traitor in my heart.

4 O teach thy servant how to wield,
Blest Saviour, thy immortal shield;
Put on thy armour from above,
Of heavenly truth and heavenly love.

5 The terror and the charm repel,
The smiles of earth, the frowns of hell;
The tempter once thou didst subdue,
O make me more than conqueror too.

Mrs. BARBAULD.

Hymn XXIV. *Hallelujah Metre.* [*]

The Lord's Day Morning.

AWAKE, our drowsy souls!
Shake off each slothful band!
The wonders of this day
Our noblest songs demand.

Auſpicious morn, Thy bliſsful rays
Bright ſeraphs hail, In ſongs of praiſe!

3 At thy approaching dawn,
Reluctant death reſign'd
The glorious Prince of life,
In the dark vault confin'd.
Th' angelic hoſt Around him bends,
And, midſt their ſhouts, The Lord aſcends.

3 All hail, triumphant Lord!
Heaven with hoſanna rings;
Whilſt earth, in humbler ſtrains,
Thy praiſe reſponſive ſings.
Worthy art thou, Who once was ſlain,
Through endleſs years To live and reign.

4 Gird on, great King, thy ſword,
Aſcend thy conq'ring car,
Whilſt juſtice, truth and love
Maintain the glorious war.
Victorious thou, Thy foes ſhalt tread,
And ſin and death In triumph lead.

5 Make bare thy potent arm,
And wing th' unerring dart,
With ſalutary pangs,
To each rebellious heart.
Then dying ſouls For life ſhall ſue,
Num'rous as drops Of morning dew.

RIPPON's Collection.

Hymn XXV. *Long Metre.* [✻]

The Chriſtian Race.

AWAKE, our ſouls, away, our fears,
Let ev'ry trembling thought be gone;
Awake and run the heavenly race,
And put a cheerful courage on.

2 True, 'tis a ſtrait and thorny road,
And mortal ſpirits tire and faint;
If they forget the mighty God,
Who feeds the ſtrength of every ſaint.

3 The mighty God, whoſe powerful hand
Has matchleſs works of wonder done;
And ſhall endure, whilſt endleſs years
Their everlaſting circles run.

4 From him, the overflowing ſpring,
Our ſouls ſhall drink a rich ſupply;
Whilſt thoſe who truſt their native ſtrength
Shall melt away, and droop and die.

5 Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
We'll mount aloft to thine abode;
On wings of love our ſouls will fly,
Nor tire amidſt the heavenly road. WATTS.

Hymn XXVI. *Long Metre.* [♯ or ♭]

Benefit of Ordinances.

AWAY from every mortal care,
Away from earth, our ſouls retreat;
We leave this worthleſs world afar,
And wait and worſhip near thy ſeat.

2 Lord, in the temple of thy grace,
We bow before thee and adore;
We view the glories of thy face,
And learn the wonders of thy power.

3 Whilſt here our various wants we mourn,
United prayers aſcend on high;
And faith expects a ſure return
Of bleſſings in variety.

4 If Satan rage, and ſin grow ſtrong,
Here we receive ſome cheering word;
We gird the goſpel armour on,
To fight the battles of the Lord.

5 Here, when our ſpirit faints and dies,
And conſcience ſmarts with inward ſtings;
The Sun of righteouſneſs ſhall riſe,
With healing beams beneath his wings.

6 Here would our raviſh'd ſouls abide;
Or if from hence we muſt depart,
Let neither life nor death divide
Our God and Saviour from our heart.

WATTS, altered.

Hymn XXVII. *Long Metre.* [✻]

The Word made Fleſh.

BEFORE the heavens were ſpread abroad,
From everlaſting was the Word;
With God he was, the Word was God,
And by th' angelic hoſt ador'd.

2 By his great power were all things made,
By him ſupported, all things ſtand;
He is the whole creation's Head,
And angels fly at his command.

3 Ere ſin was born, or Satan fell,
He led the hoſt of morning ſtars!
Thy generation who can tell?
Or count the number of thy years?

4 But lo, he leaves theſe heavenly forms,
The Word deſcends and dwells in clay;
That he may converſe hold with worms,
Dreſs'd in ſuch feeble fleſh as they.

5 Mortals with joy behold his face,
Th' eternal Father's only Son;
How full of truth, how full of grace!
When through his eyes the Godhead ſhone.

6 Arch-angels leave their high abode,
To learn new miſteries here and tell
The love of our deſcending God,
The glories of Emanuel.

WATTS.

Hymn XXVIII. *Common Metre.* [✻]

Faith in the Promiſe of Salvation.

BEGIN, my tongue, ſome heavenly theme,
And ſpeak ſome lofty thing;
The mighty works, or mighty name,
Of our eternal King.

2 Tell of his wond'rous faithfulneſs,
Or ſound his power abroad;
Sing the bleſt promiſe of his grace,
And the performing God.

3 Proclaim ſalvation from the Lord,
To ſinful, dying men;
His hand has writ the ſacred word,
With an unerring pen.

4 Engrav'd as in eternal braſs,
The gracious promiſe ſhines;
Nor ſhall the hand of time eraſe
Thoſe everlaſting lines.

5 Then why theſe doubts and ſad complaints?
If Chriſt and we are one,
The word extends to all the ſaints,
Who humbly love the Son.

6 By faith in this our ſouls have liv'd,
And part of heaven poſſeſs'd;
We'll praiſe him then for grace receiv'd,
And truſt him for the reſt.

WATTS.

Hymn XXIX. *Particular Metre.* [✻]

The Reſurrection and Glory of Chriſt.

BEHOLD! the bright morning appears,
And Jeſus revives from the grave!
His riſing removes all our fears,
And proves him Almighty to ſave.

How ſtrong were his tears and his cries!
The worth of his blood how divine!
How perfect his great ſacrifice,
Who roſe though he ſuffer'd for ſin!

2 The man who was crowned with thorns,
The man who on Calvary died,
The man who bore ſcourging and ſcorn,
Whom ſinners agreed to deride;
Now bleſſed forever is made,
And life has rewarded his pain;
Now glory has crowned his head:
This is the true Lamb that was ſlain!

3 Believing we ſhare in his joy,
By faith we partake of his reſt;
With him we can cheerfully die,
For with him we hope to be bleſt.
'Tis Jeſus, the firſt and the laſt,
Whoſe Spirit ſhall guide us ſafe home;
We'll praiſe him for all that is paſt,
And truſt him for all that's to come!

HART.

Hymn XXX. *Common Metre.* [*]

Praiſe to the Lamb of God.

BEHOLD the glories of the Lamb,
Amidſt the Father's throne!
Prepare new honours for his name,
And ſongs before unknown.

2 Let Elders worſhip at his feet,
The Church adore around;
With vials full of odours ſweet,
With harps of ſweeter ſound.

3 Thoſe are the offer'd prayers of ſaints,
And there the hymns they raiſe;
Jeſus is kind to our complaints,
He loves to hear our praiſe.

4 Now to the Lamb that once was slain,
Be endless blessings paid;
Salvation, glory, joy remain
Forever on thy head.

5 Thou hast redeem'd our souls with blood,
Hast set the pris'ners free;
Hast made us kings and priests to God,
And we shall reign with thee.

6 The worlds of nature and of grace
Are put beneath thy power;
Then shorten these delaying days,
And bring the promis'd hour. WATTS.

Hymn XXXI. *Short Metre.* [X]

The Nativity of Christ.

BEHOLD the grace appears!
The promise is fulfill'd;
Mary, the wond'rous virgin, bears,
And Jesus is the child.

2 To bring the glorious news,
A heavenly form appears;
He tells the shepherds of their joys,
And banishes their fears.

3 "Go, humble swains, said he,
To David's city fly;
The promis'd Infant born to day
Doth in a manger lie.

4 With looks and hearts serene,
Go visit Christ your King."
And strait a flaming choir was seen;
The shepherds heard them sing.

5 "Glory to God on high!
And heavenly peace on earth!
Good will to men, to angels joy,
At the Redeemer's birth!"

6 In worſhip ſo divine,
Let ſaints employ their tongues;
With the celeſtial hoſt we join,
And loud repeat their ſongs.

7 "Glory to God on high!
And heavenly peace on earth!
Good will to men, to angels joy,
At our Redeemer's birth." WATTS.

Hymn XXXII. *Common Metre.* [b]

The Ignorance of Man.

BEHOLD the new born infant griev'd,
With hunger, thirſt and pain!
It cries to have its wants reliev'd,
But knows not to complain.

2 Such childhood yet I muſt confeſs,
Though long in years mature;
Unknowing whence I feel diſtreſs,
And where to ſeek its cure.

3 Author of good! to thee I turn;
Thy ever watchful eye
Alone, can all my wants diſcern,
Thy hand alone ſupply.

4 O let thy fear within me dwell,
Thy love my footſteps guide;
That love ſhall vainer loves expel,
That fear, all fears beſide.

5 And ſince, by error's force ſubdu'd,
My oft miſguided will
Prepoſt'rous ſhuns the latent good,
And graſps the ſpecious ill;

6 Not to my wiſh, but to my want,
Do thou thy gifts apply;
Unaſk'd, what good thou knoweſt, grant,
What ill, though aſk'd, deny.

Hymn XXXIII. *Long Metre.* [♭]

A grave and decent Deportment.

BEHOLD the ſons and heirs of God,
So dearly bought with Jeſus' blood!
Are they not born to heavenly joys?
And ſhall they ſtoop to earthly toys?

2 Can laughter feed th' immortal mind?
Were ſpirits of celeſtial kind
Made for a jeſt, for ſport, for play,
To wear out time and waſte the day?

3 Doth vain diſcourſe or empty mirth
Well ſuit the honours of their birth?
Shall they be fond of gay attire,
Which children love, which fools admire?

4 What if we wear the richeſt veſt?
Peacocks and flies are better dreſt;
This fleſh, with all its gaudy forms,
Muſt drop to duſt and feed the worms.

5 Lord, raiſe our hearts and paſſions higher,
Touch our vain ſouls with ſacred fire;
Then, with a heaven-directed eye,
We'll paſs theſe glittering trifles by.

6 We'll look on all the toys below
With ſuch diſdain as angels do;
And wait the call that bids us riſe,
To manſions promis'd in the ſkies. WATTS.

Hymn XXXIV. *Common Metre.* [✱ or ♭]

The repenting Prodigal.

BEHOLD the wretch, whoſe luſt and wine
Had waſted his eſtate!
He begs a ſhare among the ſwine,
To taſte the huſks they eat.

2 "I die with hunger here, he cry'd,
I ſtarve in foreign lands;

My Father's houſe has large ſupplies,
And bounteous are his hands.

3 I'll go, and with a mournful tongue,
Fall down before his face;
Father, I've done thy juſtice wrong,
Nor can deſerve thy grace."

4 He ſaid, and haſten'd to his home,
To ſeek his Father's love;
The Father ſaw the rebel come,
And all his bowels move.

5 He ran and fell upon his neck,
Embrac'd and kiſs'd his ſon;
The rebel's heart with ſorrow brake,
For follies he had done.

6 "Take off his clothes of ſhame and ſin,
The Father gives command;
Dreſs him in garments white and clean,
With rings adorn his hand.

7 A day of feaſting I ordain,
Let mirth and joy abound;
My ſon was dead, and lives again,
Was loſt, but now is found." WATTS.

Hymn XXXV. *Short Metre.* [※]

Adoption.

BEHOLD, what wond'rous grace
The Father hath beſtow'd
On ſinners of a mortal race,
To call them ſons of God!

2 'Tis no ſurpriſing thing,
That we ſhould be unknown;
The Jewiſh world knew not their King,
God's everlaſting Son.

3 Nor doth it yet appear
How great we ſhall be made;

But when we ſee our Saviour here,
We ſhall be like our Head.

4 A hope ſo much divine
May trials well endure;
May cleanſe our ſouls from ſenſe and ſin,
As Chriſt the Lord is pure.

5 If in our Father's love
We ſhare a filial part,
Send down thy Spirit, like a dove,
To reſt upon our heart.

6 We would no longer lie,
Like ſlaves beneath the throne!
Our faith ſhall Abba, Father, cry,
And thou the kindred own.

WATTS.

Hymn XXXVI. *Long Metre.* [♯ or ♭]

The better Part.

BESET with ſnares, and fill'd with dread,
In life's uncertain path we tread;
Saviour divine, diffuſe thy light,
To guide our doubtful footſteps right.

2 Engage our roving treach'rous heart,
To chooſe the wiſe, the better part;
To ſcorn the trifles of a day,
For joys that never fade away.

3 Then let the fierceſt ſtorms ariſe,
Let tempeſts mingle earth and ſkies;
No fatal ſhipwreck ſhall we fear,
But all our treaſure with us bear.

4 If then our Saviour ſtill be nigh,
Cheerful we live and joyful die;
Secure when mortal comforts flee,
To find a thouſand worlds in thee.

DODDRIDGE.

Hymn XXXVII. *Long Metre.* [✻]

The Beatitudes.

BLEST are the humble ſouls that ſee
Their emptineſs and poverty;
Treaſures of grace to them are given,
And crowns of joy laid up in heaven.

2 Bleſt are the men of broken heart,
Who mourn for ſin with inward ſmart;
The blood of Chriſt divinely flows,
A healing balm for all their woes.

3 Bleſt are the meek who ſtand afar,
From rage and paſſion, noiſe and war;
God will ſecure their happy ſtate,
And plead their cauſe againſt the great.

4 Bleſt are the ſouls that thirſt for grace,
Hunger and long for righteouſneſs;
They ſhall be well ſupplied and fed,
With living ſtreams and living bread.

5 Bleſt are the men whoſe bowels move,
And melt with ſympathy and love;
From Chriſt the Lord, they ſhall obtain
Like ſympathy and love again.

6 Bleſt are the pure, whoſe hearts are clean
From the defiling power of ſin;
With endleſs pleaſure they ſhall ſee
A God of ſpotleſs purity.

7 Bleſt are the men of peaceful life,
Who quench the coals of growing ſtrife;
They ſhall be call'd the heirs of bliſs,
The ſons of God, the God of peace.

8 Bleſt are the ſufferers, who partake
Of pain and ſhame for Jeſus' ſake;
Their ſouls ſhall triumph in the Lord,
Glory and joy are their reward.

Hymn XXXVIII. *Common Metre.*

The Hope of the Reſurrection.

BLEST be the everlaſting God,
The Father of our Lord;
Be his abounding mercy prais'd,
His majeſty ador'd.

2 When from the dead he rais'd his Son,
And call'd him to the ſky;
He gave our ſouls a lively hope,
That they ſhould never die.

3 What, though his uncontroll'd decree
Command our fleſh to duſt?
Yet as the Lord our Saviour roſe,
So all his followers muſt.

4 There's an inheritance divine,
Reſerv'd againſt that day;
'Tis uncorrupted, undefil'd,
And cannot fade away.

5 Saints by the power of God are kept
Till the ſalvation come;
We walk by faith as ſtrangers here,
Till Chriſt ſhall call us home. WATTS.

Hymn XXXIX. *Common Metre.*

Benevolence rewarded.

BLEST is the man whoſe tender heart
Feels all another's pain;
To whom the ſupplicating eye
Was never rais'd in vain.

2 Whoſe breaſt expands with gen'rous warmth,
A ſtranger's woe to feel;
And bleeds in pity o'er the wound
He wants the power to heal.

3 He ſpreads his kind ſupporting arms,
To every child of grief;

His ſecret bounty largely flows,
And brings unaſk'd relief.

4 To gentle offices of love,
His feet are never ſlow;
He views through mercy's melting eye,
A brother in his foe.

5 Peace, from the boſom of his God,
Peace ſhall to him be given;
His ſoul ſhall reſt ſecure on earth,
And find its native heaven.

6 To him protection ſhall be ſhown;
And mercy, from above
Deſcend on thoſe, who thus fulfil
The perfect law of love. Mrs. BARBAULD.

Hymn XL. *Particular Metre.* [✱]

The Goſpel Jubilee.

BLOW ye the trumpet, blow;
The gladly ſolemn ſound
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remoteſt bound,
The year of jubilee is come,
Return, ye ranſom'd ſinners, home.

2 Exalt the Son of God!
The ſin-atoning Lamb;
Redemption, by his blood,
Through every land proclaim;
The year of jubilee is come,
Return, ye ranſom'd ſinners, home.

3 Ye who have ſold for nought
The heritage above,
Shall have it back unbought,
The gift of Jeſu's love.
The year of jubilee is come,
Return, ye ranſom'd ſinners, home.

4 Ye ſlaves of ſin and hell,
Your liberty receive,
And ſafe in Jeſus dwell,
And bleſt in Jeſus live.
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ranſom'd ſinners, home.

5 The goſpel trumpet hear,
The news of pard'ning grace;
Ye happy ſouls, draw near,
Behold your Saviour's face!
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ranſom'd ſinners, home.

6 Jeſus, our great High Prieſt,
Has full atonement made;
Ye weary ſpirits, reſt,
Ye mournful ſouls, be glad.
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ranſom'd ſinners, home.

RIPPON's Collection.

Hymn XLI. *Long Metre.* [♯ or ♭]

The incomprehenſible GOD.

CAN creatures to perfection find
The eternal uncreated Mind?
Or can the largeſt ſtretch of thought
Meaſure and ſearch his nature out?

2 'Tis high as heaven, 'tis deep as hell,
And what can mortals know or tell?
His glory ſpreads beyond the ſky,
And all the ſhining worlds on high.

3 God is a King of power unknown;
Firm are the orders of his throne,
If he reſolve, who dare oppoſe?
Or aſk him why or what he does?

4 He frowns, and darkneſs veils the moon;
The fainting ſun grows dim at noon;

The pillars of heav'n's ſtarry roof
Tremble and ſtart at his reproof.

5 He gave the vaulted heaven its form,
The crooked ſerpent and the worm;
He breaks the billows with his breath,
And ſmites the ſons of pride to death.

6 Theſe are a portion of his ways!
But who ſhall dare deſcribe his face?
Who can endure his light, or ſtand,
To hear the thunders of his hand?

WATTS.

Hymn XLII. *Common Metre.* [♯ or ♭]

God incomprehenſible.

CELESTIAL King, our ſpirits lie,
Trembling beneath thy feet;
And wiſh, and caſt a longing eye,
To reach thy lofty ſeat.

2 In thee, what endleſs wonders meet!
What various glories ſhine!
The dazzling rays too fiercely beat
Upon our fainting mind.

3 Angels are loſt in glad ſurprize,
If thou unveil thy grace;
And humble awe runs through the ſkies,
When wrath arrays thy face.

4 Created powers, how weak they be!
How ſhort our praiſes fall!
So much akin to nothing, we,
And thou, th' eternal All.

5 Lord, here we bend our humble ſouls,
And awfully adore;
For the weak pinions of our minds
Can ſtretch a thought no more.

SMART.

Hymn XLIII. *Long Metre.* [※ or b]

The Presence of God mortifying us to the World.

COME, bleſſed Lord, deſcend and dwell
By faith and love within our breaſt;
Then ſhall we know, and taſte and feel
Such joys as cannot be expreſs'd.

2 Come, fill our hearts with inward ſtrength,
Make our enlarged ſouls poſſeſs,
And learn the height, and breadth, and length,
Of thy unmeaſurable grace.

3 Could we but pierce the veil, and ſee
The glories of th' eternal ſkies,
What little things theſe worlds would be,
How deſpicable in our eyes!

4 Great all in all, eternal King!
Could we but view thy glorious face,
Then all our powers ſhould join to ſing
Thy boundleſs wiſdom and thy grace.

5 Now to the God, whoſe power in heaven
And earth, has works of wonder done,
Be everlaſting honours given,
By all the church, through Chriſt his Son.

WATTS.

Hymn XLIV. *Common Metre.* [※]

Praiſe to God and the Lamb.

COME, let us join our cheerful ſongs
With angels round the throne;
Ten thouſand thouſands are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
"To be exalted thus;"
"Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,
"For he was ſlain for us."

3 Jeſus is worthy to receive
Honour and power divine;
And bleſſings, more than we can give,
Be, Lord, forever thine.

4 Let all that dwell above the ſky,
And air, and earth, and ſeas,
Conſpire to lift thy glories high,
And ſpeak thine endleſs praiſe.

5 The whole creation join in one,
To bleſs the ſacred name
Of Him who ſits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb. WATTS.

Hymn XLV. *Common Metre.* [✻]

The Joys of Heaven.

COME, Lord, and warm each languid heart,
Inſpire each lifeleſs tongue;
And let the joys of heaven impart
Their influence to our ſong.

2 Sorrow and pain and every care,
And diſcord there ſhall ceaſe;
And perfect joy and love ſincere
Adorn the realms of peace.

3 The ſoul, from ſin forever free,
Shall mourn its power no more;
But, cloth'd in ſpotleſs purity,
Redeeming love adore.

4 There, on a throne, how dazzling bright
Th' exalted Saviour ſhines,
And beams ineffable delight
On all the heavenly minds.

5 There ſhall the foll'wers of the Lamb
Join in immortal ſongs;
And endleſs honours to his name
Employ their tuneful tongues.

6 Lord, tune our hearts to praiſe and love,
Our feeble notes inſpire;
Till, in thy bliſsful courts above,
We join th' angelic choir. Mrs. STEELE.

Hymn XLVI. *Long Metre.* [♯ or ♭]

Weary Souls invited to Reſt.

COME, weary ſouls, with ſin diſtreſs'd,
Come and accept the promis'd reſt;
The Saviour's gracious call obey,
And caſt your gloomy fears away.

2 Oppreſs'd with guilt, a painful load,
O come, and ſpread your woes to God;
Divine compaſſion, mighty love,
Will all the painful load remove.

3 Here mercy's boundleſs ocean flows,
To cleanſe your guilt, and heal your woes;
Pardon and life and endleſs peace,
How rich the gift, how free the grace!

4 Lord, we accept with thankful heart
The hope thy gracious words impart;
We come with trembling, yet rejoice,
And bleſs the kind inviting voice.

5 Great Saviour, let thy powerful love
Confirm our faith, our fears remove;
May that ſweet influence in our breaſt,
Prepare us for thy heavenly reſt.

Mrs. STEELE.

Hymn XLVII. *Short Metre.* [♯]

Heavenly Joy on Earth.

COME, we that love the Lord,
And let our joys be known;
Join in a ſong with ſweet accord,
And thus ſurround the throne.

2 Let thoſe refuſe to ſing,
Who never knew our God;
But children of the heavenly King
May ſpeak their joys abroad.

3 This heavenly King is ours,
Our Father and our Love;
He will ſend down his heavenly powers,
To raiſe our ſouls above.

4 There, we ſhall ſee his face,
And never, never ſin;
There, from the rivers of his grace,
Drink endleſs pleaſures in.

5 Yes, and before we riſe
To that immortal ſtate,
The thought of ſuch amazing bliſs
Should conſtant joys create.

6 Then let our ſongs abound,
And every tear be dry!
We're marching through Emanuel's ground,
To fairer worlds on high.

WATTS.

Hymn XLVIII. *Common Metre.* [✻]

Chriſt the King of Saints.

COME, ye that love the Saviour's name,
And joy to make it known;
The Sovereign of your heart proclaim,
And bow before his throne.

2 Behold your King, your Saviour, crown'd
With glories all divine;
And tell the wond'ring nations round,
How bright theſe glories ſhine.

3 Infinite power and boundleſs love
In him unite their rays;

You that his heavenly influence prove,
Can you forbear his praiſe?

4 When in his earthly courts we view
The glories of our King,
We long to love as angels do,
And wiſh like them to ſing.

5 And ſhall we long and wiſh in vain?
Lord, teach our ſongs to riſe;
Thy love can animate the ſtrain,
And bid it reach the ſkies.

6 O happy period! glorious day!
When heaven and earth ſhall raiſe,
With all their powers, the raptur'd lay,
To celebrate thy praiſe. Mrs. STEELE.

Hymn XLIX. *Common Metre.* [*]

The happy End of the Chriſtian Courſe.

DEATH may diſſolve my body now,
And bear my ſpirit home;
Why do my minutes move ſo ſlow,
Nor my ſalvation come?

2 With heav'nly weapons I have fought
The battles of the Lord;
Finiſh'd my courſe, and kept the faith,
And wait the ſure reward.

3 God has laid up in heav'n for me,
A crown which cannot fade;
The righteous Judge, at that great day,
Shall place it on my head.

4 Nor hath the King of grace decreed
This prize for me alone;
But all who hope and long to ſee
Th' appearance of his Son.

5 Jeſus, the Lord, ſhall guard me ſafe
From every ill deſign;

And to his heavenly kingdom keep
This feeble ſoul of mine.

6 God is my everlaſting aid,
My portion and my friend;
To him be higheſt glory paid,
Through ages without end.

WATTS, altered.

Hymn L. *Long Metre.* [b]

Chriſt the Phyſician of the Soul.

DEEP are the wounds which ſin has made;
Where ſhall the ſinner find a cure?
In vain, alas, is Nature's aid,
The work exceeds her utmoſt power.

2 Sin, like a raging fever, reigns
With fatal ſtrength in every part;
The dire contagion fills the veins,
And ſpreads its poiſon to the heart.

3 But can no ſov'reign balm be found?
And is no kind phyſician nigh,
To eaſe the pain, and heal the wound,
Ere life and hope forever fly?

4 Yes, there's a great Phyſician near;
Look up, my fainting ſoul, and live!
See, in his heav'nly ſmiles appear
Such help as nature cannot give!

5 See, in the Saviour's dying blood,
Life, health and bliſs abundant flow!
'Tis only that dear ſacred flood
Can eaſe thy pain and heal thy woe.

6 Sin throws in vain its pointed dart,
For here a ſov'reign cure is found;
A cordial for the fainting heart,
A balm for every painful wound.

MRS. STEELE.

Hymn LI. *Long Metre.* [♯ or ♭]

The Sight of Christ in Heaven.

DESCEND, ye hosts of angels bright,
And bear us on your guardian wings,
Through regions of celestial light,
Above the reach of earthly things.

2 Beyond this curtain of the sky,
Up where eternal ages roll!
Where solid pleasures never die,
And fruits immortal feast the soul.

3 O for a beatific sight
Of our Almighty Father's throne!
There sits our Saviour, crown'd with light,
Cloth'd with a body like our own.

4 Adoring saints around him stand,
And heav'nly powers before him fall;
The God shines gracious through the man,
And sheds bright glories on them all.

5 What joys unspeakable they feel!
Whilst to their golden harps they sing;
And echo from each heav'nly hill,
The glorious triumphs of their King.

6 O may the happy day draw nigh,
When we shall rise to realms above;
To join the music of the sky,
And celebrate redeeming love.

WATTS, altered.

Hymn LII. *Common Metre.* [♯ or ♭]

Ardent Love to Christ.

DO not I love thee, O my Lord?
Behold my heart and see;
And turn each worthless idol out,
That dares to rival thee.

2 Is not thy name melodious ſtill
To my enraptur'd ear?
Doth not my pulſe with pleaſure beat,
My Saviour's voice to hear?

3 Haſt thou a lamb in all thy flock
I would diſdain to feed?
Haſt thou a foe, before whoſe face
I fear thy cauſe to plead?

4 Would not my ardent ſpirit vie
With angels round thy throne,
To execute thy ſacred will,
And make thy glory known?

5 Would not my heart pour out its blood,
In honour of thy name?
And challenge the cold hand of death
To damp th' immortal flame?

6 Thou know'ſt I love thee, O my Lord;
But how I long to ſoar
Above the ſphere of mortal joys,
And learn to love thee more! DODDRIDGE.

Hymn LIII. *Long Metre.* [✻ or ♭]

Chriſtian Privileges and Obligations.

DOST thou my worthleſs name record,
Free of thy holy city, Lord?
Am I a ſinner, call'd to ſhare
The precious privileges there?

2 Art thou my King, my Father ſtyl'd?
And I thy ſervant and thy child?
Whilſt many of the human race
Are aliens from thy Zion's grace?

3 Lo, wretched millions draw their breath,
In lands of ignorance and death!
But I enjoy my ſhare of time,
Within thy goſpel's favour'd clime,

4 Shall I receive this grace in vain?
Shall I my great vocation ſtain?
Away, ye works in darkneſs wrought!
Away, each ſenſual, wanton thought!

5 My ſoul, I charge thee to excel,
In thinking right, and acting well;
Deep let thy ſearching powers engage,
Unbias'd in the ſacred page.

6 Heighten the force of good deſire,
To deeds of ſhining worth aſpire;
More firm in fortitude, deſpiſe
The world's ſeducing vanities.

7 Strong and more ſtrong, thy paſſions rule,
Advancing ſtill in virtue's ſchool;
Contending ſtill, with noble ſtrife,
To imitate thy Saviour's life. SCOTT.

Hymn LIV. *Long Metre.* [*]

The only living and true GOD.

(Pſalm 86.)

ETERNAL God, almighty Cauſe
Of earth and ſea and worlds unknown;
All things are ſubject to thy laws,
All things depend on thee alone.

2 Thy glorious being ſingly ſtands,
Of all within itſelf poſſeſt;
Controll'd by none are thy commands;
Thou from thyſelf alone art bleſt.

3 To thee alone ourſelves we owe,
To thee alone our homage pay;
All other gods we diſavow,
Deny their claims, renounce their ſway.

4 In thee, O Lord, our hope ſhall reſt,
Fountain of peace and joy and love!

Thy favour only makes us bleſt ;
Without thee, all would nothing prove.

5 Worſhip to thee alone belongs,
Worſhip to thee alone we give ;
Thine be our hearts and thine our ſongs,
And to thy glory we would live.

6 Spread thy great name through heathen lands,
Their idol deities dethrone ;
Subdue the world to thy commands,
And reign, as thou art, God alone.

BROWN.

Hymn LV. *Common Metre.* [b]

The Conſolations of Age.

ETERNAL God, enthron'd on high,
Whom angel hoſts adore ;
Who yet to ſuppliant duſt art nigh,
Thy preſence I implore.

2 O guide me down the ſteep of age,
And keep my paſſions cool ;
Teach me to ſcan the ſacred page,
And practiſe every rule.

3 My flying years, time urges on,
My ſtrength muſt ſoon decay ;
My friends, my youth's companions gone,
Can I expect to ſtay ?

4 Can I exemption plead, when death
Projects his awful dart ?
Can med'cines then prolong my breath,
Or cordials ſhield my heart ?

5 But thou canſt cheer my mortal hour,
On thee my hope depends ;
Support me by Almighty power,
While duſt to duſt deſcends.

6 Then let my soul, O gracious God,
Ascend to realms of day;
And, in that sacred blest abode,
Its endless anthems pay.

7 Throughout the heaven's remotest bound
Thy matchless love proclaim;
And join the choir of saints that sound
Their great Redeemer's name.

B. WILLIAMS's Collection.

Hymn LVI. *Long Metre.* [✻]

Preserving Goodness.

ETERNAL God, I bless thy name,
The fame thy pow'r, thy grace the fame;
The tokens of thy friendly care
Open and close and crown the *year.*

2 Supported by thy guardian hand,
Amidst ten thousand deaths I stand;
And see, when I survey thy ways,
Ten thousand monuments of praise.

3 Thus far thy arm has led me on,
Thus far I make thy mercy known;
And whilst I tread this desert land,
New mercies shall new songs demand.

4 My grateful voice on Jordan's shore
Shall raise one sacred pillar more;
Then bear in thy bright courts above,
Inscriptions of immortal love.

DODDRIDGE.

Hymn LVII. *Common Metre.* [✻]

Joy and Gratitude.

ETERNAL Love! how large the sum
Of blessings from thy hand!
To banish sorrow and be blest
Is thy supreme command.

2 Joy is our duty, glory, health,
The ſunſhine of the ſoul;
The beſt return that we can make
To him who plans the whole. YOUNG.

3 Whatever, Lord, of earthly bliſs
Thy ſov'reign will denies,
Accepted at thy throne of grace,
Let this petition riſe:

4 Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The bleſſings of thy grace impart,
And make me live to thee.

5 Let the bleſt hope that thou art mine
My life and death attend;
Thy preſence through my journey ſhine,
And crown my journey's end.
RIPPON's Collection.

Hymn LVIII. *Long Metre.* [✱]

God exalted above all Praiſe.

ETERNAL Power, whoſe high abode
Becomes the grandeur of the God,
Extending far beyond the bounds
Where ſtars revolve inferior rounds.

2 The loweſt ſtep beneath thy ſeat
Riſes too high for Gabriel's feet;
In vain the tall arch-angel tries
To reach its height, with wond'ring eyes.

3 Thy dazzling glory whilſt he ſings,
He hides his face behind his wings,
And ranks of thrones and powers around,
Fall proſtrate on the heav'nly ground.

4 Lord, what ſhall earth and aſhes do!
We would adore our Maker too;

From loweſt duſt to thee we cry,
The great, the holy, and the high.

5 Earth from afar hath heard thy fame,
And men have learn'd to liſp thy name;
But the full glories of thy mind
Leave all our ſoaring thoughts behind.

6 God is in heaven, and men below;
Be ſhort our hymns, our words be few;
A ſacred reverence checks our ſongs,
And praiſe is ſilent on our tongues.

WATTS.

Hymn LIX. *Long Metre.* [✻]

Divine Goodneſs.

ETERNAL Source of every joy!
Well may thy praiſe our lips employ;
Whilſt in thy temple we appear,
Thy goodneſs crowns the circling year.

2 Wide as the earth and planets roll,
Thy hand ſupports and cheers the whole;
By thee, the ſun is taught to riſe,
And darkneſs when to veil the ſkies.

3 The flowery ſpring, at thy command,
Embalms the air and paints the land;
The ſummer rays with vigour ſhine,
To raiſe the corn and cheer the vine.

4 Seaſons and months and weeks and days
Demand ſucceſſive hymns of praiſe;
Still be the cheerful homage paid,
With morning light and evening ſhade.

5 O, may our more harmonious tongues,
In worlds unknown, purſue the ſongs,
And in thoſe brighter courts adore,
Where days and years revolve no more.

Liverpool Collection.

Hymn LX. *Long Metre.* [✻]

The Influences of the Divine Spirit.

ETERNAL Spirit, we confeſs,
And ſing the wonders of thy grace!
Thy power conveys the bleſſings down
From God the Father and his Son.

2 Enlighten'd by thy heavenly ray,
Our ſhades and darkneſs turn to day;
Thy inward teachings make us know
Our danger and our refuge too.

3 Thy gentle influence works within,
And breaks the chains of reigning ſin;
Doth our imperious luſts ſubdue,
And forms our wretched hearts anew.

4 The troubled conſcience knows thy voice,
It makes the broken heart rejoice;
Thy words allay the ſtormy wind,
And calm the ſurges of the mind.

WATTS.

Hymn LXI. *Common Metre.* [✻]

Creating Wiſdom.

ETERNAL Wiſdom! thee we praiſe,
Thee, all thy creatures ſing;
With thy great name, rocks, hills and ſeas
And heaven's high arches ring.

2 Thy hand, how wide it ſpread the ſky!
How glorious to behold!
Ting'd with a blue of heavenly dye,
And ſtarr'd with ſparkling gold.

3 There doſt thou make the globes of light
Their endleſs circles run;
There, the pale planets rule the night,
And day obeys the ſun.

4 The roaring winds ſtand ready there,
Thy orders to obey:
With ſpreading wings, they ſweep the air,
To make thy chariot way.

5 The rolling mountains of the deep
Obſerve thy ſtrong command;
Thy breath can raiſe the billows ſteep,
Or ſink them to the ſand.

6 Thy glories blaze all nature round,
And ſtrike our feeble ſight,
Through ſkies and ſeas and ſolid ground,
With terror and delight.

7 Infinite ſtrength and equal ſkill
Shine through the worlds abroad;
Our ſouls with vaſt amazement fill,
And ſpeak the builder, God.

WATTS.

Hymn LXII. *Long Metre.* [X]

Chriſt exalted a Prince and a Saviour.

EXALTED Prince of life, we own
The royal honours of thy throne;
'Tis fix'd by God's almighty hand,
And ſeraphs bow at thy command.

2 Exalted Saviour, we confeſs
The ſovereign triumphs of thy grace;
Where beams of gentle radiance ſhine,
And temper majeſty divine.

3 Wide thy reſiſtleſs ſceptre ſway,
Till all thy enemies obey;
Wide may thy croſs its virtue prove,
And conquer millions by thy love.

4 Mighty to vanquiſh and forgive!
Thine Iſrael ſhall repent and live;

And loud proclaim thy healing breath,
Which gives them life, who wrought thy death.

DODDRIDGE.

Hymn LXIII. *Common Metre.* [♯ or ♭]

Walking by Faith.

FAITH is the brighteſt evidence
Of things beyond our ſight;
It pierces through the veil of ſenſe,
And dwells in heav'nly light.

2 It ſets time paſt in preſent view,
Brings diſtant proſpects home;
Of things a thouſand years ago,
Or thouſand years to come.

3 By faith we know the world was made
By God's almighty word;
We know the heavens and earth ſhall fade,
And be again reſtor'd.

4 Abrah'm obey'd the Lord's command,
From his own country driven;
By faith he ſought a promis'd land,
But found his reſt in heaven.

5 Thus through life's pilgrimage we ſtray,
The promiſe in our eye;
By faith we walk the narrow way,
That leads to joy on high.

Altered from WATTS.

Hymn LXIV. *Long Metre.* [♯ or ♭]

Preparation for religious Worſhip.

FAR from my thoughts, vain world, be gone,
Let my religious hours alone;
From fleſh and ſenſe I would be free,
And hold communion, Lord, with thee.

2 My heart grows warm with holy fire,
And kindles with a pure desire
To see thy grace, to taste thy love,
And feel thine influence from above.

3 When I can say that God is mine;
When I can see thy glories shine;
I tread the world beneath my feet,
And all that men call rich and great.

4 Send comfort down from thy right hand,
To cheer me in this barren land!
And in thy temple let me know
The joys that from thy presence flow.

Altered from WATTS

Hymn LXV. *Common Metre.* [✠]

The Success of the Gospel.

FATHER, is not thy promise sure
To thy exalted Son?
That through the nations of the earth
Thy word of life shall run!

2 "Ask and receive the heathen lands
For thine inheritance,
And to the world's remotest ends
Thy empire shall advance."

3 Hast thou not said, the blinded Jews
Shall their Redeemer own?
Whilst Gentiles to his standard crowd,
And bow before his throne?

4 Are not all kingdoms, tribes and tongues,
Beneath the arch of heaven,
To the dominion of thy Son,
Without exception, given?

5 From east to west, from north to south,
Then be his name ador'd;

Let earth with all its millions ſhout
Hoſanna to the Lord.

RIPPON'S Collection.

Hymn LXVI. *Common Metre.* [♯ or ♭]

The Lord's Prayer.

FATHER of all! Eternal Mind!
Thou great and good alone!
Thy children form'd and bleſs'd by thee,
Approach thy ſacred throne.

2 Thy name in hallow'd ſtrains be ſung!
We join the ſolemn praiſe;
To thy great name, with heart and tongue,
Our cheerful homage raiſe.

3 Thy righteous, mild and equal reign,
Let every being own;
And in our minds, thy work divine,
Erect thy gracious throne.

4 As angels, round thy ſeat above,
Thy bleſt commands fulfil;
So may thy creatures, here below,
Perform thy heav'nly will.

5 On thee, we day by day depend,
Our daily wants ſupply;
And feed with truth and virtue pure,
Our ſouls which never die.

6 Extend thy grace to every fault,
And let thy love forgive;
Teach us divine forgiveneſs too,
Nor let reſentment live,

7 Where tempting ſnares beſet the way,
Permit us not to tread;
Avert the threat'ning evil near,
From our unguarded head.

8 Thy ſacred name we thus adore,
And bow before thy throne;
For kingdom, power and glory, Lord,
Belong to thee alone. Liverpool Coll.

Hymn LXVII. *Common Metre.* [*]

The Univerſal Prayer.

FATHER of all! whoſe cares extend
To earth's remoteſt ſhore;
Through every age let praiſe aſcend,
And every clime adore.

2 Yet not to earth's contracted ſpan,
Thy goodneſs let me bound;
Or think thee Lord alone of man,
When thouſand worlds are round.

3 To thee, whoſe preſence fills all ſpace,
The earth, the air, the ſkies;
One chorus let all beings raiſe,
All nature's incenſe riſe!

4 Father of all! whoſe tender care
Does every want ſupply;
To thee I pour the fervent prayer,
And raiſe the filial eye.

5 What bleſſings thy free bounty gives
Let me not caſt away;
Who gratefully enjoys and lives,
Does the beſt homage pay.

6 Save me alike from fooliſh pride,
Or impious diſcontent;
At aught thy wiſdom has deny'd,
Or aught thy goodneſs lent.

7 Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the faults I ſee;
That mercy I to others ſhow,
That mercy ſhow to me.

8 Let not this weak unknowing hand
Preſume thy bolts to throw,
And deal deſtruction round the land,
On each I judge thy foe.

9 If I am right, thy grace impart,
Still in the right to ſtay;
If I am wrong, O teach my heart
To find that better way.

10 This day, be bread and peace my lot;
But, all beneath the ſun,
Thou know'ſt if beſt beſtow'd or not;
Then let thy will be done.

Altered from POPE.

Hymn LXVIII. *Common Metre.* [♯ or ♭]

Prudence.

FATHER of light! conduct my feet
Through life's dark, dangerous road;
Let each advancing ſtep ſtill bring
Me nearer to my God.

2 Let heav'n ey'd prudence be my guide,
And when I go aſtray,
Recal my feet from folly's path,
To wiſdom's better way.

3 Teach me in ev'ry various ſcene
To keep my end in ſight;
And whilſt I tread life's mazy track,
Let wiſdom guide me right.

4 That heavenly wiſdom from above
Abundantly impart;
And let it guard, and guide, and warm,
And penetrate my heart.

5 Till it ſhall lead me to thyſelf,
Fountain of bliſs and love;

And all my darkneſs be diſpers'd,
In endleſs light above. SMART.

Hymn LXIX. *Long Metre.* [*]

Praiſe for Rain and fruitful Seaſons.

FATHER of light! we ſing thy name,
Who made the ſun to rule the day:
Wide as he ſpreads his golden flame,
His beams thy power and love diſplay.

2 Fountain of good! from thee proceed
The copious ſhowers of genial rain;
Which, o'er the hill and through the mead,
Revive the graſs and ſwell the grain.

3 Through the wide world thy bounties ſpread;
Yet thouſands of our guilty race,
Though by thy daily goodneſs fed,
Tranſgreſs thy law, abuſe thy grace.

4 Not ſo, ſhall our forgetful hearts
O'erlook the tokens of thy care;
But, what thy liberal hand imparts,
Receive with praiſe, and aſk in prayer.

5 So ſhall the ſun more grateful ſhine,
And ſhowers in welcome drops ſhall fall;
When all our hearts and lives are thine,
And thou, our God, enjoy'd in all.

6 Jeſus! our brighter Sun, ariſe,
In plenteous ſhowers, thy Spirit ſend,
Earth then ſhall grow to Paradiſe;
And in celeſtial Eden end.

DODDRIDGE.

Hymn LXX. *Long Metre.* [*]

At the Ordination of a Miniſter.

FATHER of mercies! in thy houſe
We pay our homage and our vows;

Whilſt with a grateful heart we ſhare
Theſe pledges of our Saviour's care.

2 The Saviour, when to heav'n he roſe,
In ſplendid triumph o'er his foes,
Scatter'd his gifts on men below,
And wide his royal bounties flow.

3 Hence ſprang th' *Apoſtle's* honour'd name,
Sacred beyond heroic fame;
Hence dictates the *prophetic* ſage,
And hence the *evangelic* page.

4 In lower forms to bleſs our eyes,
Paſtors from hence and *Teachers* riſe;
Who, though with feebler rays they ſhine,
Still mark a long extended line.

5 From Chriſt their varied gifts derive,
And, fed by him, their graces live;
Whilſt guarded by his potent hand,
Amidſt the rage of hell they ſtand.

6 So ſhall the bright ſucceſſion run,
Through all the courſes of the ſun;
Whilſt unborn churches, by their care,
Shall riſe and flouriſh large and fair.

7 Jeſus, our Lord, their hearts ſhall know
The ſpring whence all theſe bleſſings flow;
Paſtors and people ſhout his praiſe,
Through the long round of endleſs days.

DODDRIDGE.

Hymn LXXI. *Common Metre.* [*]

The Excellency and Sufficiency of the Scriptures.

FATHER of mercies! in thy word
What endleſs glory ſhines!
Forever be thy name ador'd,
For theſe celeſtial lines.

2 Here may the wretched ſons of want
Exhauſtleſs riches find;
Treaſures beyond what earth can grant,
And laſting as the mind.

3 Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,
And yields a free repaſt;
Sublimer fruits than nature knows,
Invite the longing taſte.

4 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heav'nly peace around;
And life and everlaſting joys
Attend the bliſsful ſound.

5 O may theſe heavenly pages be
Our ſtudy and delight;
And ſtill new beauties may we ſee,
And ſtill increaſing light.

6 Divine inſtructor, gracious Lord,
Be thou forever near;
Teach us to love thy ſacred word,
And view our Saviour there.

Mrs. STEELE.

Hymn LXXII. *Common Metre.* [♯ or ♭]

Love to our Neighbour.

FATHER of mercies! ſend thy grace,
All powerful, from above,
To form, in our obedient ſouls,
The image of thy love.

2 O may our ſympathiſing breaſts
That generous pleaſure know;
Kindly to ſhare another's joy,
And weep for others' woe.

3 Whene'er the helpleſs ſons of want
In low diſtreſs are laid,

Soft be our hearts their pains to feel,
And ſwift our hands to aid.

4 So Jeſus look'd on wretched man,
When ſeated in the ſkies;
Amidſt the glories of that world,
He felt compaſſion riſe.

5 On wings of love the Saviour flew,
To raiſe us from the ground;
And ſhed his rich and precious blood,
A balm for every wound.

DODDRIDGE.

Hymn LXXIII. *Long Metre.* [♯ or ♭]

Humility.

FOLLY builds high upon the ſand;
But lowly let my baſis be;
Firm as a rock, my hope ſhall ſtand,
Deep founded in humility.

2 Content, when threat'ning ills obtrude,
Sweet meek ey'd patience arm my ſoul;
And let a prudent fortitude
Teach me my paſſions to control.

3 My God, I long to know thee ſtill,
To love and fear and truſt thee more;
To live ſubmiſſive to thy will,
And whilſt I feel thy grace, adore.

4 My faith and love, obedient be,
O Saviour, to thy juſt commands!
My ardent ſoul ſtill follows thee,
And truſts her intereſt in thy hands.

5 Let love and mercy all divine,
Juſtice deſcending from the ſkies,
Kindneſs and truth my heart incline
Still to forgive my enemies.

6 Thus may I act the Chriſtian part,
The ſocial, humane and divine;
Whilſt a wiſe zeal inſpires my heart,
Then ſhall I know that heaven is mine.

SMART.

Hymn LXXIV. *Common Metre.* [✻ or ♭]

Abraham's Bleſſing extended to the Gentiles.

GENTILES by nature, we belong
To the wild olive wood;
Grace took us from the barren tree,
And grafts us on the good.

2 With the ſame bleſſings, grace endows
The Gentile as the Jew!
If pure and holy be the root,
Such are the branches too.

3 Then let the children of the ſaints
Be ſanctify'd to God;
In that great covenant, confirm'd
By water and by blood.

4 Thus to the parents, and their ſeed,
Shall thy ſalvation come;
And numerous houſeholds meet at laſt
In one eternal home.

WATTS.

Hymn LXXV. *Long Metre.* [✻]

The Excellency of the Goſpel.

GOD, in the goſpel of his Son,
Makes his eternal counſels known;
And ſinners of a humble frame
May taſte his grace, and learn his name.

2 Wiſdom its dictates here imparts,
To form our minds, to cheer our hearts;
Its influence makes the ſinner live,
It bids the drooping ſaint revive.

3 Our raging paſſions it controls,
And comfort yields to contrite ſouls;
It guides us all our journey through,
And brings a better world to view.

4 May this bleſt volume ever lie
Cloſe to my heart, and near my eye;
To life's laſt hour my ſoul employ,
And fit me for the heav'nly joy.

BEDDOME.

Hymn LXXVI. *Common Metre.* [♯ or ♭]

Sincerity and Hypocriſy.

GOD is a Spirit, juſt and wiſe,
He ſees our inmoſt mind;
In vain to heav'n we raiſe our eyes,
And leave our hearts behind.

2 Nothing but truth before his throne
With honour can appear;
The painted hypocrites are known,
Through the diſguiſe they wear.

3 Their liſted hands ſalute the ſkies,
Their bended knees the ground;
But God abhors the ſacrifice
Where not the heart is found.

4 Lord, ſearch my thoughts, and try my ways,
And make my ſoul ſincere;
Then ſhall I ſtand before thy face,
And find acceptance there.

WATTS.

Hymn LXXVII. *Long Metre.* [♯ or ♭]

Redeeming Time.

GOD of eternity, from thee
Did infant time its being draw;
Minutes and days and months and years
Revolve by thy unvaried law.

2 Silent and ſlow they glide away;
Steady and ſtrong the current flows;
Till loſt in that unmeaſur'd ſea,
From which its being firſt aroſe.

3 The thoughtleſs ſons of Adam's race
Upon the rapid ſtream are borne;
To that unſeen, eternal home,
From which no travellers return.

4 Yet whilſt the ſhore, on either ſide,
Preſents a gaudy, flattering ſhow;
We gaze, in fond amazement loſt,
Nor think to what a world we go.

5 Great Source of wiſdom, teach our hearts
To know the price of every hour;
That time may bear us on to joys,
Beyond its meaſure and its power.

Reformed Liturgy.

Hymn LXXVIII. *Long Metre.* [*]

Gratitude for all Things.

GOD of my life, my thanks to thee
Shall, like my debts, continual be;
In conſtant ſtreams thy bounty flows,
Nor end, nor intermiſſion knows.

2 From thee, my comforts all ariſe,
My num'rous wants thy hand ſupplies;
Nor can I need or wiſh for more
Than thou canſt furniſh from thy ſtore.

3 If what I aſk, my God denies,
It is becauſe he's good and wiſe;
And what for evils I miſtake,
He can my greateſt bleſſings make.

4 Deep, Lord, upon my thankful breaſt,
Let all thy goodneſs be impreſs'd;

Diſpoſe me, each revolving day,
For daily gifts my praiſe to pay.

5 In praiſe I'll ſpend my lateſt breath;
Then yield it to the call of death,
In hope that thou my fleſh wilt raiſe,
To celebrate thy deathleſs praiſe.

BROWN, with Addition.

Hymn LXXIX. *Long Metre.* [*]

Unceaſing Praiſe.

GOD of my life, through all its days
My grateful tongue ſhall ſound thy praiſe;
The ſong ſhall wake with dawning light,
And warble to the ſilent night.

2 When anxious cares would break my reſt,
And grief would tear my throbbing breaſt,
Thy tuneful praiſes rais'd on high,
Shall check the murmur and the ſigh.

3 When death o'er nature ſhall prevail,
And all the powers of language fail,
Joy through my feeble eyes ſhall break,
And *mean* thoſe thanks I cannot ſpeak.

4 But when the final conflict's o'er,
My ſpirit chain'd to fleſh no more;
With what glad accents ſhall I riſe
To join the muſic of the ſkies!

5 Soon ſhall I learn th' exalted ſtrains,
Which echo through the heavenly plains;
And emulate, with joy unknown,
The glowing ſeraphs round thy throne.

6 This cheerful tribute will I give,
Long as a deathleſs ſoul can live;
A work ſo vaſt, a theme ſo high,
Demands a whole eternity.

Hymn LXXX. *Common Metre.* [♯ or ♭]

The Myſteries of Providence.

GOD moves in a myſterious way,
His counſels to perform?
He marks his footſteps on the ſea,
And rides upon the ſtorm.

2 Deep, in unfathomable mines
Of never failing ſkill,
He treaſures up his bright deſigns,
And works his ſov'reign will.

3 Let fearful ſaints freſh courage take;
The clouds they ſo much dread
Are big with mercy, and ſhall break
In bleſſings on their head.

4 Judge not the Lord by feeble ſenſe,
But truſt him for his grace;
Behind a frowning Providence,
He hides a ſmiling face.

5 His purpoſes will ripen faſt,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taſte,
But ſweet will be the flower.

6 Blind unbelief is ſure to err,
And ſcan his work in vain;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

COWPER.

Hymn LXXXI. *Common Metre.* [♯ or ♭]

Divine Providence, and the Folly of ſelf Dependence.

GOD reigns; events in order flow,
Man's induſtry to guide;
But in a different channel go,
To humble human pride.

2 The swift, not always in the race,
Shall win the crowning prize;
Not always wealth and honour grace
The labours of the wise.

3 Fond mortals do themselves beguile,
When on themselves they rest;
Blind is their wisdom, vain their toil,
By thee, O Lord, unblest.

4 'Tis ours, the furrows to prepare,
And sow the precious grain;
'Tis thine to give the sun and air,
And to command the rain.

5 Evil and good before thee stand,
Their mission to perform;
The sun shines bright at thy command;
Thy hand directs the storm.

6 In all thy ways, we humbly own
Thy providential power;
Entrusting to thy care alone,
The lot of every hour. SCOTT.

Hymn LXXXII. *Long Metre.* [♯ or ♭]

The Fear of God.

GREAT Author of all nature's frame,
Holy and reverend is thy name;
Thou, Lord of life and Lord of death,
Worlds rise and vanish at thy breath.

2 Nations in thine all-seeing eye
Are less than nothing, vanity;
Against thee, who shall lift his hand?
Before thy terrors who can stand?

3 But blest are they, O gracious Lord,
Who fear thy name, and hear thy word!
With such thy dwelling is, on those,
Thy peace its joy divine bestows.

4 Thy wiſdom guides, thy power defends
Their life, till life its journey ends;
Death ſhall convey them to thy ſeat,
Where all thy ſaints in glory meet.

5 O that my ſoul with awful ſenſe
Of thy tranſcendent excellence,
May cloſe the day, the day begin,
Watchful againſt each darling ſin.

6 Never, O never from my heart
May this great principle depart;
But act with unabating power,
Within me to my lateſt hour. SCOTT.

Hymn LXXXIII. *Long Metre.* [¥]

The Divine Goodneſs imitated.

GREAT Author of the immortal mind,
For nobleſt thoughts and views deſign'd;
Make me deſirous to expreſs
The image of thy holineſs.

2 Whilſt I thy boundleſs love admire,
Grant me to catch the ſacred fire;
Thus ſhall my heav'nly birth be known,
And as thy child, thou wilt me own.

3 Father, I ſee thy ſun ariſe,
To cheer thy friends and enemies;
And when from heaven thy rain deſcends,
Thy bounty both alike befriends.

4 Enlarge my ſoul with love like thine,
My mortal powers by grace refine;
So ſhall I feel another's woe,
And freely feed a hungry foe.

5 I hope for pardon through thy Son,
For all the crimes which I have done;
Then may the grace that pardons me,
Conſtrain me to forgive like thee.

RIPPON's Collection.

Hymn LXXXIV. *Hallelujah Metre.* [*]

The Houſe of Prayer.

GREAT Father of mankind,
We bleſs that wond'rous grace,
Which could for Gentiles find,
Within thy courts, a place.
How kind the care
Our God diſplays,
For us to raiſe
A houſe of prayer!

2 Once we were ſtrangers here,
But now approach the throne;
For Jeſus brings us near,
And makes our cauſe his own.
Strangers no more,
To thee we come;
And find our home,
And reſt ſecure.

3 To thee our ſouls we join,
And love thy ſacred name;
No more our own, but thine,
We triumph in thy claim.
Our Father, King,
Thy cov'nant grace
Our ſouls embrace,
Thy glories ſing.

4 Here in thy houſe we feaſt
On dainties all divine;
And whilſt ſuch food we taſte,
With joy our faces ſhine.
Incenſe ſhall riſe
From flames of love,
And God approve
The ſacrifice.

5 May all the nations throng,
To worſhip in thy houſe;
Wilt thou attend the ſong,
And hear their ardent vows!
Indulgent ſtill,
Till earth conſpire
To join the choir,
On Zion's hill. DODDRIDGE.

Hymn LXXXV. *Common Metre.* [*]

Creation and Providence.

GREAT firſt of beings, mighty Lord
Of all this wond'rous frame;
Produc'd by thy creating word,
The world from nothing came.

2 Thy voice ſent forth the high command,
'Twas inſtantly obey'd;
And through thy goodneſs all things ſtand,
Which by thy power were made.

3 Thy glories ſhine throughout the whole,
Each part reflects thy light;
By thee, in courſe, the planets roll,
And day ſucceeds the night.

4 By thee, the ſun diſpenſes heat,
And beams of cheering day;
The diſtant ſtars in order ſet,
By night, thy power diſplay.

5 By thee, the earth its produce yields;
By thee, the waters flow;
And various plants adorn the fields,
And trees aſpiring grow.

6 Inſpir'd with praiſe, our minds purſue
This wiſe and noble end;
And all we think, and all we do
Shall to thy honour tend.

Liverpool Collection.

Hymn LXXXVI. *Long Metre.* [♯ or ♭]

Man changeable, and God unchangeable.

GREAT Former of this various frame,
Our ſouls adore thine awful name;
We bow with rev'rence, when we praiſe
The Ancient of eternal days.

2 Beyond the reach of angels' ſight,
Thou dwell'ſt in uncreated light;
It ſhines with undiminiſh'd ray,
Whilſt ſuns and ſtars ſhall paſs away.

3 Our days a tranſient period run,
And change with every circling ſun;
Ev'n in the firmeſt ſtate we boaſt,
Thy hand can cruſh us to the duſt.

4 But let all nature fall around;
Let death conſign us to the ground;
Let the laſt general flame ariſe,
Conſume the earth, diſſolve the ſkies;

5 Calm as the ſummer evening, we
Shall all the wreck of nature ſee;
Whilſt grace ſecures us an abode,
Unſhaken as the throne of God.

DODDRIDGE.

Hymn LXXXVII. *Long Metre.* [♯ or ♭]

The Sun of Righteouſneſs.

GREAT God, amidſt the darkſome night
Thy glories dart upon my ſight,
Whilſt wrapt in wonder I behold
The ſilver moon and ſtars of gold.

2 But when I ſee the SUN ariſe,
And pour his glory round the ſkies,
In more ſtupendous form I view
Thy greatneſs and thy glory too.

3 Thou Sun of Righteouſneſs, whoſe light
O'erwhelms the higheſt angel's ſight,
How ſhall I glance my eye at thee,
In all thy vaſt immenſity!

4 Yet may I be allow'd to trace
The diſtant ſhadow of thy face;
As in the pale reflecting moon
We ſee the image of the ſun.

5 In every work thy hands have made,
Thy power and wiſdom are diſplay'd;
But O! What glories all divine,
In my exalted Saviour ſhine!

6 May I enjoy like thoſe above,
The gentle influence of his love;
Enable me my courſe to run,
With the ſame vigour as the ſun.

STENNET.

Hymn LXXXVIII. *Com. Metre.* [♯ or ♭]

The Spreading of the Goſpel.

GREAT God, the nations of the earth,
Are by creation thine;
And in thy works by all beheld,
Thy power and glory ſhine.

2 But thy compaſſion, Lord, has ſent
Thy goſpel to mankind;
Unveiling what rich ſtores of grace
Are treaſur'd in thy mind.

3 Lord, when ſhall theſe glad tidings ſpread
The ſpacious earth around,
Till every tribe, and every ſoul
Shall hear the joyful ſound?

4 O When ſhall *Afric's* ſable ſons
Enjoy the heavenly word;
And long in ſlav'ry held, become
The freemen of the Lord?

5 When ſhall the ſavage wandering tribes,
A dark bewilder'd race,
Sit down at our Immanuel's feet,
And learn his ſaving grace?

6 Haſte, ſovereign mercy, and transform
Their cruelty to love;
Soften the tyger to a lamb,
The vulture to a dove.

7 Smile, Lord, on each ſincere attempt
To ſpread the Goſpel's rays;
And build in every heathen land
A temple to thy praiſe. RIPPON'S Col.

Hymn LXXXIX. *Common Metre.* [b]

Truſt in God.

GREAT Source of boundleſs power and grace!
Attend my mournful cry;
In the dark hour of deep diſtreſs,
To thee alone I fly,

2 Thou art my ſtrength, my life, my ſtay;
Aſſiſt my feeble truſt;
Drive theſe diſtreſſing fears away,
And raiſe me from the duſt.

3 Fain would I call thy grace to mind,
And truſt thy glorious name;
Jehovah powerful, wiſe, and kind,
Forever is the ſame.

4 Thy preſence, Lord, can cheer my heart,
When earthly comforts die;
Thy voice can bid my pains depart,
And raiſe my pleaſures high.

5 Here let me reſt, on thee depend,
My God, my hope, my all;
Be thou my everlaſting friend,
And I ſhall never fall. SMART.

Hymn XC. *Long Metre.* [※]

Praise for common Mercies.

GREAT Source of life, our souls confess
The various riches of thy grace;
Crown'd with thy mercies, we rejoice,
And in thy praise exalt our voice.

2 By thee, heaven's shining arch was spread;
By thee, were earth's foundations laid;
All the delights of our abode,
Proclaim the wise, the powerful God.

3 Thy tender hand restores our breath,
When trembling on the verge of death;
Gently it wipes away our tears,
And lengthens life to future years.

4 These lives are sacred to the Lord,
By thee upheld, by thee restor'd;
And whilst our hours renew their race,
Still we would walk before thy face.

5 So, when our souls by thee are led
Through unknown regions of the dead,
With joy triumphant they shall move
To seats of nobler life above.

DODDRIDGE.

Hymn XCI. *Long Metre.* [※ or ♭]

Religion vain without Love.

HAD I the tongues of Greeks and Jews,
And nobler speech than angels use;
If love be absent, I am found,
Like tinkling brass, an empty sound.

2 Were I inspir'd to preach, and tell
All that is done in heaven and hell;
Or could my faith the world remove,
Still I am nothing, without love.

3 Should I diſtribute all my ſtore,
To feed the hungry, clothe the poor;
Or give my body to the flame,
To gain a martyr's glorious name;

4 If love to God, and love to men
Be abſent, all my hopes are vain;
Nor tongues, nor gifts, nor fiery zeal
The work of love can e'er fulfil.

WATTS.

Hymn XCII. *Common Metre.* [✻]

The God of Nature.

HAIL, King ſupreme! all wiſe and good
To thee our thoughts we raiſe;
Whilſt nature's lovely charms, diſplay'd,
Inſpire our ſouls with praiſe.

2 At morning, noon and evening mild,
Thy works engage our view;
And as we gaze, our hearts exult
With tranſports ever new.

3 Thy glory beams in every ſtar
Which gilds the gloom of night;
And decks the riſing face of morn
With rays of cheering light.

4 Th' aſpiring hill, the verdant lawn,
With thouſand beauties ſhine;
The vocal grove and cooling ſhade
Proclaim thy power divine.

5 From tree to tree, a conſtant hymn
Employs the feather'd throng;
To thee, their cheerful notes they ſwell,
And chant their grateful ſong.

6 Great nature's God! ſtill may theſe ſcenes
Our ſerious hours engage;
Still may our wondering eyes peruſe
Thy works' inſtructive page.

Hymn XCIII. *Particular Metre.* [*]

Praiſe to our Redeemer.

HAIL, thou once deſpiſed Jeſus!
Thou didſt free ſalvation bring;
By thy death thou didſt releaſe us
From the tyrant's deadly ſting.

2 Hail, thou agonizing Saviour,
Bearer of our ſin and ſhame!
By thy merits we find favour,
Life is given through thy name.

3 Paſchal Lamb, by God appointed,
All our ſins on thee were laid;
Great High Prieſt by God anointed,
Thou haſt full atonement made!

4 Contrite ſinners are forgiven,
Through the virtue of thy blood;
Open'd is the gate of heaven,
Peace is made with man and God.

5 Jeſus hail! enthron'd in glory,
There forever to abide;
All the heavenly hoſts adore thee,
Seated at thy Father's ſide.

6 There for ſinners thou art pleading,
There thou doſt our place prepare;
Ever for us interceding,
Till in heaven we appear.

7 Glory, honour, power and bleſſing,
Thou art worthy to receive;
Loudeſt praiſes, without ceaſing,
Meet it is for us to give.

8 Help, ye bright angelic ſpirits,
Lend your loudeſt, nobleſt lays;
Join to ſing our Saviour's merits,
And to celebrate his praiſe.

Hymn XCIV. *Common Metre.* [✻ or b]

Early Religion.

HAPPY is he, whoſe early years
Receive inſtruction well;
Who hates the ſinner's path, and fears
The road that leads to hell.

2 Our youth, devoted to the Lord,
Is pleaſing in his eyes;
A flower when offer'd in the bud
Is no vain ſacrifice.

3 'Tis eaſier work, if we begin
To fear the Lord betimes;
While ſinners, who grow old in ſin,
Are harden'd in their crimes.

4 It ſaves us from a thouſand fears,
To mind religion young;
With joy it crowns ſucceeding years,
And renders virtue ſtrong.

5 To thee, almighty God, to thee,
Our hearts we now reſign;
'Twill pleaſe us to look back and ſee
That our whole lives were thine.

6 We'll do thy work, we'll ſpeak thy praiſe,
Whilſt we have life and breath;
Thus we're prepar'd for longer days,
Or fit for early death. WATTS.

Hymn XCV. *Long Metre.* [✻]

The Glory and Defence of the Church.

HAPPY the Church! thou ſacred place,
The ſeat of thy Creator's grace!
Thy holy courts are his abode,
Thou earthly palace of our God.

2 Thy walls are ſtrength, and at thy gates
A guard of heav'nly angels waits;
Nor ſhall thy deep foundations move,
Built on the counſels of his love.

3 Thy foes in vain deſigns engage,
Againſt thy walls in vain they rage;
Like riſing waves, with anger roar,
That daſh and die upon the ſhore.

4 Then let our ſouls in Zion dwell,
Nor fear the power of earth or hell;
Since God defends this happy ground,
Like brazen bulwarks built around.

5 God is our ſun, God is our ſhield,
Light and protection he will yield;
And we, beneath the genial rays,
Will ſing his love, and ſpeak his praiſe.

WATTS.

Hymn XCVI. *Common Metre.* [✻]

Chriſtian Moderation.

HAPPY the man whoſe cautious ſteps
Still keep the golden mean;
Whoſe life, by wiſdom's rules well form'd,
Declares a conſcience clean.

2 Not of himſelf he highly thinks,
Nor acts the boaſter's part;
His modeſt tongue the language ſpeaks
Of his more humble heart.

3 Not in baſe ſcandal's arts he deals,
For truth is in his breaſt;
With grief, he ſees his neighbour's faults,
And thinks and hopes the beſt.

4 What bleſſings bounteous Heaven beſtows,
He takes with thankful heart;
With temp'rance he receives his food,
And gives the poor a part.

5 To ſect and party, his large ſoul
Diſdains to be confin'd;
The good he loves, of every name,
And prays for all mankind.

6 Pure is his zeal, the offſpring fair
Of truth and peaceful love;
The bigot's rage can never dwell
Where reſts the heavenly dove.

NEEDHAM.

Hymn XCVII. *Common Metre.* [※]

Love to God.

HAPPY the mind where graces reign,
And love inſpires the breaſt!
Love is the brighteſt of the train,
And ſtrengthens all the reſt.

2 Knowledge, alas! 'tis all in vain,
And all in vain our fear;
Our ſtubborn ſins will fight and reign,
If love be abſent there.

3 'Tis love that makes our cheerful feet
In ſwift obedience move;
Affliction's bitter cup is ſweet,
When mix'd with heavenly love.

4 Soon as we drop this mortal clay,
And leave this dark abode,
On wings of love we'll ſoar away,
To ſee our Father, God.

5 This is the grace that lives and ſings,
When faith and hope ſhall ceaſe;
'Tis this ſhall ſtrike our joyful ſtrings,
In realms of endleſs peace.

WATTS, varied.

Hymn XCVIII. *Common Metre.* [✱]

The Bleſſedneſs of departed Saints.

HARK! from on high a ſolemn voice,
Let all attentive hear!
'Twill make each pious heart rejoice,
And vanquiſh every fear.

2 "Thrice bleſſed are the pious dead,
Who in the Lord ſhall die;
Their weary fleſh, as on a bed,
Safe in the grave ſhall lie.

3 "Their holy ſouls at length releas'd,
To heaven ſhall take their flight;
There to enjoy eternal reſt,
And infinite delight.

4 "They drop each load as they aſcend,
And quit this world of woe;
Their labours with their lives ſhall end;
Their reſt, no period know.

5 "Their conflicts with their buſy foes
For evermore ſhall ceaſe;
None ſhall their happineſs oppoſe,
Nor interrupt their peace.

6 "But bright rewards ſhall recompenſe
Their faithful ſervice here;
And perfect love ſhall baniſh thence
Each gloomy doubt and fear."

Liverpool Collection.

Hymn XCIX. *Common Metre.* [♭]

A Funeral Thought.

HARK! from the tombs, a mournful ſound,
My ears attend the cry:
"Ye living men, come view the ground
Where you muſt ſhortly lie."

2 "Princes, this clay muſt be your bed,
In ſpite of all your towers!
The tall, the wiſe, the reverend head
Muſt lie as low as ours."

3 Great God! is this our certain doom?
And are we ſtill ſecure?
Still walking downward to the tomb,
And yet prepare no more?

4 Grant us the power of quick'ning grace,
To fit our ſouls to fly;
Then, when we drop this dying fleſh,
We'll riſe above the ſky.

WATTS.

Hymn C. *Short Metre.* [※ or b]

The Voice of Wiſdom.

HARK! it is Wiſdom's voice
That ſpreads itſelf around;
Come hither, all ye ſons of earth,
And liſten to the ſound.

2 What, though ſhe ſpeaks rebukes,
That pierce the ſoul with ſmart?
Yet love through all her chaſt'nings runs,
By pain to mend the heart.

3 "Ye who have wander'd long
In ſin's deſtructive ways,
Return, return, at my reproof,
And ſeize the offer'd grace.

4 "I know your ſouls are weak,
And all your efforts vain,
To overcome your mighty foes,
And break their iron chain.

5 "But, I will freely ſend
My Spirit from above,

To arm you with ſuperior ſtrength,
And melt your hearts to love.

6 "Come, whilſt my offers laſt,
Ye ſinners, and be wiſe;
He lives who hears this friendly call,
But he that ſlights it, dies."

DODDRIDGE.

Hymn CI. *Common Metre.* [✱]

The Saviour's Commiſſion.

HARK, the glad ſound! The Saviour comes!
The Saviour promis'd long;
Let every heart prepare him room,
And every voice a ſong.

2 On him, the Spirit, largely pour'd,
Exerts his ſacred fire;
Wiſdom and power, and zeal and love
His holy breaſt inſpire.

3 He comes, from thickeſt films of vice,
To clear the mental ſight;
And on the eye-balls of the blind
To pour celeſtial light.

4 He comes, the broken heart to heal,
The bleeding ſoul to cure;
And with the treaſures of his grace
T' enrich the humble poor.

5 He comes, the priſ'ners to releaſe,
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of braſs before him burſt;
The iron fetters yield.

6 His ſilver trumpet loud proclaims
The Lord's accepted year;
Our debts are all remitted now;
Our heritage is clear.

7 Our glad hoſannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome ſhall proclaim;
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name.

DODDRIDGE.

Hymn CII. *Common Metre.* [✻]

The Chriſtian Warrior animated.

HARK! 'tis our heavenly Leader's voice,
From the bright realms above!
Amidſt the war's tumultuous rage,
A voice of power and love.

2 "Maintain the fight, my faithful band,
Nor fear the mortal blow;
He that in ſuch a warfare dies,
Shall ſpeedy victory know.

3 "I have my days of combat known,
And in the duſt was laid;
But now I ſit upon my throne,
And glory crowns my head.

4 "This throne, this glory ſhall be yours,
My hands the crown ſhall give;
And you the bleſt reward ſhall ſhare,
Whilſt God himſelf ſhall live."

5 Lord, 'tis enough, our ſouls are fir'd
With courage and with love;
Vain are th' aſſaults of earth and hell,
Our hopes are fix'd above.

6 We'll trace the footſteps thou haſt trod,
To triumph and renown;
Nor ſhun thy combat and thy croſs,
May we but wear thy crown.

Altered from DODDRIDGE.

Hymn CIII. *Common Metre.* [♭]

Walking in Darkneſs, and truſting in God.

HEAR, gracious God, my humble moan,
To thee I breathe my ſighs;
When will the tedious night be gone?
And when the dawn ariſe?

2 My God! O could I make the claim,
My Father and my Friend!
And call thee mine, by every name
On which thy ſaints depend!

3 By every name of power and love,
I would thy grace entreat;
Nor ſhould my humble hope remove,
Nor leave thy ſacred ſeat.

4 Yet though my ſoul in darkneſs mourns,
Thy word is all my ſtay;
Here will I reſt till light returns,
Thy preſence makes my day.

5 Speak, Lord, and bid celeſtial peace
Relieve my aching heart;
Thy love can make my ſorrow ceaſe,
And all the gloom depart.

6 Then ſhall my drooping ſpirit riſe,
And bleſs thy healing rays;
And change theſe deep complaining ſighs
To ſongs of ſacred praiſe.

MRS. STEELE.

Hymn CIV. *Common Metre.* [✱]

The Angels' Song at the Birth of Chriſt.

HIGH let us ſwell our tuneful notes,
And join th' angelic ſong;
For ſuch a theme does leſs to them,
Than to the ſaints belong.

2 Good will is ſhown to ſinful men,
And peace on earth is given;
For lo! the promis'd Saviour comes,
With meſſages from heaven.

3 Mercy and truth, in ſweet accord,
His riſing beams adorn;
Juſtice and peace in concert join,
Now ſuch a child is born.

4 Glory to God! in higheſt ſtrains,
In higheſt worlds be paid;
His glory by our lips proclaim'd,
And by our lives diſplay'd.

5 When ſhall we reach thoſe happy realms,
Where Chriſt exalted reigns!
And learn of the celeſtial choir
Their own immortal ſtrains!

DODDRIDGE.

Hymn CV. *Common Metre.* [*]

The Reſurrection and Aſcenſion of Chriſt.

HOSANNA! to the Prince of life,
Who cloth'd himſelf in clay;
Enter'd the gloomy ſhades of death,
And roſe to endleſs day.

2 Death is no more the King of dread,
Since our Immanuel roſe;
He took the monſter's ſting away,
And cruſh'd our helliſh foes.

3 See how the Conqueror mounts aloft,
And to his Father flies!
With ſcars of honour in his fleſh,
And triumph in his eyes.

4 There our exalted Saviour reigns,
A Prieſt upon his throne;
And to ſupply his place on earth,
He ſent his Spirit down.

5 Raiſe your devotion, mortal tongues,
To reach that bleſt abode;
Let heaven and earth with praiſe reſound
To the immortal God.

Altered from WATTS.

Hymn CVI. *Common Metre.* [✻]

Preſervation at Sea and in foreign Countries.

HOW are thy ſervants bleſt, O Lord,
How ſure is their defence!
Eternal Wiſdom is our guide,
Our help Omnipotence.

2 In foreign realms and lands remote,
Supported by thy care;
Through burning climes we paſs unhurt,
And breathe infected air.

3 Thy mercy ſweetens every ſoil;
Makes every region pleaſe;
The hoary frozen hills it warms,
And ſmoothis the boiſterous ſeas.

4 Think, O my ſoul, devoutly think,
How with affrighted eyes,
Thou ſaw'ſt the wide extended deep,
In all its horrors riſe.

5 Confuſion dwelt in every face,
And fear in every heart;
When waves on waves, and gulphs in gulphs
O'ercame the pilot's art.

6 Yet then, from all my griefs, O Lord,
Thy mercy ſet me free;
Whilſt, in the confidence of prayer,
My hope repos'd on thee.

7 The ſtorm was laid, the winds retir'd,
Obedient to thy will;
The ſea that roar'd at thy command,
At thy command was ſtill.

8 In midſt of dangers and of death,
Thy goodneſs I'll adore;
I'll praiſe thee for thy mercies paſt;
And humbly hope for more.

(ſuppoſed) ADDISON.

Hymn CVII. *Short Metre.* [%]

Bleſſings of the Goſpel.

HOW beauteous are their feet,
Who ſtand on Zion's hill;
Who bring ſalvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal!

2 How charming is their voice!
How glad the tidings are!
Zion behold thy Saviour king,
He reigns and triumphs here!

3 How happy are our ears,
That hear this joyful ſound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And ſought, but never found!

4 How bleſſed are our eyes,
That ſee this heavenly light!
Prophets and kings deſir'd it long,
But dy'd without the ſight.

5 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ;
Jeruſalem breaks forth in ſongs,
And deſarts learn the joy.

6 The Lord makes bare his arm,
Through all the earth abroad;
Let every nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God.

WATTS.

Hymn CVIII. *Short Metre.* [♯ or ♭]

Fatherly Diſcipline received with Meekneſs.

HOW gracious and how wiſe
Is our chaſtiſing God!
How rich the bloſſoms and the fruit
Of his correcting rod.

2 He takes it in his hand,
With pity in his heart;
That every ſtroke his children feel
May grace and peace impart.

3 Inſtructed thus, we bow,
And own thy ſov'reign ſway;
We turn our erring footſteps back
To thy forſaken way.

4 Thy promis'd love we ſeek,
And ſtrengthen all the bands,
Which cloſer ſtill engage our hearts
To honour thy commands.

5 Our Father, we conſent
To diſcipline divine;
And bleſs the pains, which make our ſouls
Still more completely thine.

DODDRIDGE.

Hymn CIX. *Common Metre.* [♯]

The Song of Moſes and the Lamb.

HOW great thy works, almighty God!
Who ſhall not fear thy name!
How juſt and true are all thy ways,
Thou Son of God, the Lamb!

2 More haſt thou done than Moſes did,
Our prophet, prieſt and king;
From ſin thou haſt redeem'd our ſouls,
And from death's poiſonous ſting.

3 In the Red Sea, by Moſes' hand,
Th' Egyptian hoſt was drown'd;
But, in thy blood, our ſouls are cleans'd,
And guilt no more is found.

4 When through the deſart Iſrael went,
With manna they were fed;
But thou haſt giv'n thy fleſh to eat,
And call'd it living bread.

5 Moſes beheld the promis'd land,
Yet never reach'd the place;
But thou ſhalt bring thy followers home,
To ſee thy Father's face.

6 Thy lofty praiſe, O King of ſaints,
Shall every nation ſing;
To thee ſhall Jew and Gentile race
Their humble offerings bring.

7 No parting wall ſhall intervene;
But, with united ſoul,
Their voice ſhall join in ſongs of praiſe,
Whilſt endleſs ages roll.

Altered from WATTS.

Hymn CX. *Common Metre.* [✻]

The Safety of the Church.

HOW honourable is the place
Where we adoring ſtand!
Zion, the glory of the earth,
And beauty of the land!

2 Bulwarks of mighty grace defend
The city where we dwell;
The walls, of ſtrong ſalvation made,
Defy th' aſſaults of hell.

3 Lift up the everlaſting gates,
The doors wide open fling;

Enter, ye nations, who obey
The ſtatutes of our King.

4 Here ſhall you taſte unmingled joys,
And live in perfect peace;
You, who have known Jehovah's name,
And taſted of his grace.

5 Truſt in the Lord, forever truſt,
And baniſh all your fears;
Strength in the Lord Jehovah dwells,
Eternal as his years.

WATTS.

Hymn CXI. *Common Metre.* [✻]

The Bleſſings of Abraham.

HOW large the promiſe, how divine,
To Abrah'm and his ſeed!
"I'll be a God to thee and thine,
Supplying all their need."

2 The words of thy extenſive love
From age to age endure;
The Angel of the cov'nant proves
And ſeals the bleſſings ſure.

3 Jeſus the ancient faith confirms,
To our great fathers given;
He takes young children in his arms,
And calls them heirs of heaven.

4 Our God! How faithful are his ways!
His love endures the ſame;
Nor from the promiſe of his grace,
Blots out the children's name.

WATTS.

Hymn CXII. *Common Metre.* [✻]

The Reſurrection.

HOW long ſhall death the tyrant reign,
And triumph o'er the juſt!

Whilſt the rich blood of martyrs ſlain,
Lies mingled with the duſt!

2 Let faith ariſe and climb the hills,
The Saviour to deſcry;
To view his diſtant chariot wheels,
And tell how faſt they fly.

3 Lo, faith beholds the ſcatter'd ſhades!
The dawn of heaven appears!
And the bright morning gently ſpreads
Its bluſhes round the ſpheres.

4 Faith ſees the Lord of glory come,
His flaming guards around!
The ſkies divide to make him room,
His trumpet ſhakes the ground.

5 She hears the voice, "ye dead, ariſe!"
She ſees the graves obey!
And waking ſaints, with joyful eyes,
Salute th' expected day.

6 They leave the duſt, and on the wing
Surmount the yielding air;
In ſhining garments meet their King,
And bow before him there.

7 O! may we then among them ſtand,
Cloth'd in celeſtial white;
The meaneſt place at his right hand
Gives infinite delight.

WATTS.

Hymn CXIII. *Common Metre.* [※ or ♭]

Pardoning Mercy.

1 HOW oft, alas! this wretched heart
Has wander'd from the Lord!
How oft my erring thoughts depart,
Forgetful of thy word!

2 Yet sov'reign mercy cries "return,"
Lord, at thy call, I come;
My vile ingratitude I mourn,
O take the wanderer home.

3 And canst thou, wilt thou yet forgive;
And all my crimes remove?
And shall a pardon'd rebel live,
To speak thy wondrous love?

4 Almighty grace, thy healing power
How glorious! how divine!
That can to life and bliss restore
So vile a heart as mine!

5 Thy pard'ning love, forever free,
With rapture I adore;
Lord, I devote myself to thee,
And long to love thee more.

Mrs. STEELE.

Hymn CXIV. *Long Metre.* [*]

The Gospel Feast.

HOW rich are thy provisions, Lord!
Thy table furnish'd from above;
The fruits of life o'erspread the board;
The cup o'erflows with heavenly love.

2 Thine ancient family, the Jews,
Were first invited to the feast!
We humbly take what they refuse,
And Gentiles thy salvation taste.

3 We are the poor, the blind, the lame,
And help was far and death was nigh;
Yet, at the gospel call, we came,
And every want receiv'd supply.

4 From the highway that leads to hell,
From paths of darkness and despair,

Lord, we are come with thee to dwell,
Glad to enjoy thy preſence here.

5 What ſhall we pay our heavenly Friend,
Who left the ſky, his bleſt abode,
And did to this low earth deſeend,
To bring us wanderers back to God?

6 Our everlaſting love is due
To him, who pity'd ſinners loſt!
And paid our ranſom, when he knew
His precious life muſt be the coſt.

WATTS.

Hymn CXV. *Common Metre.* [✻]

Rich Treaſure in earthen Veſſels.

HOW rich thy bounty, King of kings!
Thy favours how divine!
The bleſſings which thy goſpel brings,
How ſplendidly they ſhine!

2 Gold is but droſs, and gems but toys,
Should gold and gems compare;
How mean! when ſet againſt thoſe joys
Thy pooreſt ſervants ſhare.

3 Yet all theſe treaſures of thy grace
Are lodg'd in urns of clay,
And the weak ſons of mortal race
Th' immortal gifts convey.

4 Feebly they liſp thy glories forth,
Yet grace the victory gives;
Quickly they moulder back to earth,
Yet ſtill the goſpel lives.

5 Such wonders power divine effects;
Such trophies God can raiſe;
His hand from crumbling duſt erects
His monuments of praiſe.

Saliſbury Collection.

Hymn CXVI. *Common Metre.* [b]

The Frailty and Folly of Man.

HOW ſhort and haſty is our life!
How vaſt our ſouls' affairs!
Yet fooliſh mortals vainly ſtrive
To laviſh out their years.

2 Our days run thoughtleſsly along,
Without a moment's ſtay;
Juſt like a ſtory or a ſong,
We paſs our lives away.

3 God from on high invites us home,
But we march heedleſs on;
And ever haſtening to the tomb,
Stoop downwards as we run.

4 Draw us, O God, with ſov'reign grace,
And lift our thoughts on high;
That we may end this mortal race,
And ſee ſalvation nigh.

WATTS.

Hymn CXVII. *Common Metre.* [* or b]

God's Juſtice and Power. Job ix. 2, 10.

HOW ſhould the ſons of Adam's race
Be juſt before their God!
If he contend in righteouſneſs,
We fall beneath his rod.

2 To vindicate my words and thoughts,
I'll make no vain pretence;
Not one of all my num'rous faults
Can bear a juſt defence.

3 Strong is his arm, his heart is wiſe,
What vain preſumers dare
Againſt their Maker's power to riſe,
And impious war declare!

4 Mountains, by his almighty wrath,
From their old ſeats are torn;
He ſhakes the pillars of the earth,
And all the nations mourn.

5 Through the wide air, the mighty rocks
Are ſwift as hail-ſtones thrown;
Whilſt *Etna* pours with horrid ſhocks,
Her melted entrails down.

6 He bids the ſun forbear to riſe,
Th' obedient ſun forbears;
His hand with darkneſs ſpreads the ſkies,
And ſeals up all the ſtars.

7 He walks upon the ſtormy ſea,
And rides upon the wind;
No fleſh can trace his wond'rous way,
Nor his dark footſteps find.

8 Yet, mighty God, thy ſov'reign grace
Sits regent on the throne,
The refuge of thy choſen race,
When wrath comes ruſhing down.

WATTS, varied.

Hymn CXVIII. *Com. Metre.* [♯ or ♭]

The Goſpel Feaſt.

HOW ſweet and awful is the place,
With Chriſt within the doors;
Here everlaſting love diſplays
The choiceſt of her ſtores!

2 Whilſt all our hearts and all our ſongs
Join to admire the feaſt;
Each of us ſay, with thankful tongues,
"Lord why was I a gueſt?

3 "Why was I made to hear thy voice,
And enter whilſt there's room,
When thouſands make a wretched choice,
And rather ſtarve than come?"

4 'Twas the ſame love that ſpread the feaſt,
Which gently drew us in;
Or we had ſtill refus'd to taſte,
And periſh'd in our ſin.

5 Pity the nations, O our Lord,
Compel the Jews to come;
Send thy victorious word abroad,
And bring thy people home.

6 We long to ſee thy churches full,
That all the choſen race
May, with one voice, and heart and ſoul,
Sing thy redeeming grace.

WATTS.

Hymn CXIX. *Particular Metre.* [✱]

The Beauties of the Spring.

HOW ſweetly along the gay mead
The daiſies and cowſlips are ſeen!
The flocks, as they careleſsly feed,
Rejoice in the beautiful green!

2 The vines that encircle the bowers,
The herbage that ſprings from the ſod,
Trees, plants, cooling fruits and ſweet flowers,
All riſe to the praiſe of my God.

3 Shall man, the great maſter of all,
The only inſenſible prove?
Forbid it, fair gratitude's call,
Forbid it, devotion and love.

4 The Lord who ſuch wonders can raiſe,
And ſtill can deſtroy with a nod,
My lips ſhall inceſſantly praiſe,
My ſoul ſhall rejoice in my God.

Hymn CXX. *Long Metre.* [♯ or ♭]

Juſtice.

IF high or low our ſtation be,
Of noble or ignoble name;
By uncorrupt integrity,
Thy bleſſing, Lord, we humbly claim.

2 The upright man no want ſhall fear;
Thy providence ſhall be his truſt;
Thou wilt provide his portion here,
Thou friend and guardian of the juſt.

3 May we, with moſt ſincere delight,
To all, the teſt of duty pay;
Tender of every ſocial right,
Obedient to thy righteous ſway.

4 Such virtue thou wilt not forget,
In that bleſt world, where virtue ſhares
A fit reward; though not of debt,
But what thy boundleſs grace prepares.

Reformed Liturgy.

Hymn CXXI. *Short Metre.* [♭]

Compaſſion and Forgiveneſs.

I HEAR the voice of woe!
I hear a brother's ſigh!
Then let my heart with pity flow,
With tears of love, mine eye.

2 I hear the thirſty cry!
The hungry beg for bread!
Then let my ſpring its ſtream ſupply,
My hand its bounty ſhed.

3 The debtor humbly ſues,
Who would, but cannot pay;
And ſhall I lenity refuſe,
Who need it every day?

4 Shall not my wrath relent,
Touch'd by that humble ſtrain,
My brother crying "I repent,
"Nor will offend again?"

5 If not, how ſhall I dare
Appear before thy face,
Great God, and how preſent the prayer
For thy forgiving grace?

6 They who forgive, ſhall find
Remiſſion, in that day,
When all the merciful and kind
Thy pity ſhall repay.

7 But all who here below
Mercy refuſe to grant,
Shall judgment without mercy know,
When mercy moſt they want.

ENFIELD.

Hymn CXXII. *Common Metre.* [*]

Not aſhamed of the Goſpel.

I'M not aſham'd to own my Lord,
Or to defend his cauſe;
Maintain the honour of his word,
The glory of his croſs.

2 Jeſus, my God, I know his name,
His name is all my truſt;
Nor will he put my ſoul to ſhame,
Nor let my hope be loſt.

3 Firm as his throne, his promiſe ſtands,
And he can well ſecure
What I've committed to his hands,
Till the deciſive hour.

4 Then will he own my worthleſs name
Before his Father's face;

And in the New Jeruſalem
Appoint my ſoul a place.

WATTS.

Hymn CXXIII. *Short Metre.* [※ or ♭]

The Love of Truth.

IMPOSTURE ſhrinks from light,
And dreads the curious eye;
But Chriſtian truths the teſt invite,
They bid us ſearch and try.

2 A meek inquiring mind,
Lord, help us to maintain;
That growing knowledge we may find,
And growing virtue gain.

3 With underſtanding bleſs'd,
Created to be free,
Our faith on man we dare not reſt,
Subject to none but thee.

4 Give us the light we need,
Our minds with knowledge fill;
From noxious error guard our creed,
From prejudice, our will.

5 The truth thou ſhalt impart,
May we with firmneſs own;
Abhorring each evaſive art,
And fearing thee alone.

DODDRIDGE.

Hymn CXXIV. *Common Metre.* [※]

A Song of Praiſe.

INDULGENT Father, how divine,
How bright thy glories are!
Through nature's ample round they ſhine,
Thy goodneſs to declare.

2 But, in the nobler work of grace,
What winning mercy ſmiles!
In my divine Redeemer's face,
And every fear beguiles.

3 Such wonders, Lord, while I ſurvey,
To thee, my thanks ſhall riſe;
When morning uſhers in the day,
Or evening veils the ſkies.

4 When glimmering life reſigns its flame,
Thy praiſe ſhall tune my breath;
The ſweet remembrance of thy name
Shall gild the ſhades of death.

5 But, O how bleſt my ſong ſhall riſe,
When freed from feeble clay;
And all thy glories meet mine eyes,
In one eternal day!

6 Not ſeraphs, who reſound thy name
Through the etherial plains,
Shall glow with a diviner flame,
Or raiſe ſublimer ſtrains.

SOWDEN.

Hymn CXXV. *Common Metre.* [*]

An Evening Hymn.

INDULGENT God, whoſe bounteous care,
O'er all thy works is ſhown,
O let my grateful praiſe and prayer
Ariſe before thy throne.

2 What mercies has this day beſtow'd!
How largely haſt thou bleſs'd!
My cup with plenty overflow'd,
With cheerfulneſs my breaſt.

3 Now may ſoft ſlumbers cloſe my eyes,
From pain and ſickneſs free;

And let my waking thoughts arise,
To meditate on thee.

4 Thus bless each future day and night,
Till life's vain scene is o'er;
And then to realms of endless light,
O let my spirit soar.

Liverpool Collection.

Hymn CXXVI. *Common Metre.* [b]

Looking to Him whom we have pierced.

INFINITE grief! amazing woe!
Behold our bleeding Lord!
Hell and the Jews conspir'd his death,
And us'd the Roman sword.

2 O, the sharp pangs of pain and grief,
That our Redeemer bore!
When scourging whips and pointed thorns
His sacred body tore!

3 But scourging whips and pointed thorns
In vain do we accuse!
In vain we blame the Roman bands,
And the more spiteful Jews.

4 Our sins, alas, our cruel sins,
His chief tormentors were;
Each of our crimes became a nail,
And unbelief the spear.

5 Strike, mighty grace, our flinty souls,
Till melting waters flow;
And deep contrition drown our eyes,
In undissembled woe. WATTS.

6 But flowing tears cannot suffice,
To make repentance sure;
Then let our hearts be purify'd,
As Christ the Lord is pure. *(Added.)*

Hymn CXXVII. *Short Metre.* [♯ or ♭]

Baptiſm by Immerſion.

IN ſuch a grave as this,
The meek Redeemer lay,
When he our ſouls to ſeek and ſave,
Learn'd humbly to obey.

2 See how the ſpotleſs Lamb
Deſcends into the ſtream,
And teaches us to imitate
What him ſo well became.

3 Let ſinners waſh away
Their ſins of crimſon dye;
Bury'd with him, their vileſt ſins
Shall in oblivion lie.

4 Riſe, and aſcend with him,
A heavenly life to lead;
Who came to ranſom guilty men
From regions of the dead.

5 Lord, ſee the ſinner's tears!
Hear his repenting cry!
Speak and his contrite heart ſhall live;
Speak, and his ſins ſhall die.

6 Speak, with that mighty voice,
Which ſhall hereafter ſpread
Its ſummons through the earth and ſea,
To raiſe the ſleeping dead.

STENNET.

Hymn CXXVIII. *Common Metre.* [♯ or ♭]

God our Portion. Pſalm iv. 6, 7.

IN vain the erring world inquires
For true ſubſtantial good;
Whilſt earth confines their low deſires,
They live on airy food.

2 Illuſive dreams of happineſs
Their eager thoughts employ;
They wake, convinc'd their boaſted bliſs
Was viſionary joy.

3 Not all the good which earth beſtows,
Can fill the craving mind;
Its higheſt joys have mingled woes,
And leave a ſting behind.

4 Be gone, ye gilded vanities!
I ſeek ſome ſolid good!
To real bliſs my wiſhes riſe,
The favour of my God.

5 To thee, my God, my ſoul aſpires;
Diſpel theſe ſhades of night;
Enlarge and fill theſe vaſt deſires
With infinite delight.

6 Immortal joy thy ſmiles impart,
Heaven dawns in every ray;
One glimpſe of thee will glad my heart,
And turn my night to day.

Mrs. STEELE.

Hymn CXXIX. *Common Metre.* [♯ or ♭]

The Covenant of Grace.

IN vain we laviſh out our lives,
To gather empty wind;
The choiceſt bleſſings earth can yield
Will ſtarve a hungry mind.

2 But God can every want ſupply,
And fill our hearts with peace;
He gives by cov'nant and by oath
The riches of his grace,

3 Pardon he ſpeaks to contrite ſouls,
This is the joyful ſound,
"Your ſins ſhall ſink beneath the ſea,
And ſhall no more be found.

4 "And leſt pollution ſhould o'erſpread
Your inward powers again,
My ſpirit ſhall bedew your ſouls,
Like purifying rain.

5 "Your ſtony hearts I'll take away,
That will not be refin'd;
And put within you tender hearts,
To my bleſt will inclin'd.

6 "On them my Spirit ſhall engrave
The precepts of my law;
And by the gentle cords of love
Your willing ſouls ſhall draw."

7 Lord, we receive thy pard'ning grace,
We yield to thy commands;
Thou art our God, and we are thine,
In everlaſting bands.

WATTS, with Variation and Addition.

Hymn CXXX. *Long Metre.* [Xorb]

Chriſt the Way to God.

IN vain would boaſting reaſon find
The way to happineſs and God;
Her weak directions leave the mind
Bewilder'd in a doubtful road.

2 Jeſus, no other name but thine,
Is giv'n by everlaſting love,
To lead our ſouls to joys divine;
No other name will God approve.

3 Eternal life thy words impart,
On theſe, my fainting ſpirit lives;

Diviner comforts cheer my heart
Than all the power of nature gives.

4 To whom but thee, ſhall mortals go,
To find the true and living way,
That leads us through this world of woe
To the bright realms of endleſs day.

5 Here let my conſtant feet abide,
Nor from the heavenly way depart!
Let thy good Spirit be my guide,
Direct my ſteps, and ruſe my heart.

6 In thee, my great almighty Friend,
My ſafety dwells, and peace divine;
On thee alone my hopes depend,
For life, eternal life is thine.

Mrs. STEELE.

Hymn CXXXI. *Long Metre.* [✻]

The Bleſſing of the Goſpel.

IN various forms, to ſaints of old,
God did his mind and will unfold;
But Chriſt, commiſſion'd from above,
Hath now reveal'd his grace and love.

2 We read the volume of thy word,
That book of life, that true record;
The bright inheritance of heaven
Is by this ſure conveyance given.

3 His kindeſt thoughts are here expreſt;
Able to make us wiſe and bleſt;
His doctrines are divinely true,
Fit for reproof and comfort too.

4 We render thanks to God above,
For his rich grace and boundleſs love;
Let all mankind receive his word,
And every nation bleſs the Lord.

Hymn CXXXII. *Common Metre.* [✱]

Praiſe for Creation and Providence.

I SING the mighty power of God,
That made the mountains riſe;
That ſpread the flowing ſeas abroad,
And built the lofty ſkies.

2 I ſing the wiſdom that ordain'd
The ſun to rule the day;
The moon ſhines full at his command,
And all the ſtars obey.

3 I ſing the goodneſs of the Lord,
That fill'd the earth with food:
He form'd the creatures by his word,
And then pronounc'd them good.

4 Lord, how thy wonders are diſplay'd,
Where'er I turn mine eye!
If I ſurvey the ground I tread,
Or gaze upon the ſky!

5 There's not a plant or flower below
But makes thy glories known;
The clouds ariſe and tempeſts blow,
By order from thy throne.

6 Creatures, as num'rous as they be,
Are ſubject to thy care;
There's not a place where we can flee,
But God is preſent there.

WATTS.

Hymn CXXXIII. *Common Metre.* [✱]

Chriſt precious in Life and Death.

JESUS, I love thy glorious name;
'Tis muſic to my ear;
Fain would I ſound it out ſo loud,
That heaven and earth might hear.

2 Yes, thou art precious to my ſoul,
My treaſure and my truſt;
Jewels to thee are gaudy toys,
And gold is ſordid duſt.

3 All my capacious powers can wiſh,
In thee doth richly meet;
Not to my eyes is light ſo dear,
Nor friendſhip half ſo ſweet.

4 Thy grace ſtill dwells upon my heart,
And ſheds its fragrance there;
The richeſt balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.

5 I'll ſpeak the honours of thy name
With my laſt labouring breath;
Then ſpeechleſs give my ſoul to thee,
The antidote of death.

DODDRIDGE.

Hymn CXXXIV. *Long Metre.* [※ or ♭]

The Memorial of our abſent Lord.

JESUS is gone above the ſky,
Where our weak ſenſes reach him not;
And carnal objects court our eye.
To thruſt our Saviour from our thought.

2 He knows what wandering hearts we have,
How weak our faith and hope might prove;
And, to refreſh our mind, he gave
This kind memorial of his love.

3 The Lord of life this table ſpread,
With his own fleſh and dying blood;
We on the rich proviſion feed,
And taſte the wine, and bleſs our God.

4 Let ſinful ſweets be all forgot,
And earth grow leſs in our eſteem;

Chriſt and his love fill every thought,
And faith and hope be fix'd on him.

5 Whilſt he is abſent from our ſight,
'Tis to prepare our ſouls a place;
That we may dwell in heavenly light,
And live forever near his face.

WATTS.

Hymn CXXXV. *Common Metre.* [✻ or ♭]

Relieving Chriſt in his Saints.

JESUS, my Lord, how rich thy grace!
Thy bounties, how complete!
How ſhall I count the matchleſs ſum?
How pay the mighty debt?

2 High on a throne of radiant light,
Doſt thou exalted ſhine;
What can my poverty beſtow
When all the world is thine.

3 But thou haſt brethren here below,
Partakers of thy grace;
And wilt confeſs their humble names
Before thy Father's face.

4 In them thou may'ſt be cloth'd and fed,
And viſited and cheer'd;
And, in their accents of diſtreſs,
My Saviour's voice is heard.

5 Thy face, with rev'rence and with love,
I in thy poor would ſee;
Lord, I would rather beg my bread,
Than hold it back from thee.

DODDRIDGE.

Hymn CXXXVI. *Common Metre.* [✻]

Redemption.

JESUS, th' eternal Son of God,
Whom heavenly powers obey,
The bosom of his Father left,
And enter'd human clay.

2 Into our sinful world he came,
The messenger of grace;
And on the cursed tree expir'd,
A victim in our place.

3 Transgressors of the deepest stain,
In him salvation find;
His blood removes the foulest guilt;
His Spirit heals the mind.

4 Our Jesus saves from sin and death,
His promises are sure;
And on this rock our souls may rest,
Immoveably secure.

5 O let these tidings be receiv'd
With universal joy;
And let the high angelic praise
Our tuneful powers employ.

6 Glory to God, who gave his Son,
To bear our shame and pain;
Hence peace on earth, and grace to man,
Through all succession reign.

GIBBONS.

Hymn CXXXVII. *Long Metre.* [✻]

The Union of Christ and his Church.

JESUS, thou everlasting King,
Accept the tribute which we bring;
Accept the well deserv'd renown,
And wear our praises as thy crown.

2 Let every act of homage be
Like our eſpouſals, Lord, to thee;
Like the bleſt hour, when from above
We firſt receiv'd thy pledge of love.

3 The gladneſs of that happy day,
Our hearts would wiſh it long to ſtay;
Let not our faith forſake its hold,
Nor comfort ſink, nor love grow cold.

4 May every minute, as it flies,
Increaſe thy praiſe, improve our joys,
Till we are rais'd to ſing thy name,
At the great ſupper of the Lamb.

WATTS.

Hymn CXXXVIII. *Common Metre.* [*orb]

The compaſſionate Call of Chriſt. Matt. xxiii. 37, 38.

JESUS, the friend of ſinners, calls,
With pity in his eyes;
And warns them of the dang'rous foes
That all around them riſe.

2 "Fly to the refuge of my arms,
"And dwell ſecure from fear;
"No enemy ſhall pluck you hence,
"No weapon wound you here."

3 With anxious heart, the parent bird
Thus calls her offſpring round;
When furious vultures beat the air,
And ſlaughter ſtains the ground.

4 The tremb'ling brood, by nature taught,
Fly to the known retreat;
Beneath her downy wings are ſafe,
And find the ſhelter ſweet.

5 Shall men, alas! more thoughtleſs men,
Refuſe to lend an ear?

Their only refuge madly ſhun,
And rather die than hear?

6 No, let us take the offer'd grace,
Leſt we his wrath inflame;
For bleſt are they who put their truſt
In his almighty name.

Altered from DODDRIDGE.

Hymn CXXXIX. *Common Metre.* [♯ or ♭]

Chriſt the Head of his Church.

JESUS, we ſing thy matchleſs grace,
That calls ſuch worms thy own;
Gives us among thy ſaints a place,
And brings us near thy throne.

2 When join'd to thee, our vital head,
Our virtues grow and thrive;
From thee divided, each is dead,
Though it may ſeem alive.

3 Thy ſaints on earth, and thoſe above
All join in ſweet accord;
The body one, in mutual love,
And thou our common Lord.

4 O may our humble faith receive
Thy Spirit with delight;
Then time and death in vain ſhall ſtrive
The bond to diſunite.

DODDRIDGE.

Hymn CXL. *Hallelujah Metre.* [♯]

The Offices and Names of Chriſt.

JOIN all the glorious names
Of wiſdom and of power,
That ever mortals knew,
That ever angels bore;

All are too mean To ſpeak his worth,
Or ſet Immanuel's Glory forth.

2 Great *Prophet* of our God,
Our ſouls would bleſs thy name;
By thee, the joyful news
Of our ſalvation came.
The joyful news Of ſins forgiv'n,
Of hell ſubdu'd, And peace with Heav'n.

3 Jeſus our great *High-Prieſt*
Hath ſhed his blood, and died;
Our guilty conſcience ſeeks
No ſacrifice beſide.
His precious blood Did once atone,
And now he pleads Before the throne.

4 Our great almighty *Lord*,
Our *Saviour* and our *King*;
Thy ſceptre and thy ſword,
Thy reigning grace we ſing.
Thine is the power, Behold we ſit,
Thy willing captives, At thy feet.

5 We hear our *Shepherd's* voice,
His watchful eyes ſhall keep
Our wandering ſouls among
Ten thouſands of his ſheep.
He feeds his flock, He knows their names,
His boſom bears The tender lambs.

6 Should the proud hoſt of death,
And powers of hell unknown,
Put their moſt dreadful forms
Of rage and malice on,
We ſhall be ſafe, For Chriſt diſplays
Superior power, And guardian grace.

Watts.

Hymn CXLI. *Common Metre.* [♯ or ♭]

Divine Counſels.

KEEP ſilence, all created things,
And wait your Maker's nod!
My ſoul ſtands trembling, whilſt ſhe ſings
The honours of her God.

2 Life, death and hell, and worlds unknown
Hang on his firm decree;
He ſits on no precarious throne,
Nor borrows leave to be.

3 Before his throne, a volume lies,
With all the fates of men;
With every angel's form and ſize,
Drawn by th' eternal pen.

4 His providence unfolds the book,
And makes his counſels ſhine;
Each opening leaf, and every ſtroke
Fulfils ſome kind deſign.

5 Here he exalts neglected worms
To ſceptres and a crown;
And then the following page he turns,
And treads the monarch down.

6 No creature aſks the reaſon why,
Nor God the reaſon gives;
No favourite angel dares to pry
Between the folded leaves.

7 My God, I would not wiſh to ſee
My fate with curious eyes;
What gloomy lines are writ for me,
Or what bright ſcenes may riſe.

8 In thy fair book of life and grace,
May I but find my name,

Recorded, in ſome humble place,
Beneath my Lord, the Lamb.

WATTS.

Hymn CXLII. *Common Metre.* [♭]

The Scriptures.

LADEN with guilt, and full of fears,
I come to thee, my Lord;
For not a ray of hope appears
But in thy holy word.

2 The volume of my Father's grace
Does all my grief aſſuage;
There I behold my Saviour's face
In every ſacred page.

3 This is the field where hidden lies
The pearl of price unknown;
Then bleſt is he who wiſely tries
To make that pearl his own.

4 Here living water gently flows,
To waſh me from my ſin;
Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,
Nor danger dwells therein.

5 This is the judge that ends the ſtrife,
Where ſenſe and reaſon fail;
My guide to everlaſting life,
Through all this gloomy vale.

6 May thy wiſe counſels, O my God,
Theſe roving feet command;
Leſt I forſake the happy road
That leads to thy right hand.

WATTS, varied.

Hymn CXLIII. *Common Metre.* [※ or ♭]

In a Thunder Storm.

LET coward guilt, with pallid fear,
To ſhelt'ring caverns fly,
And juſtly dread the vengeful fate
Which thunders through the ſky;

2 Protected by that hand, whoſe law
The threat'ning ſtorms obey,
Intrepid virtue ſmiles ſecure,
As in the blaze of day.

3 In the thick cloud's tremendous gloom,
The lightning's horrid glare,
It views the ſame all-gracious Power
Which breathes the vernal air.

4 Through nature's ever varying ſcene,
By different ways purſu'd,
The one eternal end of Heav'n
Is univerſal good.

5 With like beneficent effect,
O'er flaming ether glows,
As when it tunes the linnet's voice,
And bluſhes in the roſe.

6 When through creation's vaſt expanſe,
The laſt dread thunders roll,
Untune the concord of the ſpheres,
And ſhake the guilty ſoul:

7 Unmov'd, may we the final ſtorm
Of jarring worlds ſurvey,
That uſhers in the tranquil morn
Of everlaſting day.

Mrs. Carter.

Hymn CXLIV. *Common Metre.*

The Gospel Invitation.

LET every mortal ear attend,
And every heart rejoice;
The trumpet of the gospel sounds,
With an inviting voice.

2 Ho! all ye hungry, starving souls,
Who feed upon the wind;
And vainly strive with earthly toys
To fill th' immortal mind!

3 Eternal Wisdom has prepar'd
A soul reviving feast;
And bids your longing appetites
The rich provision taste.

4 Ho! ye that pant for living streams,
And pine away and die;
Here you may quench your raging thirst
With streams that never dry.

5 Rivers of love and mercy here
In a rich ocean join;
Salvation in abundance flows,
Like floods of milk and wine.

6 O Lord, the treasures of thy love
Are deep, unfathom'd mines;
Deep as our helpless miseries are,
And boundless as our sins.

7 The happy gates of gospel grace
Stand open night and day;
We humbly seek that rich supply
That drives our wants away.

WATTS.

Hymn CXLV. *Long Metre.* [※ or b]

True Charity.

LET men of high conceit and zeal
Their fervours and their faith proclaim;
If charity be wanting ſtill,
The reſt is but a ſounding name.

2. Patient and meek ſhe ſuffers long,
And ſlowly her reſentments riſe;
Soon ſhe forgets the greateſt wrong,
And ſoon the angry paſſion dies.

3 She envies none their better ſtate,
But makes her neighbour's bliſs her own;
Nor vaunts herſelf with mind elate,
But ſtill a modeſt air puts on.

4 Her neighbour's infamy and ill
To her no entertainment give;
She's pleas'd to ſee him proſper ſtill,
And ſtill in good repute to live.

5 This is the grace that reigns on high,
And will forever brightly burn,
When hope ſhall in enjoyment die,
And faith to intuition turn. SMART

Hymn CXLVI. *Long Metre.* [※]

The Conqueſt of Michael over the Dragon.

LET mortal tongues attempt to ſing
The wars of heaven, when Michael ſtood,
Appointed by the eternal King,
To fight the battles of our God.

2 Againſt the dragon and his hoſt,
The armies of the Lord prevail;
In vain they rage, in vain they boaſt,
Their courage ſinks, their weapons fail.

3 Down to the earth was Satan thrown,
Down to the earth his legions fell;
Then was the trump of triumph blown,
And ſhook the dreadful deeps of hell.

4 Now is the hour of darkneſs paſt,
Chriſt hath aſſum'd his reigning power;
Behold the great accuſer caſt
Down from the ſkies, to riſe no more.

5 'Twas by thy blood, immortal Lamb,
Thine armies trod the dragon down;
'Twas by thy word and powerful name,
They gain'd the battle and renown.

6 Rejoice, ye heavens, let every ſtar
Shine with new glories round the ſky;
Saints, while ye ſing the heavenly war,
Raiſe your Deliverer's name on high.

WATTS.

Hymn CXLVII. *Common Metre.* [※ or ♭]

Frail Bodies, and God our Preſerver.

LET others boaſt how ſtrong they be,
Nor death nor danger fear;
But we'll confeſs, O Lord, to thee,
What feeble things we are.

2 Freſh as the graſs, our bodies ſtand,
And flouriſh bright and gay;
A blaſting wind ſweeps o'er the land,
And fades the graſs away.

3 Our fleſh contains a thouſand ſprings,
And dies if one be gone;
Strange! that a harp of thouſand ſtrings
Should keep in tune ſo long!

4 But 'tis our God ſupports our frame,
The God who made us firſt;

Salvation to th' almighty Name
That rear'd us from the duſt.

5 Whilſt we have breath, or uſe our tongues,
Our Maker we'll adore;
His Spirit moves our heaving lungs,
Or they would breathe no more.

WATTS.

Hymn CXLVIII. *Short Metre.* [♯ or ♭]

Catholiciſm.

LET party names no more
The Chriſtian world o'erſpread;
Gentile and Jew, and bond and free
Are one in Chriſt their head.

2 Among the ſaints on earth,
Let mutual love be found;
Heirs of the ſame inheritance,
With mutual bleſſings crown'd.

3 Let envy, child of hell,
Be baniſh'd far away;
Thoſe ſhould in ſtricteſt friendſhip dwell,
Who the ſame Lord obey.

4 Thus will the church below
Reſemble that above;
Where ſtreams of pleaſure always flow,
And every heart is love.

BEDDOME.

Hymn CXLIX. *Common Metre.* [♯ or ♭]

Charity greater than Faith or Hope.

LET Phariſees of high eſteem,
Their faith and zeal declare,
All their religion is a dream,
If love be wanting there.

2 Love ſuffers long with patient eye,
Nor is provok'd in haſte;
She lets the preſent inj'ry die,
And long forgets the paſt.

3 Malice and rage, thoſe fires of hell,
She quenches with her tongue;
Hopes and believes, and thinks no ill,
Though ſhe endures the wrong.

4 She ne'er deſires nor ſeeks to know
The ſcandals of the time;
Nor looks with pride on thoſe below,
Nor envies thoſe who climb.

5 She lays her own advantage by,
To ſeek her neighbour's good;
So God's own Son came down to die,
And ſave us by his blood.

6 Love is the grace that keeps her power
In the bleſt realms above;
There faith and hope are known no more,
But ſaints forever love.

WATTS.

Hymn CI. *Common Metre.* [𝔐 or 𝔓]

Sincerity.

LET thoſe who bear the chriſtian name
Their promiſes fulfil;
The ſaints, the followers of the Lamb,
Are men of honour ſtill.

2 True to the ſolemn oaths they take,
Though to their hurt they ſwear;
Conſtant and juſt to all they ſpeak,
For God and angels hear.

3 Still with their lips, their hearts agree,
Nor flattering words deviſe;

They know the God of truth can see
Through every false disguise.

4 They hate the appearance of a lie,
In all the shapes it wears;
And God has promis'd, when they die,
Eternal life is theirs.

5 Lo, from afar the Lord descends,
And brings the judgment down;
He bids his saints, his faithful friends,
Rise and possess their crown.

WATTS.

Hymn CLI. *Common Metre.* [♯ or ♭]

The Bread of Life. John vi. 49, 54.

LET us adore th' Eternal Word,
'Tis he our souls hath fed;
Thou art our living stream, O Lord,
And thou th' immortal bread.

2 The manna came from lower skies;
But Jesus from above,
Where the fresh springs of pleasure rise,
And rivers flow with love.

3 The ancient fathers dy'd at last,
Who ate that heavenly bread;
But these provisions which we taste
Can raise us from the dead.

4 Blest be the Lord, that gives his flesh
To nourish dying men;
And often spreads his table fresh,
Lest we should faint again.

5 Our souls shall draw their heavenly breath,
While Jesus finds supplies;
Nor shall our graces sink to death,
For Jesus never dies.

6 Daily our mortal flesh decays,
But Christ our life shall come;
And by his mighty power shall raise
Our bodies from the tomb.

WATTS.

Hymn CLII. *Common Metre.* [b]

On the Death of a Child.

LIFE is a span, a fleeting hour,
How soon the vapour flies!
Man is a tender transient flower,
That in the blooming dies.

2 Death spreads, like winter, frozen arms,
And beauty smiles no more;
Where now are fled those rising charms
Which pleas'd our eyes before?

3 The once lov'd form, now cold and dead,
Each mournful thought employs;
And nature weeps her comforts fled,
And wither'd all her joys.

4 But wait the interposing gloom,
And lo! stern winter flies!
And, drest in beauty's fairest bloom,
The flowery tribes arise.

5 Hope looks beyond the bounds of time,
When, what we now deplore
Shall rise in full immortal prime,
And bloom, to fade no more.

6 Then cease, fond nature, dry thy tears,
Religion points on high;
There everlasting spring appears,
And joys that never die.

MRS. STEELE.

Hymn CLIII. *Long Metre.* [♭]

Life and Death.

LIFE is the time to ſerve the Lord,
The time t' inſure the great reward;
And whilſt the lamp holds out to burn,
The vileſt ſinner may return.

2 Life is the hour which God has giv'n,
To 'ſcape from hell, and fly to heav'n;
The day of grace, and mortals may
Secure the bleſſings of the day.

3 The living know that they muſt die,
But all the dead forgotten lie;
Their mem'ry and their ſenſe are gone,
Alike unknowing and unknown.

4 Their hatred and their love are loſt;
Their envy buried in the duſt;
They have no ſhare in all that's done
Beneath the circuit of the ſun.

5 No acts of pardon can be paſt
In the cold grave to which we haſte:
For no repentance can be found,
Nor faith, nor hope, beneath the ground.

6 Then, what my thoughts deſign to do,
My ſoul, with all thy might purſue;
Believe, and take the promis'd reſt,
Obey, and be forever bleſt.

WATTS.

Hymn CLIV. *Common Metre.* [♯ or ♭]

Conviction of Sin, and Relief by the Goſpel.

LORD, how ſecure my conſcience was,
And felt no inward dread!
I was alive without the law,
And thought my ſins were dead!

2 My hopes of heaven were firm and bright;
But ſince the precept came,
With a convincing power and light,
I find how vile I am.

3 My guilt appear'd but ſmall before,
Till, terrify'd, I ſaw
How perfect, holy, juſt and pure
Is thine eternal law.

4 Then felt my ſoul the heavy load,
My ſins reviv'd again;
I had provok'd a holy God,
And all my hopes are vain.

5 My God, what power ſhall I invoke
With my laſt lab'ring breath,
To rid me of this wretched yoke,
Theſe bonds of ſin and death.

6 In Jeſus I behold thy face,
Thy mercy there I ſee;
Through him I truſt thy boundleſs grace,
To ſet the pris'ner free.

WATTS, with Variation and Addition.

Hymn CLV. *Common Metre.* [*]

Recovery from Sickneſs.

LORD, in thy ſervice I would ſpend
The remnant of my days;
Why was this fleeting breath renew'd,
But to renew thy praiſe?

2 Thy own almighty power and love
Did this weak frame ſuſtain,
When life was hovering o'er the grave,
And nature ſunk with pain.

3 Thou, when the pains of death were felt,
Didſt chaſe the fears of hell;

And teach my pale and quiv'ring lips
Thy matchleſs grace to tell.

4 Into thy hands, my Saviour God,
I did my ſoul reſign,
In firm dependance on that truth
Which made ſalvation mine.

5 From the dark borders of the grave,
At thy command, I come;
Nor would I urge a ſpeedier flight
To my celeſtial home.

6 Where thou ſhalt ſettle my abode,
There would I chooſe to be;
For in thy preſence, death is life,
And earth is heaven with thee.

DODDRIDGE.

Hymn CLVI. *Long Metre.* [♯ or ♭]

Storm and Thunder.

LORD of the earth, and ſea, and ſkies,
All nature owns thy ſov'reign power;
At thy command the tempeſts riſe,
At thy command the thunders roar.

2 We hear with trembling and affright
The voice of heaven, tremendous ſound!
Keen lightnings pierce the ſhades of night,
And ſpread their horrors all around.

3 What mortal could ſuſtain the ſtroke,
Should wrath divine in dreadful ſtorms,
Which our repeated crimes provoke,
Deſcend to cruſh rebellious worms!

4 Theſe dreadful glories of thy name
With terror would o'erwhelm our ſouls;

But mercy dawns with kinder beam,
And guilt and riſing fear controls.

5 O let thy mercy, on my heart,
With cheering, healing radiance ſhine;
Bid every anxious fear depart,
And gently whiſper "thou art mine."

6 Then, ſafe beneath thy guardian care,
In hope ſerene my ſoul ſhall reſt;
Nor ſtorms nor dangers reach me there,
In thee, my God, my refuge, bleſt.

Mrs. STEELE.

Hymn CLVII. *Long Metre.* [♯ or ♭]

The Eternal Sabbath.

LORD of the Sabbath, hear our vows,
On this thy day, in this thy houſe;
And let our ſongs and worſhip riſe
Like grateful incenſe to the ſkies.

2 Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love;
But there's a nobler reſt above;
To that, our labouring ſouls aſpire
With ardent pangs of ſtrong deſire.

3 No more fatigue, no more diſtreſs,
Nor ſin, nor death ſhall reach the place;
No groans ſhall mingle with the ſongs,
Which warble from immortal tongues.

4 No rude alarms, no raging foes,
To interrupt the long repoſe;
No midnight ſhade, no clouded ſun,
To veil the bright eternal noon.

5 O long expected day, begin;
Dawn on theſe realms of death and ſin;

Fain would we quit this weary road,
And sleep in death, to rest with God.

DODDRIDGE.

Hymn CLVIII. *Common Metre.* [*]

Divine Goodness.

LORD, thou art good, all nature shows
Thee full and free and kind;
Thy bounty through creation flows,
Nor can it be confin'd.

2 The whole in every part proclaims
Thy infinite good will!
It shines in stars, it flows in streams,
And bursts from every hill.

3 It fills the wide extended main,
And heavens which spread more wide;
It drops in gentle showers of rain,
And rolls in every tide.

4 Still hath it been diffus'd and free,
Through ages past and gone;
Nor ever can exhausted be,
But still keeps flowing on.

5 Through the whole earth it pours supplies,
Spreads joy through all its parts;
Lord, may thy goodness draw our eyes,
And captivate our hearts.

6 High admiration let it raise,
And kind affections move;
Employ our tongues in hymns of praise,
And fill our hearts with love.

Liverpool Collection.

Hymn CLIX. *Short Metre.* [♯ or ♭]

The Promiſe to Believers and their Children.

LORD, what our ears have heard,
Our eyes delighted trace;
Thy love in long ſucceſſion ſhown
To Sion's choſen race.

2 Our children thou doſt claim,
And mark them out for thine;
Ten thouſand bleſſings to thy name
For goodneſs ſo divine.

3 Thee, let the fathers own,
And thee, the ſons adore;
Join'd to the Lord in ſolemn vows,
To be forgot no more.

4 Thy cov'nant may they keep,
And bleſs the happy bands,
Which cloſer ſtill engage their hearts
To honour thy commands.

5 How great thy mercies, Lord!
How plenteous is thy grace!
Which, in the promiſe of thy love,
Includes our riſing race.

6 Our offspring, ſtill thy care,
Shall own their father's God,
To lateſt times thy bleſſing ſhare,
And ſound thy praiſe abroad.

Saliſbury Collection.

Hymn CLX. *Common Metre.* [♯]

Creation and Providence.

LORD, when my raptur'd thought ſurveys
Creation's beauties o'er,

All nature joins to teach thy praiſe,
And bid my ſoul adore.

2 Where'er I turn my gazing eyes,
Thy radiant footſteps ſhine;
Ten thouſand pleaſing wonders riſe,
And ſpeak the hand divine.

3 The living tribes of countleſs forms
In earth and ſea and air;
The meaneſt flies, the ſmalleſt worms,
Almighty power declare.

4 All roſe to life at thy command,
And wait their daily food
From thy paternal, bounteous hand,
Exhauſtleſs ſpring of good!

5 The meads, array'd in beauteous green,
With wholeſome herbage crown'd;
The fields with corn, a richer ſcene,
Spread thy full bounties round.

6 The fruitful tree, the blooming flower,
In varied charms appear;
Their varied charms diſplay thy power,
Thy goodneſs all declare.

7 The ſun's productive quick'ning beams
The growing verdure ſpread;
Refreſhing rains and cooling ſtreams
His gentle influence aid.

8 The moon and ſtars his abſent light
Reflect with borrow'd rays;
And deck the ſable veil of night,
And ſpeak their Maker's praiſe.

Mrs. STEELE.

Hymn CLXI. *Long Metre.* [♯ or ♭]

Faith in the Redeemer's Sacrifice.

LORD, when my thoughts delighted rove
Amidſt the wonders of thy love,
Glad hope revives my drooping heart,
And bids intruding fear depart.

2 But whilſt thy ſufferings I ſurvey,
And faith enjoys a heavenly ray,
Theſe dear memorials of thy pain
Preſent anew the dreadful ſcene.

3 I hear thy groans, with deep ſurprize,
And view thy wounds with weeping eyes;
Each bleeding wound, each dying groan,
With anguiſh fill'd, and pains unknown.

4 For mortal crimes, a ſacrifice,
The Lord of life, the Saviour dies;
What love, what mercy, how divine!
And can I call the Saviour mine?

5 Repenting ſorrow fills my heart,
But mingling joy allays the ſmart;
O may my future life declare
The ſorrow and the joy ſincere.

6 Be all my heart, and all my days
Devoted to my Saviour's praiſe;
And let my glad obedience prove
How much I owe, how much I love.

MRS. STEELE.

Hymn CLXII. *Long Metre.* [♯]

The Goſpel Jubilee.

LOUD let the tuneful trumpet ſound,
And ſpread the joyful tidings round!

Let every ſoul with tranſport hear,
And hail the Lord's accepted year.

2 Ye debtors, whom he gives to know,
That you ten thouſand talents owe,
When humbled at his feet you fall,
Your gracious Lord forgives them all.

3 Slaves, who have borne the heavy chain,
Of ſin and hell's tyrannic reign,
To liberty aſſert your claim,
And plead the great Redeemer's name.

4 The rich inheritance of heaven,
Your joy, your crown, are freely giv'n;
Fair Salem your arrival waits,
With golden ſtreets and pearly gates.

5 Her bleſt inhabitants no more
Bondage and poverty deplore;
No debt but love immenſely great,
Whoſe joy ſtill riſes with the debt.

6 O happy ſouls, who know the ſound!
God's light ſhall all their ſteps ſurround,
And ſhew that jubilee begun,
Which through eternal years ſhall run.

DODDRIDGE.

Hymn CLXIII. *Hallelujah Metre.* [※]

The Triumph of Chriſt, and the Power of his Goſpel.

LOUD to the Prince of heaven
Your cheerful voices raiſe!
To him your vows be given,
And fill his courts with praiſe.
With conſcious worth, All clad in arms,
All bright in charms, He ſallies forth.

2 Gird on thy conquering ſword,
Aſcend thy ſhining car,
And march, Almighty Lord,
To wage thy holy war.
Before his wheels, In glad ſurprize,
Ye vallies riſe, And ſink ye hills.

3 Fair truth and gentle love,
With righteouſneſs and peace,
In thy retinue move,
Thy conquering power to grace.
Thou in their cauſe Shalt proſperous ride,
And far and wide Diſpenſe thy laws.

4 Before thy mighty ſword
Millions of foes ſhall fall,
The captives of thy word,
That word which conquers all.
The world ſhall know, Great King of kings,
What wond'rous things Thine arm can do.

5 Here to my willing ſoul
Bend thy triumphant way;
Here every foe control,
And all thy power diſplay.
Beneath thy ſword, Bleſt Jeſus, ſee,
I bow to thee, My Prince and Lord.

DODDRIDGE, varied.

Hymn CLXIV. *Long Metre.* [b]

Folly cured by Affliction.

LOW at thy gracious feet I bend,
My God, my everlaſting friend,
Permit the claim; O let thine ear
My humble ſuit indulgent hear.

2 Lord, thou haſt bid me ſeek thy face,
And aſk of thee, thy promis'd grace;
O may thy favour, bliſs divine!
With fuller, clearer radiance ſhine.

3 But, O my heart, reflect with ſhame;
Can I prefer ſo bold a claim?
Conſcious how often I have ſtray'd,
By empty vanities betray'd.

4 How oft, ungrateful to my God,
Have trifles call'd my thoughts abroad!
Till heavenly pity ſaw me roam,
And bade affliction bring me home.

5 And when the ſnares of earth were broke,
By kind affliction's needful ſtroke,
Have not I own'd, with humble praiſe,
That juſt and right are all his ways?

6 Yes, gracious God, before thy throne,
My vileneſs and thy love I own;
O let that love, with beams divine,
Forgiving, healing, round me ſhine.

7 Whene'er, ungrateful to my God,
This heedleſs heart requires the rod,
Thy arm ſupporting, I implore;
The hand that chaſtens, can reſtore.

8 O may the kind conviction prove
A fruit of thy paternal love;
Wean me from earth, from ſin refine,
And make my heart entirely thine.

MRS. STEELE.

Hymn CLXV. *Common Metre.* [※]

The New Jeruſalem.

LO, what a glorious ſight appears
To our believing eyes!
The earth and ſeas are paſt away,
And the old rolling ſkies!

2 From the third heaven, where God reſides,
That holy, happy place,
The new Jeruſalem comes down,
Adorn'd with ſhining grace.

3 Attending angels ſhout for joy,
And the bright armies ſing;
Mortals, behold the ſacred ſeat
Of your deſcending King.

4 "The God of glory, down to men
Removes his bleſt abode;
Men are the objects of his love,
And he their gracious God.

5 "His tender hand ſhall wipe the tears
From ev'ry weeping eye;
And pains and groans and griefs and fears,
And death itſelf ſhall die."

6 How bright the viſion! but how long
Shall this glad hour delay!
Fly ſwifter round, ye wings of time,
And bring the welcome day.

WATTS.

Hymn CLXVI. *Common Metre.* [※ or ♭]

A living and a dead Faith.

MISTAKEN ſouls, that dream of heaven,
And make their empty boaſt

Of inward joys and ſins forgiven,
Whilſt they are ſlaves to luſt.

2 Vain are our fancies' airy flights,
If faith be cold and dead;
None but a living power unites
To Chriſt the living Head.

3 'Tis faith that changes all the heart;
'Tis faith that works by love;
That bids all ſinful joys depart,
And lifts the thoughts above.

4 'Tis faith that conquers earth and hell
By a celeſtial power;
This is the grace that ſhall prevail
In the deciſive hour.

5 Faith muſt obey our Father's will,
As well as truſt his grace;
A pardoning God is jealous ſtill,
For his own holineſs.

6 When from the curſe he ſets us free,
He makes our natures clean;
Nor would he ſend his Son to be
The miniſter of ſin.

7 His Spirit fills our hearts with love,
And ſeals our peace with God;
With cheerful ſteps our feet ſhall move
Along the heavenly road.

WATTS, varied.

Hymn CLXVII. *Long Metre.* [♯ or ♭]

The Example of Chriſt.

MY dear Redeemer, and my Lord,
I read my duty in thy word;

But in thy life thy law appears,
Drawn out in living characters.

2 Such was thy piety and zeal,
Thy deference to thy Father's will;
Thy love and meekneſs ſo divine,
I would tranſcribe and make them mine.

3 Cold mountains and the midnight air,
Witneſs'd the fervour of thy prayer;
The deſart thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict and thy vict'ry too.

4 Be thou my pattern, make me bear
More of thy gracious image here;
Then God, the Judge, ſhall own my name
Among the followers of the Lamb.

WATTS.

Hymn CLXVIII. *Long Metre.* [♯ or ♭]

Retirement and Meditation.

MY God, permit me not to be
A ſtranger to myſelf and thee:
Amidſt ten thouſand thoughts I rove,
Forgetful of my higheſt love.

2 Why ſhould my paſſions mix with earth,
And thus degrade my heavenly birth?
Why ſhould I cleave to things below,
And let my God, my Saviour go?

3 Call me away from fleſh and ſenſe,
Thy ſov'reign word can draw me thence;
I would obey the voice divine,
And all inferior joys reſign.

4 Be earth, with all her ſcenes withdrawn;
Let noiſe and vanity be gone;

In ſecret ſilence of the mind,
My heaven, and there my God, I find.

WATTS.

Hymn CLXIX. *Common Metre.* [※ or ♭]

The Everlaſting Covenant.

MY God, the cov'nant of thy love
Abides forever ſure;
And in its boundleſs grace I feel
My happineſs ſecure.

2 What though my houſe be not with thee,
As nature could deſire?
To higher joys than nature gives,
My nobler views aſpire.

3 Since thou, the everlaſting God,
My Father art become;
Jeſus, my Guardian and my Friend,
And heaven my final home;

4 I welcome all thy ſov'reign will,
For all that will is love;
And when thy providence is dark,
I wait thy light above.

5 Thy cov'nant in my dying hour
Shall dwell upon my tongue;
And when I wake, ſhall ſtill employ
My everlaſting ſong.

DODDRIDGE, varied.

Hymn CLXX. *Common Metre.* [※]

Gratitude the Spring of true Religion.

MY God, what ſilken cords are thine!
How ſoft, and yet how ſtrong!
Whilſt power, and truth, and love combine
To draw our ſouls along.

2 When cruſh'd beneath the heavy yoke
Of Satan and of ſin,
Thy hand our iron bondage broke,
Our grateful hearts to win.

3 The guilt of twice ten thouſand ſins
Thy mercy takes away;
Thy promiſe, when the war begins,
Secures the crowning day.

4 Comfort through all this vale of tears
In rich profuſion flows;
The glory of unnumber'd years
Eternity beſtows.

5 Drawn by ſuch cords, we onward move,
Till round thy throne we meet;
And, captives in the chains of love,
Fall at our conq'ror's feet.

DODDRIDGE.

Hymn CLXXI. *Long Metre.* [♯ or ♭]

Imploring divine Influences.

MY God, whene'er my longing heart
Its grateful tribute would impart;
In vain my tongue with feeble aim
Attempts the glories of thy name.

2 In vain my boldeſt thoughts ariſe;
I ſink to earth, and loſe the ſkies;
Yet I may ſtill thy grace implore,
And low in duſt thy name adore.

3 O let thy grace my heart inſpire,
And raiſe each languid, weak deſire;
Thy grace, which condeſcends to meet
The ſinner proſtrate at thy feet.

4 With humble fear let love unite,
And mix devotion with delight;
Then ſhall thy name be all my joy,
Thy praiſe my conſtant, bleſt employ.

5 Thy name inſpires the harps above,
With harmony and praiſe and love;
That grace which tunes th' immortal ſtrings,
Looks kindly down on mortal things.

6 O let thy grace guide every ſong,
And fill my heart, and tune my tongue;
Then ſhall the ſtrains harmonious flow,
And heavenly joy begin below.

Mrs. STEELE.

Hymn CLXXII. *Short Metre.* [♯ or ♭]

God our Creator and Benefactor.

MY Maker and my King!
To thee my all I owe;
Thy ſov'reign bounty is the ſpring
From whence my bleſſings flow.

2 Thou ever good and kind!
A thouſand reaſons move,
A thouſand obligations bind
My heart to grateful love.

3 The creature of thy hand,
On thee alone I live;
My God, thy benefits demand
More praiſe than I can give.

4 Lord, what can I impart
When all is thine before?
Thy love demands a thankful heart;
The gift, alas, how poor!

5 Shall I withhold thy due?
And ſhall my paſſions rove?
Lord, form this wretched heart anew,
And fill it with thy love.

6 O let thy grace inſpire
My ſoul with ſtrength divine;
Let all my powers to thee aſpire,
And all my days be thine.

Mrs. STEELE.

Hymn CLXXIII. *Common Metre.* [♯ or ♭]

Repentance and Hope.

MY Saviour, when my thoughts recal
The wonders of thy grace,
Low at thy feet aſham'd I fall,
And hide my guilty face.

2 Shall love like thine be thus repaid?
Ah, vile ungrateful heart!
By earth's unworthy cares betray'd,
From Jeſus to depart!

3 From Jeſus, who alone can give
True pleaſure, peace and reſt:
When abſent from my Lord, I live
Unſatisfy'd, unbleſt.

4 But he, for his own mercy's ſake,
My wandering ſoul reſtores;
He bids the mourning heart partake
The pardon it implores.

5 O whilſt I breathe to thee, my Lord,
The penitential ſigh,
Confirm the kind, the pard'ning word,
With pity in thine eye.

6 Then ſhall the mourner, at thy feet,
Rejoice to ſeek thy face,
And grateful own how kind, how ſweet
Is thy forgiving grace.

Mrs. STEELE.

Hymn CLXXIV. *Short Metre.* [b]

Confeſſion and Pardon.

MY ſorrows, like a flood
Impatient of reſtraint,
Into thy boſom, O my God,
Pour out a long complaint.

2 How often have I ſtood
A rebel to the ſkies!
Yet, O the patience of my God,
Thy thunder ſilent lies.

3 Now by a powerful glance,
My Saviour, from thy face,
This rebel heart no more withſtands,
But yields to ſovereign grace.

4 I ſee the Prince of Life
Diſplay his wounded veins;
I ſee the fountain open'd wide,
To waſh away my ſtains.

5 My God is reconcil'd,
My tears his pity move;
He calls me his adopted child,
The object of his love.

6 Now let me not receive
In vain this heavenly grace;
But let it be a fruitful ſeed,
Producing holineſs.

WATTS, abbreviated and altered.

Hymn CLXXV. *Common Metre.* [a]

The Chriſtian Race.

MY ſoul, awake, ſtretch every nerve,
And preſs with vigour on;
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

2 A cloud of witneſſes around,
Hold thee in full ſurvey;
Forget the ſteps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

3 'Tis God's all animating voice,
Which calls thee from on high;
'Tis his own hand preſents the prize
To thine aſpiring eye.

4 That prize, with peerleſs glories bright,
Which ſhall new luſtre boaſt,
When victors' wreaths, and monarchs gems
Shall blend in common duſt.

5 My ſoul, with ſacred ardour fir'd,
The glorious prize purſue;
And meet, with joy, the high command,
To bid this earth adieu.

DODDRIDGE.

Hymn CLXXVI. *Short Metre.* [b]

Prayer in Sickneſs.

MY Sov'reign, to thy throne,
With humble hope, I preſs;
O bow thine ear, to hear the groan
Of indigent diſtreſs.

2 Th' eternal Prieſt appears
Before thee with his blood;
Through him I offer theſe my tears,
And caſt my care on God.

3 My life, bow'd down with pain,
Mourns its decaying bloom;
Lord, clothe theſe bones with fleſh again,
And ſpare me from the tomb.

4 Without one murm'ring word,
Thy chaſt'ning I receive;
But with ſubmiſſion aſk, O Lord,
A merciful reprieve.

5 Diſtreſs'd and pain'd as now,
Thy aid I once implor'd;
Thy pity heard my earneſt vow,
Thy power my health reſtor'd.

6 My ſupplicating voice,
Unwearied, I will raiſe:
Say to thy ſervant's ſoul, "Rejoice!"
And fill my mouth with praiſe.

SCOTT.

Hymn CLXXVII. *Common Metre.* [※]

Marriage.

MYSTERIOUS rite! By Heaven ordain'd
This ſacred truth to prove,
The bliſs which mortals here enjoy,
Muſt flow from virtuous love.

2 Though made by God's almighty hand,
And in his image form'd,
Yet Adam knew no happineſs,
Till love his boſom warm'd.

3 Eden, with all its beauteous groves,
And fruits of richeſt taſte,
To one for ſocial bliſs deſign'd
Was but a lonely waſte.

4 But when his lovely bride appear'd
In native graces dreſt,
The latent ſpark burſt into flame,
And love inſpir'd his breaſt.

5 What wiſe proviſion haſt thou made,
Great Parent of mankind,
That all thine offspring may enjoy
The bliſs for them deſign'd!

6 Then will we join our hearts and hands
In bonds of virtuous love;
And whilſt we live in peace below,
Prepare for bliſs above.

Hymn CLXXVIII. *Common Metre.* (b)

Submiſſion to Providence.

NAKED as from the earth we came,
And roſe to life at firſt,
We to the earth return again,
And mingle with our duſt.

2 The dear delights we here enjoy,
And call our own, in vain,
Are but ſhort favours borrow'd now,
To be repaid again.

3 'Tis God who lifts our comforts high,
Or ſinks them to the grave;
He gives, and, bleſſed be his name,
He takes but what he gave.

4 Peace, all our angry paſſions, then!
Let each impatient ſigh

Be ſilent at his ſov'reign will,
And every murmur die.

5 If ſmiling mercy crown our lives,
Its praiſes ſhall be ſpread;
And we'll adore the juſtice too
That ſtrikes our comforts dead.

WATTS.

Hymn CLXXIX. *Common Metre.* [b]

Vain Proſperity, or Forgetfulneſs of God.

NO, I ſhall envy them no more,
Who grow profanely great;
Though they increaſe their golden ſtore,
And ſhine in robes of ſtate.

2 They taſte of all the joys that grow
Upon this earthly clod;
In vain they ſearch the creature through
Whilſt they forget their God.

3 Shake off the thoughts of dying too,
And think your life your own;
But death comes haſt'ning on to you,
To cut your glory down.

4 Yes, you muſt bow your ſtately head,
Away your ſpirit flies;
And no kind angel near your bed,
To bear it to the ſkies.

5 Go now, and boaſt of all your ſtores,
And tell how bright you ſhine;
Your heaps of glitt'ring duſt are yours,
And my Redeemer's mine.

WATTS.

Hymn CLXXX. *Common Metre.* [*]

The Holineſs and Happineſs of Heaven.

NOR eye hath ſeen, nor ear hath heard,
Nor ſenſe, nor reaſon known,
What joys the Father hath prepar'd
For thoſe that love the Son.

2 But the good Spirit of the Lord
Reveals a heaven to come;
The beams of glory in his word
Allure and guide us home.

3 Pure are the joys above the ſky,
And all the region peace;
No wanton lip, nor envious eye
Can ſee or taſte the bliſs.

4 Not the malicious or profane,
The covetous or proud,
Nor thieves nor ſlanderers ſhall obtain
The kingdom of our God.

5 Thoſe holy gates forever bar
Pollution, ſin and ſhame;
None ſhall receive admittance there,
But followers of the Lamb.

6 If we are waſh'd in Jeſus' blood,
And pardon'd through his name;
If the good Spirit of our God
Has ſanctify'd our frame:

7 We aſk a perſevering power,
To keep thy juſt commands;
We would defile our hearts no more,
No more pollute our hands.

WATTS, varied.

Hymn CLXXXI. *Long Metre.* [✻]

Chriſtians the Sons of God.

NOT all the nobles of the earth,
Who boaſt the honours of their birth,
Such real dignity can claim,
As thoſe who bear the Chriſtian name.

2 To them the privilege is given,
To be the ſons and heirs of heaven;
Sons of the God, who reigns on high,
And heirs of joys beyond the ſky.

3 On them a happy, choſen race,
Their Father pours his richeſt grace;
To them his counſels he imparts,
And writes his law within their hearts.

4 When through temptation they rebel,
His chaſt'ning rod he makes them feel;
Then, with a Father's tender heart,
He ſoothes the pain and heals the ſmart.

5 Their daily wants his hands ſupply,
Their ſteps he guards with watchful eye;
Leads them from earth to heaven above,
And crowns them with eternal love.

6 Have I the honour, Lord, to be
One of this numerous family?
On me thy gracious gift beſtow,
To call my God my Father too.

7 So may my conduct ever prove
My filial piety and love;
Whilſt all my brethren clearly trace
Their Father's image in my face.

STENNETT

Hymn CLXXXII. *Long Metre.* [Or 6]

Divine Compaſſion to Sinners.

NOT to condemn the ſons of men,
Did Chriſt the Son of God appear;
No weapons in his hands are ſeen,
No flaming ſword, nor thunder there.

2 Such was the pity of our God,
He lov'd the race of man ſo well,
He ſent his Son to bear our load
Of ſins, and ſave our ſouls from hell.

3 Let ſinners hear the Saviour's word,
Truſt in his mighty name, and live;
A thouſand joys his lips afford,
His hands a thouſand bleſſings give.

4 "Come, all ye weary, fainting ſouls,
Ye heavy laden ſinners, come;
I'll give you reſt from all your toils,
And lead you to my heavenly home.

5 "Ye ſhall find reſt, that learn of me;
I'm of a meek and lowly mind;
But paſſion rages like the ſea,
And pride is reſtleſs as the wind.

6 "Bleſs'd is the man whoſe ſhoulders take
My yoke, and bear it with delight;
My yoke is eaſy to his neck,
My grace ſhall make the burden light."

7 Jeſus, we come at thy command,
With faith and hope and humble zeal,
Reſign our ſpirits to thy hand,
To rule and guide us at thy will.

WATTS.

Hymn CLXXXIII. *Common Metre.* [✻]

Sinai and Sion.

NOT to the terrors of the Lord,
The tempeſt, fire and ſmoke;
Not to the thunder of that word
Which God on Sinai ſpoke;

2 But we are come to Sion's hill,
The city of our God;
Where milder words declare his will,
And ſpread his love abroad.

3 Behold th' innumerable hoſt
Of angels cloth'd in light!
Behold the ſpirits of the juſt,
Whoſe faith is turn'd to ſight!

4 Behold the bleſt aſſembly there,
Whoſe names are writ in heaven!
And God, the Judge of all, declares
Their vileſt ſins forgiven.

5 The ſaints on earth, and all the dead
But one communion make;
All join in Chriſt their living Head,
And of his grace partake.

6 In ſuch ſociety as this
My weary ſoul would reſt;
The man that dwells where Jeſus is,
Muſt be forever bleſt.

WATTS.

Hymn CLXXXIV. *Common Metre.* [♭]

On the Death of a Miniſter.

NOW let our drooping hearts revive,
And all our tears be dry;

Why ſhould thoſe eyes be drown'd in grief,
Which view a Saviour nigh?

2 What though the gloomy tyrant death
Doth God's own houſe invade?
What though the prophet and the prieſt
Be number'd with the dead?

3 Though earthly ſhepherds dwell in duſt,
The aged and the young;
The watchful eye in darkneſs clos'd,
And mute th' inſtructive tongue:

4 Th' eternal Shepherd ſtill ſurvives,
New comfort to impart;
His hand ſtill guides us, and his voice
Still animates our heart.

5 "Lo, I am with you," ſaith the Lord,
"My church ſhall ſafe abide;
For I will ne'er forſake my own,
Whoſe ſouls in me confide."

6 Through every ſcene of life and death
This promiſe is our truſt;
And this ſhall be our children's ſong
When we are laid in duſt.

DODDRIDGE.

Hymn CLXXXV. *Common Metre.* [*]

The Interceſſion of Chriſt.

NOW let our humble faith behold
Our great High Prieſt above,
And celebrate his conſtant care
And ſympathetic love.

2 Exalted to his Father's throne,
With matchleſs honours crown'd;
And Lord of all th' angelic hoſt,
Who wait the throne around.

3 The names of all the ſaints he bears,
Engraven on his heart;
Nor ſhall the meaneſt ſaint complain
That he hath loſt his part.

4 Thoſe characters ſhall firm remain
Our everlaſting truſt,
When gems and monuments and crowns
Are moulder'd into duſt.

DODDRIDGE.

Hymn CLXXXVI. *Common Metre.* [※]

God's Love to his Church.

NOW ſhall my inward joys ariſe
And burſt into a ſong:
Almighty love inſpires my heart,
And pleaſures tune my tongue.

2 God, on his thirſty Sion hill,
Some mercy-drops has thrown,
And ſolemn oaths have bound his love
To ſhower ſalvation down.

3 Why do we then indulge our fears,
Suſpicions and complaints?
Is he a God? and ſhall his grace
Grow weary of his ſaints?

4 Can a kind mother e'er forget
The object of her care?
Among a thouſand tender thoughts,
Her ſuckling have no ſhare?

5 "Yet (ſaith the Lord) ſhould nature change,
And mothers monſters prove,
Sion ſtill dwells upon the heart
Of everlaſting love.

6 "Deep on the palms of both my hands
I have engrav'd her name;
My hands ſhall raiſe her ruin'd walls,
And build her broken frame."

WATTS.

Hymn CLXXXVII. *Long Metre.* [✻]

The Glory and Grace of Chriſt.

NOW to the Lord a noble ſong!
Awake, my ſoul; awake, my tongue;
Hoſanna to th' eternal Name,
And all his boundleſs love proclaim.

2 See where it ſhines in Jeſus' face,
The brighteſt image of his grace;
God, in the perſon of his Son,
Has all his nobleſt works outdone.

3 The ſpacious earth and ſpreading flood,
Proclaim the wiſe, the powerful God;
And thy rich glories from afar,
Sparkle in every rolling ſtar.

4 But in thy Son a glory ſhines,
Drawn out in far ſuperior lines;
The luſtre of redeeming grace
Outſhines the beams of nature's face.

5 Grace! 'Tis a pure celeſtial theme,
Our thoughts rejoice at Jeſus' name!
Ye angels, dwell upon the ſound;
Ye heavens, reflect it to the ground.

6 O may we reach that glorious place,
Where we ſhall ſee him face to face;
Where all his ſaints from death reſtor'd,
Shall be forever with the Lord.

WATTS, varied.

Hymn CLXXXVIII. *Long Metre.* [✠]

Glory to Chriſt our Prieſt and King.

NOW to the Lord who makes us know
The wonders of his dying love;
Be humble honours paid below,
And ſtrains of nobler praiſe above.

2 'Twas he who cleans'd us from our ſins,
And waſh'd us in his precious blood;
'Tis he who makes us prieſts and kings,
And brings us rebels near to God.

3 To Jeſus, our atoning Prieſt,
To Jeſus, our eternal King,
Be univerſal power confeſs'd,
And every tongue his glory ſing.

4 Behold, on flying clouds he comes!
And every eye ſhall ſee him move!
Though with our ſins we pierc'd him once,
Then he diſplays his pard'ning love.

5 The unbelieving world ſhall wail,
Whilſt we rejoice to ſee the day;
Come, Lord, nor let thy promiſe fail,
Nor let thy chariot long delay.

WATTS.

Hymn CLXXXIX. *Long Metre.* [✠]

Salvation by Grace.

NOW to the power of God ſupreme
Be everlaſting honours given;
He ſaves from ſin, we bleſs his name,
And calls our wand'ring feet to heaven.

2 Not for our duties or deſerts,
But of his own abundant grace,

He works ſalvation in our hearts,
And forms a people for his praiſe.

3 'Twas his own purpoſe that begun
To reſcue ſinners doom'd to die;
He gave us grace in Chriſt his Son,
Before he ſpread the ſtarry ſky.

4 Jeſus, the Lord, appears at laſt,
And makes his Father's counſels known;
Declares the great tranſactions paſt,
And brings immortal bleſſings down.

5 He dies, and in that dreadful night
Did all the powers of hell deſtroy;
Riſing, he brought our heaven to light,
And took poſſeſſion of the joy.

WATTS.

Hymn CXC. *Common Metre.* [✻]

Divine Goodneſs in Afflictions.

NOW to thy heav'nly Father's praiſe,
My heart thy tribute bring;
That goodneſs which prolongs my days,
With grateful pleaſure ſing.

2 Whene'er he ſends afflicting pains,
His mercy holds the rod;
His powerful word the heart ſuſtains,
And ſpeaks a faithful God.

3 A faithful God is ever nigh,
When humble grief implores;
His ear attends each plaintive ſigh,
He pities and reſtores.

4 My grateful ſoul would humbly bring
Her tribute to thy throne;

Accept the wiſh, my God, my King,
To make thy goodneſs known.
5 O be the life thy hand reſtores,
Devoted to thy praiſe!
To thee I conſecrate my powers,
To thee, my future days.
6 Thy ſoul-enliv'ning grace impart,
A warmer love inſpire;
And be the breathings of my heart
Dependence and deſire.

Mrs. STEELE.

Hymn CXCI. *Common Metre.* [♯ or ♭]

Winter.

NOW winter throws his icy chains,
Encircling nature round:
How bleak, how comfortleſs the plains,
With verdure lately crown'd!
2 The ſun withdraws his vital beams,
And light and warmth depart;
And drooping, lifeleſs nature ſeems
An emblem of my heart.
3 My heart, where mental winter reigns,
In night's dark mantle clad,
Confin'd in cold inactive chains,
How deſolate and ſad!
4 Ere long the ſun with genial ray
Shall cheer the mourning earth;
And blooming flowers, and verdure gay,
Renew their annual birth.
5 So, if my ſoul's bright Sun impart
His all-enliv'ning ſmile,

The vital ray ſhall cheer my heart,
Till then a frozen ſoil.

6 Then faith and hope and love ſhall riſe,
Renew'd to lively bloom,
And breathe accepted to the ſkies,
Their humble, ſweet perfume.

7 Great Source of light, thy beams diſplay,
My drooping joys reſtore,
And guide me to the ſeats of day,
Where winter frowns no more.

Mrs. STEELE.

Hymn CXCII. *Common Metre.* [*]

Charity.

O CHARITY! thou heavenly grace!
All tender, ſoft and kind!
A friend to all the human race,
To all that's good inclin'd!

2 The man of charity extends
To all, his liberal hand;
His kindred, neighbours, foes and friends,
His pity may command.

3 He aids the poor in their diſtreſs;
He hears when they complain;
With tender heart delights to bleſs,
And leſſen all their pain.

4 The ſick, the priſ'ner, poor and blind,
And all the ſons of grief,
In him a benefactor find,
He loves to give relief.

5 'Tis love that makes religion ſweet;
'Tis love that makes us riſe,

With willing mind and ardent feet,
To yonder happy skies.

6 Then let us all in love abound,
And charity pursue;
Thus shall we be with glory crown'd,
And love as angels do.

PROUD.

Hymn CXCIII. *Long Metre.* [♯ or ♭]

Longing for Heaven.

O COULD I soar to worlds above,
That blessed state of peace and love!
How gladly would I mount and fly
On angels' wings to joys on high!

2 But ah! still longer must I stay,
Ere darksome night is chang'd to day;
More crosses, sorrows, conflicts bear,
Expos'd to trials, pains and care.

3 Well, let these troubles still abound,
Let thorns and briars fill the ground;
Let storms and tempests dreadful come,
Till I arrive at heaven my home.

4 My Father knows what road is best,
And how to lead to peace and rest;
To him I cheerful give my all,
Go where he leads, and wait his call.

5 When he commands my soul away,
Not kingdoms then shall tempt my stay;
With rapture I shall wake, and rise
To join my friends above the skies.

PROUD.

Hymn CXCIV. *Common Metre.* [✱]

The universal Extent of Christ's Kingdom. Isaiah ii. 2—4.

O'ER mountain tops, the mount of God,
In latter days, shall rise
Above the summits of the hills,
And draw the wond'ring eyes.

2 To this the joyful nations round,
All tribes and tongues shall flow;
Up to the mount of God, they say,
And to his house we'll go.

3 The beams that shine from Zion's hill
Shall lighten every land;
The King who reigns in Salem's tow'rs,
Shall the whole world command.

4 Among the nations he shall judge;
His judgments truth shall guide;
His sceptre shall protect the just,
And crush the sinner's pride.

5 No war shall rage, nor hostile strife
Disturb those happy years;
To plough-shares men shall beat their swords,
To pruning-hooks their spears.

6 No longer hosts, encountering hosts,
Shall crouds of slain deplore;
They'll lay the martial trumpet by,
And study war no more.

Scotch Paraphrases.

Hymn CXCV. *Common Metre.* [✱ or ‖]

Obedience to God our Father.

O GOD, my Father, I adore
That all-commanding name;

It will my soul to life restore,
And kindle all my flame.

2 Entire, I bow at thy commands,
My filial homage pay;
With heart and life, with tongue and hands,
I'll cheerfully obey.

3 I'll wilfully no more transgress,
As I too oft have done;
But every sinful thought suppress,
Each sinful action shun.

4 Each day I live, I'll seek with care,
My Father well to please,
And in this course will persevere
By thine assisting grace.

5 Thus will I my relation claim,
And call myself thy son,
And whilst I bear the glorious name,
My Father's rights will own.

6 I will; but thou must strength impart
This promise to fulfil;
Lord, write thy law upon my heart,
That I may do thy will.

Hymn CXCVI. *Long Metre.* [♯ or ♭]

Brotherly Love.

O GOD, our Father and our King,
Of all we have, or hope, the spring;
Send down thy Spirit from above,
And fill our hearts with holy love.

2 May we from every act abstain,
That hurts, or gives our neighbour pain,
And every secret wish suppress,
That would abridge his happiness.

3 Still may we find our hearts inclin'd
To act the friend to all mankind;
Still seek their safety, health and ease,
Their virtue and eternal peace.

4 With pity may our breast o'erflow,
When we behold a wretch in woe;
And bear a sympathising part
With all who are of heavy heart.

5 Let love in all our conduct shine,
An image fair, though faint, of thine;
Thus may we his disciples prove
Who came to manifest thy love.

Salisbury Collection.

Hymn CXCVII. *Common Metre.* [*]

TE DEUM.

A general Hymn of Praise.

O GOD, we praise thee, and confess
That thou the only Lord
And everlasting Father art,
By all the earth ador'd.

2 To thee all angels cry aloud,
To thee the powers on high,
Both Cherubim and Seraphim,
Continually do cry.

3 O holy, holy, holy Lord,
Whom heavenly hosts obey,
The world is with the glory fill'd
Of thy majestic sway.

4 Th' apostles' glorious company,
And prophets crown'd with light,
With all the martyrs' noble host,
Thy constant praise recite.

5 The holy Church throughout the world,
O Lord, confesses thee,
That thou eternal Father art,
Of boundless majesty.

6 Thy honour'd, true, and only Son,
And Holy Ghost, the spring
Of never ceasing joy; O Christ,
Of glory thou art King.

PATRICK.

Hymn CXCVIII. *Long Metre.* [*]

The Glory and Safety of the Church.

O HAPPY Church, celestial bride,
Thy husband will with thee reside;
With matchless glory thou shalt shine
In robes of honour all divine.

2 Silver and gold her happy dress,
Truth, meekness, love and righteousness;
Holy without, and pure within,
Free from the guilt of reigning sin.

3 Her laws and doctrines just and right,
Her priests the ministers of light;
Her order from the courts above,
And all her service done in love.

4 Her discipline is from the word,
Her head and ruler is the Lord;
Her sons and daughters all agree,
And live in peace and charity.

5 Her journey is the holy way
Which leads to everlasting day;
And her eternal sure reward
A crown of glory with the Lord.

PROUD.

Hymn CXCIX. *Common Metre.* [✻]

The Ways of Wisdom.

O HAPPY is the man who hears
Instruction's faithful voice;
And who, celestial wisdom makes
His early, only choice.

2 Her treasures are of more esteem
Than east or west unfold;
And her rewards more precious are
Than all their mines of gold.

3 In her right hand she holds to view
A length of happy days;
Riches with splendid honours join'd,
Her left hand full displays.

4 She guides the young with innocence
In pleasure's path to tread;
A crown of glory she bestows
Upon the hoary head.

5 According as her labours rise,
So her rewards increase;
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace.

Scotch Paraphrase.

Hymn CC. *Common Metre.* [✻orb]

Filial Submission.

O LORD, my best desires fulfil,
And help me to resign
Life, health and comfort to thy will,
And make thy pleasure mine.

2 Why should I shrink at thy command,
Whose love forbids my fears?

Or tremble at the gracious hand
That wipes away my tears!

3 No, let me rather freely yield
What moſt I prize to thee;
Who never haſt a gift withheld,
Nor wilt withhold, from me.

COWPER.

4 I would ſubmit to all thy will,
For thou art good and wiſe;
Let every anxious thought be ſtill,
Nor one faint murmur riſe.

5 Thy love can cheer the darkeſt gloom,
And bid me wait, ſerene,
Till hopes and joys immortal bloom,
And brighten all the ſcene.

6 My Father! O permit my heart
To plead her humble claim,
And aſk the bliſs thoſe words impart,
In my Redeemer's name.

Mrs. STEELE.

Hymn CCI. *Common Metre.* [✻]

A Morning or Evening Hymn.

ON thee each morning, O my God,
My waking thoughts attend;
In whom are founded all my hopes,
In whom my wiſhes end.

2 My ſoul, in pleaſing wonder loſt,
Thy boundleſs love ſurveys;
And, fir'd with grateful zeal, prepares
Her ſacrifice of praiſe.

3 When evening ſlumbers preſs my eyes,
With thy protection bleſt,

In peace and safety I commit
My weary limbs to rest.

4 My spirit in thy hands secure,
Fears no approaching ill;
For, whether waking or asleep,
Thou, Lord, art with me still.

5 Then will I daily to the world
Thy wond'rous acts proclaim;
Whilst all with me shall praises sing,
And bless thy sacred name.

6 At morn, at noon, at night I'll still
The growing work pursue;
And thee alone wilt praise, to whom
Eternal praise is due.

Liverpool Collection.

Hymn CCII. *Common Metre.* [b]

Resignation, or Good out of Evil.

O RESIGNATION! heav'nly power!
Our warmest thoughts engage;
Thou art the safest guide of youth,
The sole support of age.

2 Teach us the hand of love divine
In *evils* to discern;
'Tis the first lesson which we need,
The latest which we learn.

3 Is resignation's lesson hard?
On trial we shall find,
It makes us give up nothing more
Than anguish of the mind.

4 Resign, and all the pain of life
That moment we remove;

The heavy load of grief and care
Devolves on ONE above.

5 He bids us lay our burthen down
On his almighty hand;
Supports our feeble frame, and makes
Our weary feet to ſtand.

6 What though we're ſwallow'd in the deep,
And billows round us roar?
Like *Jonah* thou wilt ſafely keep,
And guide us to the ſhore.

7 Thy will is welcome, let it wear
Its moſt tremendous form;
Though tempeſts riſe, we know that thou
Canſt ſave us by the ſtorm.

YOUNG, altered.

Hymn CCIII. *Common Metre.* [b]

Deſire of Communion with God.

O THAT I knew the ſecret place
Where I might find my God!
I'd ſpread my wants before his face,
And pour my woes abroad.

2 I'd tell him how my ſins ariſe;
What ſorrows I ſuſtain;
How ſtrength decays, and comfort dies,
And leaves my heart in pain.

3 He knows what arguments I'd take
To wreſtle with my God;
I'd plead for his own mercy's ſake,
And plead my Saviour's blood.

4 My God will pity my complaints,
And heal my broken bones;
He knows the meaning of his saints,
The language of their groans.

5 Arise, my soul, from deep distress,
And banish every fear;
He calls me to his throne of grace,
To spread my sorrows there.

WATTS.

Hymn CCIV. *Long Metre.* [b]

On the Dangerous Sickness of a Minister.

O THOU, before whose gracious throne
We bow our suppliant spirits down;
Thou know'st the anxious cares we feel,
And all our trembling lips would tell.

2 Thou only can'st assuage our grief,
And give our sorrowing hearts relief;
In mercy then thy servant spare,
Nor turn aside thy people's prayer.

3 Avert thy desolating stroke,
Nor smite the shepherd of the flock;
Restore him, sinking to the grave,
Stretch out thine arm, make haste to save.

4 Bound to each soul by tender ties,
In every heart his image lies;
Thy pitying aid, O God impart,
Nor rend him from each bleeding heart.

5 But, if our supplications fail,
And prayers and tears cannot prevail,
Be thou his strength, be thou his stay;
Support him through the gloomy way.

6 Around him may thy angels ſtand,
Waiting the ſignal of thy hand;
To bid his happy ſpirit riſe,
And bear him to their native ſkies.

RIPPON'S Collection.

Hymn CCV. *Common Metre.* [♯ or ♭]

The Chriſtian's Reſolution, founded on Jacob's Vow.

Gen. xxviii. 20.

1 THOU, by whoſe all-bounteous hand
Thy people ſtill are fed;
Who through life's weary pilgrimage
Haſt all our fathers led.

2 To thee our humble vow we raiſe;
To thee addreſs our prayer;
And in thy kind and faithful hand,
Depoſit all our care.

3 If thou, through each perplexing path,
Wilt be our conſtant guide;
If thou wilt daily food ſupply,
And raiment wilt provide;

4 If thou wilt ſpread thy ſhield around,
Till all our wanderings ceaſe;
And at our Father's ſafe abode
Our ſouls arrive in peace;

5 To thee, as to our cov'nant God,
Ourſelves we will reſign;
And count that all on earth we have,
And e'en our life is thine.

DODDRIDGE.

Hymn CCVI. *Common Metre.* [♭]

The contrite Heart.

O THOU, whose tender mercy hears
Contrition's humble sigh;
Whose hand, indulgent, wipes the tears
From sorrow's weeping eye!

2 See! low before thy throne of grace,
A wretched wanderer mourn;
Hast thou not bid me seek thy face?
Hast thou not said—Return?

3 And shall my guilty fears prevail,
To drive me from thy feet?
O let not this dear refuge fail,
This only safe retreat.

4 Absent from thee, my guide, my light,
Without one cheering ray,
Through dangers, fears and gloomy night,
How desolate my way!

5 O shine on this benighted heart,
With beams of mercy shine;
And let thy healing voice impart
A taste of joys divine.

6 Thy presence only can bestow
Delights which never cloy;
Be this my comfort here below,
And my eternal joy.

Mrs. Steele.

Hymn CCVII. *Long Metre.* [✻ or ♭]

The Importance of Time.

O TIME, how few thy value weigh;
How few will estimate a day!

Days, months and years are rolling on,
The ſoul neglected and undone.

2 In painful cares or empty joys
Our life its precious hours deſtroys;
Whilſt death ſtands watching at our ſide,
Eager to ſtop the living tide.

3 Was it for this, ye mortal race,
Your Maker gave you here a place?
Was it for this, his thought deſign'd
The frame of your immortal mind?

4 For nobler cares, for joys ſublime,
He faſhion'd all the ſons of time;
Pilgrims on earth, but ſoon to be
The heirs of immortality.

5 This ſeaſon of your being know,
Is giv'n to you, your ſeeds to ſow;
Wiſdom and folly's differing grain
In future worlds is bliſs and pain.

6 Then let me every day review,
Idle or buſy ſearch it through;
And whilſt probation's minutes laſt,
Let every day amend the paſt.

SCOTT.

Hymn CCVIII. *Common Metre.* [♯ or ♭]

Prudence.

O 'TIS a lovely thing to ſee
A man of prudent heart!
Whoſe thoughts and lips and life agree
To act a uſeful part.

2 When envy, ſtrife and wars begin
In little angry ſouls,

Mark how the ſons of peace come in,
And quench the kindling coals.

3 Their minds are humble, mild and meek,
Nor does their anger riſe;
Nor paſſion moves their lips to ſpeak,
Nor pride exalts their eyes.

4 Their lives are prudence mix'd with love;
Good works employ their day;
They join the ſerpent with the dove,
But caſt the ſting away.

5 Such was the Saviour of mankind;
Such pleaſures he purſu'd:
His manners gentle and refin'd;
His ſoul divinely good.

Hymn CCIX. *Long Metre.* [b]

Importunate Prayer. "*Aſk, and ye ſhall receive.*" Matt. vii. 7, &c.

OUR Father, thron'd above the ſky,
To thee our empty hands we ſpread;
Thy children at thy footſtool lie,
And aſk thy bleſſings on their head.

2 Let mercy all our ſins diſpel,
As clouds before the ſolar beam;
Our ſouls from bondage and from hell
To liberty and life redeem.

3 With cheerful hope and filial fear,
In that auguſt and precious name,
By thee ordain'd, we now draw near,
And would the promis'd bleſſing claim.

4 Does not an earthly parent hear
The cravings of his famiſh'd ſon?

Will he reject the filial prayer,
Or mock him with a cake of ſtone?

5 Our heavenly Father, how much more
Will thy divine compaſſions riſe;
And open thy unbounded ſtore
To ſatisfy thy children's cries?

6 Yes, we will aſk and ſeek and preſs
For gracious audience to thy ſeat;
Still hoping, waiting for ſucceſs,
If perſevering to entreat.

7 For Jeſus in his faithful word
The patient ſupplicant has bleſt;
And all thy ſaints with one accord
The prevalence of prayer atteſt.

SCOTT.

Hymn CCX. *Short Metre.* [♯ or ♭]

Communion with God and Chriſt.

OUR heavenly Father calls,
And Chriſt invites us near;
With both our friendſhip ſhall be ſweet,
And our communion dear.

2 God pities all my griefs,
He pardons every day;
Almighty to protect my ſoul,
And wiſe to guide my way.

3 How large his bounties are!
What various ſtores of good,
Diffus'd from my Redeemer's hand,
And purchas'd with his blood!

4 Jeſus, my living head,
I bleſs thy faithful care,

My advocate before the throne,
And my fore-runner there.

5 Here fix my roving heart;
Here wait my warmeſt love,
Till the communion be complete,
In nobler ſcenes above.

DODDRIDGE.

Hymn CCXI. *Hallelujah Metre.* [*]

Chriſt ſeen of Angels.

O YE immortal throng
Of angels round the throne,
Join with our feeble ſong,
And make the Saviour known;
On earth ye knew His wond'rous grace;
His radiant face In heaven ye view.

7 Ye ſaw the heav'n-born Child
In human fleſh array'd;
How innocent and mild,
When in the manger laid!
And praiſe to God, And peace on earth,
For ſuch a birth, Proclaim'd aloud.

3 Ye in the wilderneſs
Beheld the tempter ſpoil'd,
Well known in every dreſs,
In every combat foil'd;
Ye join'd to crown The victor's head,
When Satan fled Before his frown.

4 Ye kept a ſilent guard
Around his ſleeping head,
Till the bright morn appear'd
Which wak'd him from the dead.
Then roll'd the ſtone And all ador'd
Your riſing Lord, With joy unknown.

5 When all array'd in light,
The ſhining Conq'ror rode,
Ye hail'd his rapt'rous flight,
Up to the throne of God;
And wav'd around Your ardent wings,
And tun'd your ſtrings, Of nobleſt ſound.

6 The warbling notes purſue,
And louder anthems raiſe;
Whilſt mortals ſound with you
Their own Redeemer's praiſe.
And thou, my ſoul, With equal flame,
His praiſe proclaim, Whilſt ages roll.

DODDRIDGE, altered.

Hymn CCXII. *Long Metre.* [♯ or ♭]

Patience.

PATIENCE! O what grace divine!
Sent from the God of peace and love
That leans upon its Father's hand,
As through the wilds of life we rove.

2 By patience we ſerenely bear
The troubles of our mortal ſtate;
And wait contented our diſcharge,
Nor think our glory comes too late.

3 Though we in full ſenſation feel,
The weight, the wounds our God ordains;
We ſmile amidſt our heavieſt woes,
And triumph in our ſharpeſt pains.

4 O for this grace to aid us on,
And arm with fortitude the breaſt;
Till life's tumultuous voyage is o'er,
We reach the port of endleſs reſt.

5 Faith into vision shall be brought;
Hope shall in full enjoyment die;
And patience in possession end
In the bright world of bliss on high.

RIPPON'S Collection.

Hymn CCXIII. *Common Metre.* [♯ or ♭]

The Peace and Consolation of a Christian.

PEACE, all ye sorrows of the heart,
And every tear be dry;
The Christian ne'er can be forlorn,
Who views his Saviour nigh.

2 "Let not your sorrows rise," he says,
"Nor be your souls afraid;
Trust in your God's almighty name,
And trust your Saviour's aid.

3 "Fair mansions in my Father's house
For all his children wait;
And I your elder brother go
To open wide the gate.

4 "And if I thither go before,
A dwelling to prepare;
I surely will return, again
That I may fix you there.

5 "United in eternal love,
My people shall remain,
And with rejoicing heart shall share
The glories of my reign."

6 Thy gracious words, O Lord, we hear,
And cordial joys they bring;
Frail nature may extort a groan,
But death has lost its sting.

DODDRIDGE.

Hymn CCXIV. *Common Metre.* [b]

Submiſſion to afflictive Providence.

PEACE, my complaining, doubting heart;
Ye buſy cares, be ſtill;
Adore the juſt, the ſov'reign Lord,
Nor murmur at his will.

2 Unerring wiſdom guides his hand;
Nor dares my guilty fear,
Amidſt the ſharpeſt pains I feel,
Pronounce his hand ſevere.

3 To ſoften every painful ſtroke,
Indulgent mercy bends;
And unrepining when I plead,
His gracious ear attends.

4 Let me reflect with humble awe,
Whene'er my heart complains;
Compar'd with what my ſins deſerve,
How eaſy are my pains!

5 Great ſov'reign Lord, I own thy hand,
Thou juſt and wiſe and kind;
Be every anxious thought ſuppreſs'd,
And all my ſoul reſign'd.

6 From evil, thou wilt good produce,
And light from darkneſs raiſe;
Thus thou wilt change my grief to joy,
And turn my tears to praiſe.

MRS. STEELE, with Addition.

Hymn CCXV. *Common Metre.* [b]

The Trials of Virtue.

PLAC'D on the verge of youth, my mind
Life's opening ſcene ſurvey'd;

I view'd its ills of various kinds
Afflicted and afraid.

2 But chief my fear the dangers mov'd
That virtue's path inclose;
My heart the wise pursuit approv'd;
But oh, what toils oppose!

3 For see, while yet her unknown ways
With doubtful step I tread!
A hostile world its terrors raise,
Its snares delusive spread.

4 O how shall I with heart prepar'd
Those terrors learn to meet?
How from the thousand snares to guard
My inexperienc'd feet?

5 Let faith suppress each rising fear,
Each anxious doubt exclude;
My Maker's will has plac'd me here;
A Maker wise and good.

6 He to my every trial knows
Its just restraint to give;
Attentive to behold my woes,
And faithful to relieve.

7 Then why thus heavy, O my soul?
Say, why distrustful still,
Thy thoughts with vain impatience roll
O'er scenes of future ill?

8 Though griefs unnumber'd throng thee round,
Still in thy God confide;
Whose finger marks the seas their bound,
And curbs the rolling tide.

MERRICK.

Hymn CCXVI. *Sevens Metre.* [※]

Praise in Prosperity and Adversity.

PRAISE to God, immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days;
Bounteous Source of every joy,
Let thy praise our songs employ.

2 For the blessings of the field,
For the stores the gardens yield,
For the vine's exalted juice,
For the generous olive's use;

3 Flocks that whiten all the plain,
Yellow sheaves of ripen'd grain,
Clouds that drop their fattening dews,
Suns that temperate warmth diffuse;

4 All that spring with bounteous hand
Scatters o'er the smiling land:
All that liberal autumn pours
From her rich o'erflowing stores;

5 These to thee, our God, we owe,
Source, whence all our blessings flow;
And for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

6 Yet should rising whirlwinds tear
From its stem, the opening ear;
Should the fig-tree's blasted shoot
Drop its green untimely fruit;

7 Should the vine put forth no more,
Nor the olive yield her store;
Though the sickening flocks should fall,
And the herds desert the stall;

8 Yet to thee our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise;

And when every bleſſing's flown,
Love thee for thyſelf alone.

Mrs. BARBAULD.

Hymn CCXVII. *Long Metre.* [*]

The Old and New Creation.

PRAISE to the Lord of boundleſs might,
With uncreated glories bright;
His preſence fills the world above,
Th' eternal Source of light and love.

2 This riſing earth his eye beheld,
When in ſubſtantial darkneſs veil'd;
The ſhapeleſs chaos, nature's womb,
Lay buried in eternal gloom.

3 "Let there be light," Jehovah ſaid,
And light o'er all its face was ſpread;
The world array'd in charms unknown,
With all its new-born luſtre ſhone.

4 He ſees the mind obſcur'd within
The ſhades of ignorance and ſin;
And darts from heav'n a vital ray,
That changes darkneſs into day.

5 Shine, mighty God, with vigour ſhine
On this benighted heart of mine;
And let thy glories ſtand reveal'd
As in the Saviour's face beheld.

6 My ſoul, reviv'd by heav'n-born day,
Thy radiant image ſhall diſplay;
Whilſt all my faculties unite
To praiſe the Lord who gives me light.

DODDRIDGE.

Hymn CCXVIII. *Short Metre.* [✻]

The Grace of God in Christ.

RAISE your triumphant songs
To an immortal tune;
Let the wide earth resound the deeds
Celestial grace hath done.

2 Sing how eternal love
Its chief beloved chose,
And bade him raise our sinful race
From their abyss of woes.

3 His hand no thunder bears,
Nor terror clothes his brow;
No bolts to drive our guilty souls
To fiercer flames below.

4 But mercy fill'd the throne
Of the eternal sky,
When Christ was sent with pardon down,
To rebels doom'd to die.

5 Now, sinners, dry your tears;
Let hopeless sorrow cease;
Bow to the sceptre of his love,
And take the offer'd peace.

6 Lord, we obey thy call,
We lay an humble claim
To the salvation thou hast wrought,
And love and praise thy name.

WATTS.

Hymn CCXIX. *Common Metre.* [✻ or ♭]

For a New Year.

REMARK, my soul, the narrow bounds
Of the revolving year;

How swift the weeks complete their round!
How short the months appear!

2 So fast, eternity comes on,
And that important day,
When all that mortal life hath done
God's judgment shall survey.

3 Yet like an idle tale we pass
The swift advancing year;
And study artful ways t' increase
The speed of its career.

4 Waken, O God, my careless heart,
Its great concern to see,
That I may act the christian part,
And give the year to thee.

5 So shall their course more grateful roll,
If future years arise;
Or this shall bear my waiting soul
To joy beyond the skies.

DODDRIDGE.

Hymn CCXX. *Common Metre.* [*]

Salvation.

SALVATION! O melodious sound
To wretched dying men!
Salvation, that from God proceeds,
And leads to God again!

2 Rescu'd from hell's eternal gloom,
From darkness, fire and chains;
Rais'd to a paradise of bliss,
Where love with glory reigns!

3 But O, may a degen'rate soul,
Sinful and weak as mine,

Preſume to raiſe a trembling eye
To bleſſings ſo divine?

4 The luſtre of ſo bright a ſcene
My feeble heart o'erbears;
And unbelief almoſt perverts
The promiſe into tears.

5 My Saviour God, no voice but thine
Theſe dying hopes can raiſe;
Speak thy ſalvation to my ſoul,
And turn my tears to praiſe.

6 My Saviour God, this broken voice
Tranſported ſhall proclaim;
And call on all th' angelic harps,
To ſound thy glorious name.

DODDRIDGE.

Hymn CCXXI. *Common Metre.* [♯ or ♭]

Chriſt's Regard to little Children.

SEE, Iſrael's gentle ſhepherd ſtand,
With all engaging charms!
Hark! how he calls the tender lambs,
And takes them in his arms!

2 "Permit them to approach, (he cries)
Nor ſcorn their humble name;
It was to bleſs ſuch ſouls as theſe,
The Lord of angels came."

3 We bring them, Lord, with grateful hearts,
And yield them up to thee;
Rejoic'd that we ourſelves are thine;
Thine let our offſpring be.

4 Ye little flock, with pleaſure hear;
Ye children, ſeek his face;

And fly with tranſport to receive
The bleſſings of his grace.

5 If orphans they are left behind,
Thy guardian care we truſt;
That thought ſhall heal our bleeding hearts,
When weeping o'er their duſt.

DODDRIDGE.

Hymn CCXXII. *Short Metre.* [*]

Chriſt the Wiſdom of God.

SHALL wiſdom cry aloud,
And not her ſpeech be heard?
The voice of God's eternal word,
Deſerves it no regard?

2 I was his chief delight,
His everlaſting Son;
Before the firſt of all his works,
Creation, was begun.

3 Before the flying clouds,
Before the ſolid land,
Before the fields, before the floods,
I dwelt at his right hand.

4 When he adorn'd the ſkies,
And built them, I was there,
To order when the ſun ſhould riſe,
And marſhal every ſtar.

5 When he pour'd out the ſea,
And ſpread the flowing deep;
I gave the flood a firm decree
In its own bounds to keep.

6 Upon the empty air
The earth was balanc'd well;

With joy I ſaw the manſion where
The ſons of men ſhould dwell.

7 My buſy thoughts at firſt
On their ſalvation ran;
Ere ſin appear'd, or Adam's duſt
Was faſhion'd to a man.

8 Then come, receive my grace,
Ye children, and be wiſe;
Happy the man that keeps my ways;
The man that ſhuns them, dies.

WATTS.

Hymn CCXXIII. *Common Metre.* [※]

The Nativity of Chriſt.

"SHEPHERDS, rejoice, lift up your eyes,
And ſend your fears away;
News from the region of the ſkies,
Salvation's born to day.

2 "The Son of God, whom angels fear,
Comes down to dwell with you;
To day he makes his entrance here,
But not as monarchs do.

3 "No gold nor purple ſwaddling bands,
Nor royal ſhining things;
A manger for his cradle ſtands,
And holds the King of kings.

4 "Go, ſhepherds, where the infant lies,
And ſee his humble throne;
With tears of joy in all your eyes,
Go, ſhepherds, kiſs the SON."

5 Thus Gabriel ſang, and ſtraight around
The heavenly armies throng;

They tune their harps to lofty ſound,
And thus conclude the ſong:

6 "Glory to God, who reigns above,
Let peace ſurround the earth;
Mortals ſhall know their Maker's love,
At their Redeemer's birth."

7 Lord, ſhall the angels have their ſongs,
And men no tunes to raiſe?
O may we loſe theſe uſeleſs tongues,
When they forget to praiſe.

8 Glory to God, who reigns above,
Who pitied us forlorn;
We join to ſing our Maker's love,
For there's a Saviour born.

WATTS.

Hymn CCXXIV. *Long Metre.* [b]

Faith in God in a Time of Diſtreſs.—Habakkuk iii. 17, 18.

SHOULD famine o'er the morning field
Extend her deſolating reign;
Nor ſpring her blooming beauties yield,
Nor autumn ſwell the ripening grain:

2 Should lowing herds and bleating ſheep
Around their famiſh'd maſter die;
And hope itſelf expiring weep,
Whilſt life deplores its laſt ſupply:

3 Amidſt the dark the deathful ſcene,
If I can ſay the Lord is mine,
The joy ſhall triumph o'er the pain,
And glory dawn, though life decline.

4 The God of my ſalvation lives,
My nobler life he will ſuſtain;

His word immortal vigour gives,
Nor ſhall my hope or truſt be vain.

5 Thy preſence, Lord, can cheer my heart;
Though every earthly comfort die;
Thy love can bid my pain depart,
And raiſe my ſacred pleaſures high.

6 O let me hear thy bliſsful voice,
Inſpiring life and joys divine,
The barren deſart ſhall rejoice;
Tis paradiſe if thou be mine.

MRS. STEELE.

Hymn CCXXV. *Common Metre.* [*]

Chriſt the ſupreme Beauty. Iſaiah xxxiii. 17.

SHOULD nature's charms to pleaſe the eye
In ſweet aſſemblage join,
All natures charms would droop or die,
Jeſus, compar'd with thine.

2 Vain were her faireſt beams diſplay'd,
And vain her blooming ſtore;
Her brightneſs languiſhes to ſhade;
Her beauty is no more.

3 But ah, how far from mortal ſight
The Lord of glory dwells!
A veil of interpoſing night
His radiant face conceals.

4 O could my longing ſpirit riſe
On ſtrong immortal wing;
And reach thy palace in the ſkies,
My Saviour and my King!

5 There thouſands worſhip at thy feet
And there, (divine employ!)

The triumphs of thy love repeat
In ſongs of endleſs joy.

6 Thy preſence beams eternal day
O'er all the bliſsful place;
Who would not drop this load of clay,
And die to ſee thy face?

Mrs. STEELE.

Hymn CCXXVI. *Long Metre.* [*]

Faith in God's Names.

SING to the Lord, who loud proclaims
His various and his ſaving names;
O may they not be heard alone,
But by our ſure experience known.

2 The great Jehovah be ador'd,
The eternal, all-ſufficient Lord;
He through the world moſt high confeſs'd,
By whom 'twas form'd, and is poſſeſs'd.

3 Awake, our nobleſt powers, to bleſs
The God of Abr'ham, God of peace;
Now by a dearer title known,
Father and God of Chriſt his Son.

4 Through every age, his gracious ear
Is open to his ſervants' prayer;
Nor can one humble ſoul complain
That he hath ſought his God in vain.

5 What unbelieving heart ſhall dare
In whiſpers to ſuggeſt a fear?
While ſtill he owns his ancient name,
The ſame his power, his love the ſame.

6 To thee our ſouls in faith ariſe,
To thee we lift expecting eyes;

And boldly through the desart tread,
For God will guard where God shall lead.

DODDRIDGE.

Hymn CCXXVII. *Com. Metre.* [♯ or ♭]

The Brazen Serpent.

SO did the Hebrew prophet raise
The brazen serpent high;
The wounded felt immediate ease;
The sick forbore to die.

2 "Look upward in th' expiring hour,
And live;" the prophet cries;
But Christ performs a nobler cure,
When faith lifts up her eyes.

3 High on the cross the Saviour hung;
High in the heavens he reigns;
Here sinners, by the serpent stung,
Look and forget their pains.

4 When God's own Son is lifted up,
A dying world revives;
The Jew beholds the blessed hope;
Th' expiring Gentile lives.

WATTS.

Hymn CCXXVIII. *Long Metre.* [♭]

On the Death of a Child.

SO fades the lovely blooming flower,
Frail, smiling solace of an hour!
So soon our transient comforts fly,
And pleasure only blooms to die!

3 To certain trouble we are born,
Hope to rejoice, but sure to mourn;

Ah, wretched effort! ſad relief!
To plead neceſſity of grief!

3 Is there no kind, no lenient art,
To heal the anguiſh of the heart?
To eaſe the heavy load of care
Which nature muſt, but dreads to bear?

4 Can reaſon's dictates be obey'd?
Too weak, alas! her ſtrongeſt aid;
O let religion then be nigh,
Her conſolations never die.

5 Her powerful aid ſupports the ſoul,
And nature owns her kind control;
Whilſt ſhe unfolds the ſacred page,
Our fierceſt griefs reſign their rage.

6 Then gentle patience ſmiles on pain,
And dying hope revives again;
Hope wipes the tear from ſorrow's eye,
And faith points upward to the ſky.

7 The promiſe guides her ardent flight,
And joys, unknown to ſenſe, invite
Thoſe bliſsful regions to explore,
Where pleaſure blooms, to fade no more.

Mrs. STEELE.

Hymn CCXXIX. *Long Metre.* [♯ or ♭]

Holineſs.

SO let our lips and lives expreſs
The holy goſpel we profeſs;
So let our works and virtues ſhine,
To prove the doctrine all divine.

2 Thus ſhall we beſt proclaim abroad
The honours of our Saviour God;

When the ſalvation reigns within,
And grace ſubdues the power of ſin.

3 Our fleſh and ſenſe muſt be deny'd,
Paſſion and envy, luſt and pride;
Whilſt juſtice, temp'rance, truth and love,
Our inward piety approve.

4 Religion bears our ſpirits up,
Whilſt we expect that bleſſed hope,
The bright appearance of the Lord,
And faith ſtands leaning on his word.

WATTS.

Hymn CCXXX. *Common Metre.* [※]

The Hope of Heaven.

SOON ſhall this earthly frame diſſolv'd
In death and ruin lie;
But better manſions wait the juſt,
Prepar'd above the ſky.

2 An houſe eternal built by God,
Shall lodge the holy mind,
When once the priſon-walls are broke
In which 'tis now confin'd.

3 Such are the hopes that cheer the juſt,
Theſe hopes their God hath given;
His Spirit is the earneſt now,
And ſeals their ſouls for heaven.

4 What faith rejoices to believe,
We long and pant to ſee;
We would be abſent from the fleſh,
And preſent, Lord, with thee.

Scotch Paraphraſes.

Hymn CCXXXI. *Common Metre.* [※ or ♭]

Human Misery, and divine Consolation.

THE days how few, how short the year
Of man's so rapid race!
Each leaving, as it swiftly flies,
A shorter in its place.

2 They who the longest lease enjoy,
Have told us, with a sigh,
That to be born, seems little more
Than to begin to die.

3 Our hearts are fasten'd to this world
By strong and numerous ties;
But every sorrow cuts a string,
And urges us to rise.

4 When Heaven would kindly set us free,
And earth's enchantment end;
It takes the most effectual way,
And robs us of a friend.

5 If we presume to counteract
A sympathetic God,
Have we not cause to fear the stroke
Of his avenging rod?

6 If we resign, our patience makes
His rod a gentle wand;
If not, it darts a serpent's sting,
Like that in Moses' hand.

YOUNG.

Hymn CCXXXII. *Long Metre.* [※]

Divine Providence towards Man and Beast.

THE earth and all the heavenly frame
Their great Creator's love proclaim;

He gives the ſun his genial power,
And ſends the ſoft refreſhing ſhower.

2 The ground with plenty blooms again,
And yields her various fruits to men;
To men, who from thy bounteous hand
Receive the gifts of every land.

3 Nor to the human race alone
Is thy paternal goodneſs ſhown;
The tribes of earth, of ſea and air,
Enjoy thy univerſal care.

4 Not e'en a ſparrow yields its breath
Till God permits the ſtroke of death;
He hears the ravens when they call,
The father and the friend of all.

5 Thy care, great God, ſuſtains them all;
When urg'd by hunger's powerful call,
Expectant of the known ſupply,
To thee they lift the aſking eye.

6 To thee, in ceaſeleſs ſtrains my tongue
Shall raiſe the morn and evening ſong;
And long as breath inſpires my frame,
The wonders of thy love proclaim.

Liverpool Collection.

Hymn CCXXXIII. *Long Metre.* [♯ or ♭]

Sinai and Sion.

THE God who once to Iſrael ſpoke
From Sinai's top in fire and ſmoke,
In gentler ſtrains of goſpel grace
Invites us now to ſeek his face.

2 He wears no terrors on his brow,
He ſpeaks in love from Sion now;

It is the voice of Jesus' blood
That calls us wand'rers back to God.

3 God's servant, Moses, quak'd and fear'd,
When Sinai's thundering law he heard;
But gospel grace with accents mild
Speaks to the sinner as a child.

4 Hark! how from Calvary it sounds,
From the Redeemer's bleeding wounds;
"Pardon and grace I freely give,
Then, sinner, look to me and live."

5 What other arguments can move
The heart that slights a Saviour's love;
O may that heavenly power be felt,
And cause the stony heart to melt.

6 Else how shall we thy presence bear,
When as our Judge thou shalt appear;
When slighted love to wrath shall turn,
And the whole earth like Sinai burn.

NEWTON.

Hymn CCXXXIV. *Common Metre.* [*]

Room at the Gospel Feast.

THE King of heaven his table spreads,
And dainties crown the board;
Not paradise, with all its joys,
Could such delight afford.

2 Pardon and peace to dying men,
And endless life are given;
And the rich blood that Jesus shed,
To raise the soul to heaven.

3 Ye hungry poor, who long have stray'd
In sins dark mazes, come;

Come from the hedges and highways,
And grace will find you room.

4 Thouſands of ſouls in glory now,
Were fed and feaſted here;
And thouſands more, ſtill on the way,
Around the board appear.

5 Yet is his houſe and heart ſo large,
That thouſands more may come;
Nor could the wide aſſembling world
O'erfill the ſpacious room.

6 All things are ready; enter in,
Nor weak excuſes frame;
Come, take your places at the feaſt,
And bleſs the Founder's name.

DODDRIDGE.

Hymn CCXXXV. *Short Metre.* [♯ or ♭]

The Law and Goſpel.

THE law by Moſes came,
But peace and truth and love
Were brought by Chriſt, a nobler name,
Deſcending from above.

2 Amidſt the houſe of God,
Their different works were done;
Moſes a faithful ſervant ſtood;
But Chriſt a faithful Son.

3 Then to his new commands
Be ſtrict obedience paid;
O'er all his Father's houſe he ſtands
The ſov'reign and the head.

4 The man who durſt deſpiſe
The law that Moſes brought;

Behold how terribly he dies
For his presumptuous fault.

5 But sorer vengeance falls
On that rebellious race,
Who hate to hear when Jesus calls,
And dare resist his grace.

WATTS.

Hymn CCXXXVI. *Com. Metre.* [✱ or b]

The New Covenant.

"THE promise of my Father's love
Shall stand forever good."
He said, and gave his soul to death,
And seal'd the grace with blood.

2 To this new cov'nant of thy word
I set my worthless name;
I seal th' engagement to the Lord,
And make my humble claim.

3 Thy light and strength and pard'ning grace,
And glory shall be mine;
My life and soul, my heart and flesh,
And all my powers be thine.

4 Thus will I join my soul to God
In everlasting bands;
And take the blessings he bestows
With thankful heart and hands.

WATTS and DODDRIDGE.

Hymn CCXXXVII. *Long Metre.* [✱]

The Reward of faithful Servants. Daniel xii. 3.

THERE is a glorious world on high,
Resplendent with eternal day;

Faith views the bliſsful proſpect nigh,
And God's own word reveals the way.

2 There ſhall the ſervants of the Lord
With never fading luſtre ſhine;
Surpriſing honour! large reward,
Conferr'd on man by love divine!

3 How happy then the truly wiſe,
Who learn and keep the ſacred road!
How happy they whom Heav'n employs,
To turn rebellious men to God!

4 To win them from the fatal way,
Where erring folly thoughtleſs roves;
And that bleſt righteouſneſs diſplay,
Which Jeſus wrought, and God approves!

5 The ſhining firmament ſhall fade,
And ſparkling ſtars reſign their light;
But theſe ſhall know no change nor ſhade,
Forever fair, forever bright.

6 No fancy'd joy beyond the ſky,
No fair deluſion is reveal'd;
'Tis God that ſpeaks, who cannot lie,
And all his word muſt be fulfill'd.

7 And ſhall not theſe cold hearts of ours
Be kindled at the glorious view;
Come, Lord, awake our active powers,
Our feeble, dying ſtrength renew.

8 On wings of faith and ſtrong deſire
O may our ſpirits daily riſe;
And reach at laſt the ſhining choir,
In the bright manſions of the ſkies.

Mrs. STEELE.

Hymn CCXXXVIII. *C. M.* [♯ or ♭]

Death and Heaven.

THERE is a house not made by hands,
Eternal and on high;
And here my spirit waiting stands,
Till God shall bid it fly.

2 Shortly this prison of my clay
Must be dissolv'd and fall;
Then, oh my soul, with joy obey
Thy heavenly Father's call.

3 'Tis he, by his almighty grace,
That forms thee fit for heaven;
And, as an earnest of the place,
Has his own Spirit given.

4 We walk by faith of joys to come;
Faith lives upon his word;
But whilst the body is our home,
We're absent from the Lord.

5 'Tis pleasant to believe thy grace,
But we had rather see;
We would be absent from the flesh,
And present, Lord, with thee.

WATTS.

Hymn CCXXXIX. *Com. Metre.* [♭]

The Humiliation of Christ. Isaiah, liii.

THE Saviour comes! no outward pomp
Bespeaks his presence nigh;
No earthly beauties in him shine,
To draw the carnal eye.

2 Fair as a blooming, tender flower
Amidſt the deſart grows;
So ſlighted and deſpis'd by man,
The heavenly Saviour roſe.

3 They held him as condemn'd by Heaven,
An outcaſt from his God;
While for their ſins he groan'd and bled
Beneath his Father's rod.

4 With ſinners in the duſt he lay,
The rich a grave ſupplied;
Unſpotted was his blameleſs life,
Unſtain'd by ſin he dy'd.

5 His ſoul, rejoicing, ſhall behold
The purchaſe of his pain;
And every ſinner by him ſav'd
Shall bleſs Meſſiah's reign.

6 He died to bear the guilt of men,
That ſin might be forgiven;
He lives to bleſs them, and defend,
And plead their cauſe in heaven.

Scotch Paraphraſe.

Hymn CCXL. *Common Metre.* [♯ or ♭]

The Reſurrection of the Martyrs. Rev. vii.

"THESE glorious minds how bright they ſhine!
Whence all their white array?
How came they to the happy ſeats
Of everlaſting day?

2 From tort'ring pains to endleſs joys,
On fiery wheels they rode,
And ſtrangely waſh'd their raiment white,
In Jeſus' dying blood.

3 Now they approach a ſpotleſs God,
And bow before his throne;
Their warbling harps and ſacred ſongs
Adore the Holy One.

4 The unveil'd glories of his face
Among his ſaints reſide;
While the rich treaſure of his grace
Sees all their wants ſupply'd.

5 Tormenting thirſt ſhall leave their ſouls,
And hunger flee as faſt;
The fruit of life's immortal tree
Shall be their ſweet repaſt.

6 The Lamb ſhall lead his heav'nly flock
Where living fountains riſe;
And love divine ſhall wipe away
The ſorrows of their eyes.

WATTS.

Hymn CCXLI. *Long Metre.* [*]

The Voice of Nature.

THE ſpacious firmament on high,
With all the blue etherial ſky;
And ſpangled heavens a ſhining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.

2 Th' unwearied ſun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power diſplay,
And publiſhes to every land
The work of an Almighty hand.

3 Soon as the evening ſhades prevail,
The moon takes up the wond'rous tale,
And nightly to the liſt'ning earth
Repeats the ſtory of her birth;

4 Whilſt all the ſtars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And ſpread the truth from pole to pole.

5 What though in ſolemn ſilence, all
Move round the dark terreſtrial ball;
What though no real voice nor ſound
Amidſt their radiant orbs be found:

6 In reaſon's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
Forever ſinging as they ſhine,
The hand that made us is divine.

ADDISON.

Hymn CCXLII. *Long Metre.* [♯ or ♭]

Remembrance of Chriſt.

"THIS do in mem'ry of your friend."
Such was the Saviour's laſt requeſt,
Who all the pangs of death endur'd,
That we might live forever bleſt.

2 Yes, we'll record thy matchleſs love,
Thou deareſt, tend'reſt, beſt of friends!
Thy dying love the nobleſt praiſe
Of long eternity tranſcends.

3 'Tis pleaſure, more than earth can give,
Thy goodneſs through theſe vales to ſee;
Thy table food celeſtial yields,
And happy they who ſit with thee.

4 But oh! what vaſt tranſporting joys
Shall fill our breaſts, our tongues inſpire,
When join'd with the celeſtial train,
Our grateful ſouls thy love admire!

5 When theſe vile bodies, all refin'd,
Perfect and glorious as thy own,

Unwearied shall our minds obey,
And join in worship near thy throne.

Hymn CCXLIII. *Common Metre.* [♯ or ♭]

The Testimony of a good Conscience.

THOUGH frightful snares beset me round,
And threat'ning billows roll;
Though scandal and reproach abound,
To vex my weary soul;

2 A conscience pure can testify
My heart to be sincere;
Presumption and hypocrisy
All hateful still appear.

3 My feet have kept the path divine,
Though sinners did entice,
Nor do I yet from thence decline,
To tread the paths of vice.

4 God's word I treasure up, and prize
Beyond all earthly good;
Compar'd with this, I may despise
My necessary food.

5 Censorious men who dwell at ease,
May proudly on me tread;
My Saviour, whom I seek to please,
My righteous cause will plead.

6 His righteousness I shall behold,
When light springs from above;
And, try'd, I shall come forth as gold,
To praise his wond'rous love.

WALLIN.

Hymn CCXLIV. *Long Metre.* [♯ or ♭]

Christ the Image of the Invisible God.

THOU, Lord, by mortal eyes unseen,
And by thy offspring here, unknown,

To manifeſt thyſelf to men,
Haſt ſet thy image in thy Son.

2 As the bright ſun's meridian blaze
O'erwhelms and pains our feeble ſight,
But cheers us with his ſofter rays
When ſhining with reflected light;

3 So in thy Son thy power divine,
Thy wiſdom, juſtice, truth and love
With mild and pleaſing luſtre ſhine,
Reflected from thy throne above.

4 Though harden'd Jews denied his claim,
And turn'd away their ſcornful face;
Yet thoſe who truſted in his name,
Beheld in him thy truth and grace.

5 O thou, at whoſe almighty word
Fair light at firſt from darkneſs ſhone,
Give us to know our glorious Lord,
And ſee the Father in the Son.

6 Whilſt we, thine image there diſplay'd,
With love and admiration view,
Form us in likeneſs to our head,
That we may bear thy image too.

MASON, altered.

Hymn CCXLV. *Common Metre.* [b]

God our Refuge in Trouble.

THOU refuge of my weary ſoul,
On thee, when ſorrows riſe,
On thee, when waves of trouble roll,
My fainting hope relies.

2 To thee I tell each riſing grief,
For thou alone canſt heal;

Thy promiſes can bring relief
For every pain I feel.

3 But when theſe gloomy doubts prevail,
I fear to call thee mine;
The ſprings of comfort ſeem to fail,
And all my hopes decline.

4 Yet, gracious God, where ſhall I flee?
Thou art my only truſt;
And ſtill my ſoul would riſe to thee,
Though proſtrate in the duſt.

5 Haſt thou not bid me ſeek thy face?
And ſhall I ſeek in vain?
And can the ear of ſov'reign grace
Be deaf when I complain?

6 Thy mercy-ſeat is open ſtill,
There ſhall my ſoul retreat;
With humble hope attend thee ſtill,
And wait beneath thy feet.

MRS. STEELE.

Hymn CCXLVI. *Long Metre.* [b]

Self-Examination.

THOU vain intruding world depart!
No more allure or vex my heart;
Let every vanity be gone;
I would be peaceful and alone.

2 Here let me ſearch my inmoſt mind,
And try its real ſtate to find;
The ſecret ſprings of thought explore,
And call my words and actions o'er.

3 Reflect how ſoon my life will end,
And think on what my hopes depend;
What aim my buſy thoughts purſue;
What work is done, and what to do.

4 Eternity is juſt at hand;
And ſhall I waſte the ebbing ſand,
And careleſs view departing day,
And throw my fleeting time away?

5 Be this my chief, my only care,
My high purſuit, my ardent prayer,
An intereſt in the Saviour's blood,
A pardon ſeal'd, and peace with GOD.

6 Search, gracious God, my inmoſt heart,
And light, and hope, and joy impart,
From guilt and error ſet me free,
And guide me ſafe to heav'n and thee.

MRS. STEELE.

Hymn CCXLVII. *Long Metre.* [※ or b]

Seeking Chriſt the Shepherd.

THOU whom my ſoul admires above
All earthly joys and earthly love,
Tell me, my Shepherd, let me know
Where doth thy ſweeteſt paſture grow?

2 Where is the ſhadow of that rock,
Which from the ſun defends thy flock?
Fain would I feed among thy ſheep,
Among them reſt, among them ſleep.

3 The footſteps of thy flock I ſee;
Thy ſweeteſt paſtures here they be!
A wond'rous feaſt thy love prepares,
Bought by thy wounds, and groans, and tears.

4 His ſacred fleſh he makes my food,
And bids me drink his precious blood;
Here to this feaſt my ſoul will come,
Till my Beloved lead me home.

WATTS.

Hymn CCXLVIII. *Long Metre.* [♯ or ♭]

The Vanity of Forms without Virtue.

TH' uplifted eye and bended knee
Are but vain homage, Lord, to thee;
In vain our lips thy praiſe prolong,
The heart a ſtranger to the ſong.

2 Can rites, and forms, and flaming zeal,
The breaches of thy precepts heal?
Can faſts and penance reconcile
Thy juſtice, and obtain thy ſmile?

3 The pure, the humble, contrite mind,
Thankful, and to thy will reſign'd,
To thee a nobler off'ring yields,
Than *Sheba's* groves or *Sharon's* fields;

4 Than floods of oil, or coſtly wine,
Rolling by thouſands to thy ſhrine;
Or than if to thine altar led,
A firſt-born ſon the victim bled.

5 "Be juſt and kind and humble too,
In all you ſay, in all you do;
To men your charity impart,
And love your God with all your heart."

6 This truth by ancient prophets given,
Was by thy Son confirm'd from heaven;
And, deep engrav'd, this great command
Doth on eternal pillars ſtand.

Reformed Liturgy.

Hymn CCXLIX. *Long Metre.* [♯ or ♭]

Love to God and Man.

THUS ſaith the firſt, the great command,
"Let all thy inward powers unite
To love thy Maker and thy God
With ſacred fervour and delight.

2 "Then shall thy neighbour, next in place,
Share thine affections and esteem;
And let thy kindness to thyself
Measure and rule thy love to him."

3 This is the sense that Moses spoke;
This did the prophets preach and prove;
For want of this the law is broke,
And the whole law's fulfill'd by love.

4 But oh, how base our passions are!
How cold our charity and zeal!
Lord, fill our souls with heavenly fire,
Or we shall ne'er perform thy will.

WATTS.

Hymn CCL. *Long Metre.* [♯ or ♭]

God dwelling with the humble.

THUS saith the high and lofty One,
"I sit upon my holy throne;
My name is God, I dwell on high,
Dwell in my own eternity.

2 "But I descend to worlds below;
On earth I have a mansion too;
The humble spirit and contrite
Is an abode of my delight.

3 "The humble soul my words revive;
I bid the mourning sinner live;
Heal all the broken hearts I find,
And ease the sorrows of the mind.

4 "When I contend against their sin,
I make them know how vile they've been;
But should my wrath forever smoke,
Their souls would sink beneath the stroke."

5 O may thy pard'ning grace be nigh,
Leſt we ſhould faint, deſpair and die;
Thus ſhall our better thoughts approve
The methods of thy chaſt'ning love.

WATTS.

Hymn CCLI. *Common. Metre.* [♯ or ♭]

Characters of Chriſt. Iſa. xlii. 1—4.

THUS ſaith the Lord, who built the heavens,
And bade the planets roll;
Who peopled all the climes of earth,
And form'd the human ſoul;

2 "Behold my ſervant, ſee him riſe,
Exalted in my might;
Him have I choſen, and in him
I place ſupreme delight.

3 "On him in rich effuſion pour'd,
My Spirit ſhall deſcend;
My truth and judgment he ſhall ſhow
To earth's remoteſt end.

4 "Gentle and ſtill ſhall be his voice;
No threats from him proceed;
The ſmoking flax he ſhall not quench,
Nor break the bruiſed reed.

5 "The feeble ſpark to flame he'll raiſe;
The weak will not deſpiſe;
Judgment ſhall he bring forth to truth,
And make the fallen riſe.

6 "The progreſs of his zeal and power
Shall never know decline,
Till foreign lands and diſtant iſles
Receive the law divine."

Scotch Paraphraſe.

Hymn CCLII. *Common Metre.* [♯ or ♭]

Children devoted to God.

THUS faith the mercy of the Lord,
"I'll be a God to thee;
I'll bleſs thy num'rous race, and they
Shall be a ſeed for me."

2 Abrah'm believ'd the promis'd grace,
And gave his ſons to God;
But water ſeals the covenant now,
Which then was ſeal'd with blood.

3 Thus Lydia's houſe was ſanctify'd,
When ſhe receiv'd the word;
Thus the believing jailor gave
His houſehold to the Lord.

4 Thus do thy ſaints, O faithful God,
Thine ancient truth embrace;
To thee their infant offſpring bring,
And humbly claim the grace.

WATTS.

Hymn CCLIII. *Long Metre.* [♯ or ♭]

Chriſt's Commiſſion to preach the Goſpel.

THUS ſpake the Saviour, when he ſent
His miniſters to preach his word;
They through the world obedient went,
And ſpread the goſpel of their Lord.

2 "Go forth, ye heralds, in my name,
Bid the whole earth my grace receive;
The goſpel jubilee proclaim,
And call them to repent and live.

3 "The joyful news to all impart,
And teach them where ſalvation lies;
Bind up the broken bleeding heart,
And wipe the tear from weeping eyes.

4 "Be wise as serpents where you go,
But harmless as the peaceful dove;
And let your heav'n-taught conduct show
That you're commission'd from above.

5 "Freely from me ye have receiv'd;
Freely in love to others give;
Thus shall your doctrines be believ'd,
And by your labours, sinners live.

6 "All power is trusted in my hands,
I will protect you and defend;
Whilst thus you follow my commands,
I'm with you till the world shall end."

7 Happy those servants of the Lord,
Who thus their Master's will obey!
How rich, how full is their reward,
Reserv'd until the final day!

Hymn CCLIV. *Common Metre.* [✻]

Divine Goodness to Man.

THY wisdom, power and goodness, Lord,
In all thy works appear;
But man thy bounties shall record,
For thy distinguish'd care.

2 From thee, the breath of life we drew,
That breath thy power maintains;
Thy tender mercy, ever new,
Our brittle frame sustains.

3 Yet nobler gifts demand our praise,
Of reason's light possess'd;
By revelation's brighter rays
Still more divinely blest.

4 Thy providence our constant guard,
When threat'ning woes impend,

Will either threat'ning dangers ward,
Or timely ſuccours lend.

5 On us thy providence has ſhone
With its propitious rays;
O let our lips and lives make known
Thy goodneſs and thy praiſe.

6 All bounteous Lord, thy grace impart;
O teach us to improve
Thy gifts with ever grateful heart,
And crown them with thy love.

Mrs. STEELE.

Hymn CCLV. *Short Metre.* [♯ or ♭]

The Voice of Wiſdom.

'TIS wiſdom's earneſt cry,
Wiſdom, the voice of God,
To young and old, the low and high,
She ſpeaks his will abroad.

2 Within the human breaſt
Her ſtrong monitions plead,
She thunders her divine proteſt
Againſt th' unrighteous deed.

3 Within the holy place,
She calls with open arms;
"How long, ye fools, will you embrace
Folly's deceiving charms?

4 "The race of men I love;
In mercy I chaſtiſe;
Severely faithful, I reprove;
Hear, mortals, and be wiſe.

5 "My doors are open wide;
My table ſpread within;
Come then, ye ſimple, turn aſide,
And leave the paths of ſin.

6 "My joys unſenſual taſte,
Come drink of wiſdom's wine;
No ſorrow poiſons my repaſt,
The banquet is divine.

7 "My ways are ways of peace;
My pleaſures never cloy;
The bliſs I give will never ceaſe,
But lead to endleſs joy."

SCOTT, varied.

Hymn CCLVI. *Short Metre.* [✱]

Preſerving Grace.

TO God, the only wiſe,
Our Saviour and our King,
Let all the ſaints below the ſkies
Their humble praiſes bring.

2 'Tis his almighty love,
His counſel and his care,
Preſerves us ſafe from ſin and death,
And every hurtful ſnare.

3 He will preſent our ſouls,
Unblemiſh'd and complete,
Before the glory of his face,
With joys divinely great.

4 Then all the choſen ſeed
Shall meet around the throne;
Shall bleſs the conduct of his grace,
And make his wonders known.

5 To our Redeemer, God,
Wiſdom and power belongs,
Immortal crowns of majeſty,
And everlaſting ſongs.

WATTS.

Hymn CCLVII. *Long Metre.* [✻]

Divine Preſervation.

TO heaven my grateful ſoul aſcends,
On God alone for help depends;
His hand is my perpetual guard,
His grace the ſource of my reward.

2 The ſpreading ſkies, by power divine,
In all their radiant glories ſhine;
From his command, the ſolid earth
And all its ſtores deriv'd their birth.

3 Inſpected by his piercing eyes,
No threat'ning ſnares my ſoul ſurprize;
My faithful guardian never ſleeps;
My trembling feet he ſafely keeps.

4 Protected by his powerful arm,
Should dreadful ſcenes our ſouls alarm,
Our lives are ſafe; his heavenly care
Defends us ſtill from every ſnare.

5 He guides our feet, directs our way,
His morning ſmiles enliven day;
And when the ſun withdraws the light,
His preſence cheers the ſhades of night.

Liverpool Collection.

Hymn CCLVIII. *Long Metre.* [✻]

Communion with Chriſt.

TO Jeſus, our exalted Lord,
That name, in heaven and earth ador'd,
Fain would our hearts and voices raiſe
A cheerful ſong of ſacred praiſe.

2 But all the notes which mortals know
Are weak, and languiſhing, and low;

Far, far above our humble ſongs,
The theme demands immortal tongues.

3 Yet whilſt around his board we meet,
And worſhip at his ſacred feet,
O let our warm affections move,
In glad returns of grateful love.

4 Yes, Lord, we love and we adore,
But long to know and love thee more;
And whilſt we taſte the bread and wine,
Deſire to feed on joys divine.

5 Let faith our feeble ſenſes aid,
To ſee thy wond'rous love diſplay'd;
Thy broken fleſh, thy bleeding veins,
Thy dreadful agonizing pains.

6 Let humble penitential woe,
With painful, pleaſing anguiſh flow;
And thy forgiving love impart,
Life, hope and joy to every heart.

Mrs. STEELE.

Hymn CCLIX. *Long Metre.* [*]

The Heavenly Conqueror.

TO Jeſus, our victorious Lord,
The praiſes of our lives belong;
Forever be his name ador'd,
The ſubject of each thankful ſong.

2 Enſlav'd by ſin, beſet by foes,
Undone and periſhing, we lay;
His pity melted o'er our woes,
To ſave the trembling, dying prey.

3 He fought, he conquer'd, though he fell,
Whilſt with his laſt expiring breath

He triumph'd o'er the powers of hell,
And, by his dying, vanquiſh'd death.

4 Now on his Father's throne he reigns,
And all the tuneful choir above
Reſound, in high immortal ſtrains,
The praiſes of victorious love.

5 Though ſtill ſurviving foes ariſe,
Temptations, ſins, and doubts appear,
And pain our hearts, and fill our eyes,
With many a groan, and many a tear;

6 Still ſhall we fight, and ſtill prevail,
In our almighty Leader's name;
His ſtrength, whene'er our ſpirits fail,
Shall all our active powers inflame.

7 Immortal honours wait above,
To crown the dying Conq'ror's brow;
And endleſs peace, and joy, and love,
For the ſhort war ſuſtain'd below.

Mrs. STEELE.

Hymn CCLX. *Long Metre.* [b]

The Lord's Supper.

'TWAS on that dark and doleful night,
When powers of earth and hell aroſe
Againſt the Son of God's delight,
And friends betray'd him to his foes.

2 Before the mournful ſcene began,
He took the bread, and bleſt, and brake;
What love through all his actions ran;
What wond'rous words of grace he ſpake!

3 "This is my body, broke for ſin,
Receive and eat the living food;"

Then took the cup, and bleſt the wine,
"'Tis the new cov'nant in my blood."

4 "In mem'ry of your dying Lord,
Do this (he ſaid) till time ſhall end;
Meet at my table, and record
The love of your departed friend."

5 Jeſus, thy feaſt we celebrate,
We ſhow thy death, we ſing thy name;
Till thou return, and we ſhall eat
The marriage ſupper of the Lamb.

WATTS.

Hymn CCLXI. *Com. Metre.* [♯ or ♭]

The New Birth.

VAIN are the hopes the ſons of men
On their own works have built;
The carnal mind is all unclean,
And all its actions guilt.

2 Let Jew and Gentile ſtop their mouth,
Without a murm'ring word;
And the whole race of Adam ſtand
Guilty before the Lord.

3 In vain we aſk God's righteous law
To juſtify us now;
When, to convince and to condemn
Is all the law can do.

4 Not all the outward forms on earth,
Nor rites that Moſes gave;
Nor will of men, nor blood, nor birth,
The guilty race can ſave.

5 God's Spirit, like a heavenly wind,
Blows on the ſons of fleſh;

Changes the heart, renews the mind,
And forms the man afreſh.

6 Our quick'ned ſouls awake, and riſe
From the long ſleep of death;
To heavenly things we turn our eyes,
And praiſe employs our breath.

7 The ſins and follies of our mind
Are crucify'd and dead;
By holy love our ſouls are join'd
To Chriſt our living Head.

Altered from WATTS.

Hymn CCLXII. *Long Metre.* [b]

The Grave deſtroyed.

UNVEIL thy boſom, faithful tomb,
Take this new treaſure to thy truſt;
And give theſe ſacred relicks room
To ſlumber in thy ſilent duſt.

2 No pain, no grief, no anxious fear
Invade thy bounds; no mortal woes
Can reach the peaceful ſleeper here,
Whilſt angels watch its ſoft repoſe.

3 So Jeſus ſlept; God's dying Son
Paſt through the grave and bleſt the bed;
Then reſt, dear ſaint, till from his throne
The morning break, and pierce the ſhade.

4 Break from his throne, illuſtrious morn!
Attend, O grave, his ſov'reign word!
Reſtore thy truſt; the glorious form
Will then ariſe to meet the Lord.

WATTS.

Hymn CCLXIII. *Short Metre.* [✱]

The Lord's Day.

WELCOME, thou day of reſt,
That ſaw the Lord ariſe;
Welcome to this reviving breaſt,
And theſe rejoicing eyes.

2 The King himſelf comes near
To feaſt his ſaints to day;
Here we may ſit, and ſee him here,
And love and praiſe and pray.

3 One day amidſt the place,
Where Jeſus is within,
Is better than ten thouſand days,
Of pleaſure and of ſin.

4 My willing ſoul would ſtay
In ſuch a frame as this,
Till it is call'd to ſoar away
To everlaſting bliſs.

WATTS, varied.

Hymn CCLXIV. *Common Metre.* [✱]

The Victory and Dominion of Chriſt.

WE ſing our Saviour's wond'rous death,
He conquer'd when he fell;
"'Tis finiſh'd," ſaid his dying breath,
And ſhook the gates of hell.

2 "'Tis finiſh'd," our Immanuel cries,
The mighty work is done;
Hence ſhall his ſov'reign throne ariſe,
His kingdom is begun.

3 A perſon ſo divine was he,
Who yielded to be ſlain,

That he could give his life away,
And take his life again.

4 His croſs a ſure foundation laid
For glory and renown;
When through the regions of the dead
He paſs'd, to reach the crown.

5 Exalted at his Father's ſide,
Sits our victorious Lord;
His ſaints from ſinners to divide,
To puniſh or reward.

6 Live, glorious Lord, and reign above,
And every tongue ſhall ſing
The riches of eternal love,
The conqueſt of our King.

WATTS, varied.

Hymn CCLXV. *Com. Metre.* [※ orb]

Reſignation in Death.

WHAT cannot reſignation do?
It wonders can perform;
That powerful charm, "Thy will be done,"
Can lay the loudeſt ſtorm.

2 Haſte, then, O reſignation, haſte,
'Tis thine to reconcile
The mind to death; at thy approach
The monſter wears a ſmile.

3 What ſight beneath the arch of heaven
Has moſt of heaven to boaſt?
The dying ſaint, reſign'd, ſerene,
And giving up the ghoſt.

4 O for that ſummit of my wiſh,
Whilſt yet I draw my breath,
That foretaſte of eternal life,
A glorious ſmile in death!

YOUNG.

Hymn CCLXVI. *Common Metre.* [*]

Gratitude for divine Mercies. Part I.

WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,
My riſing ſoul ſurveys,
Tranſported with the view, I'm loſt
In wonder, love and praiſe.

2 Thy providence my life ſuſtain'd,
And all my wants redreſs'd,
When in the ſilent womb I lay,
Or hung upon the breaſt.

3 To all my weak complaints and cries
Thy mercy lent an ear,
Er'e yet my feeble thoughts had learn'd
To form themſelves in prayer.

4 Unnumber'd comforts on my ſoul
Thy tender care beſtow'd;
Before my infant heart conceiv'd
From whom thoſe comforts flow'd.

5 When in the ſlipp'ry paths of youth
With heedleſs ſteps I ran,
Thine arm unſeen convey'd me ſafe,
And led me up to man.

6 Through hidden dangers, toils and death,
It gently clear'd my way;
And through the pleaſing ſcenes of vice
Where thouſands go aſtray.

ADDISON.

Hymn CCLXVII. *Common Metre.* [*]

Gratitude for divine Mercies. Part II.

WHEN pale with ſickneſs, oft haſt thou
With health renew'd my face;
And when in ſin and ſorrow ſunk,
Reviv'd my ſoul with grace.

2 Thy bounteous hand with worldly good
Has made my cup run o'er;
And in a kind and faithful friend
Haſt doubled all my ſtore.

3 Ten thouſand thouſand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the leaſt a cheerful heart,
That taſtes thoſe gifts with joy.

4 Through ev'ry period of my life,
Thy goodneſs I'll purſue;
And after death, in diſtant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

5 When nature fails, and day and night
Divide the time no more,
My ever grateful heart, O Lord,
Thy mercy ſhall adore.

6 Through all eternity to thee
A joyful ſong I'll raiſe;
For O, eternity's too ſhort
To utter all thy praiſe.

ADDISON.

Hymn CCLXVIII. *Common Metre.* [✻]

The Spring.

WHEN verdure clothes the fertile vale,
And bloſſoms deck the ſpray;
And fragrance breathes in every gale,
How ſweet the vernal day!

2 Hark, how the feather'd warblers ſing!
'Tis nature's cheerful voice;
Soft muſic hails the lovely ſpring,
And woods and fields rejoice.

3 How kind the influence of the ſkies!
The ſhowers, with bleſſings fraught,
Bid verdure, beauty, fragrance riſe,
And fix the roving thought.

4 Then let my wond'ring heart confeſs,
With gratitude and love,
The bounteous hand that deigns to bleſs
The garden, field and grove.

5 That bounteous hand my thoughts adore,
Beyond expreſſion kind,
Hath better, nobler gifts in ſtore,
To bleſs the craving mind.

6 O God of nature and of grace,
Thy heavenly gifts impart!
Then ſhall my meditation trace
Spring, blooming in my heart!

7 Inſpir'd to praiſe, I then ſhall join
Glad nature's cheerful ſong,
And love and gratitude divine
Attune my joyful tongue.

Mrs. STEELE.

Hymn CCLXIX. *Common Metre.* [✱]

Strength from God.

WHENCE do our mournful tho'ts ariſe?
And where's our courage fled?
Has reſtleſs ſin and hopeleſs fear
Struck all our comforts dead?

2 Have we forgot th' Almighty hand
That form'd the earth and ſea?
Or can the all-creating arm
Grow weary, or decay?

3 Treaſures of everlaſting might
In our Jehovah dwell;

He gives the conqueſt to the weak,
And treads their foes to hell.

4 Mere mortal power ſhall fade and die,
And youthful vigour ceaſe;
But they who wait upon the Lord
Shall find their ſtrength increaſe.

5 The faint ſhall mount on eagles' wings,
And taſte the promis'd bliſs;
'Till their unwearied feet arrive
Where perfect pleaſure is.

WATTS.

Hymn CCLXX. *Common Metre.* [*]

Victory over Death, through Chriſt.

WHEN death appears before my ſight,
In all his dire array,
Unequal to the dreadful fight,
My courage dies away.

2 How ſhall I meet this potent foe,
Whoſe frown my ſoul alarms?
Dark horror ſits upon his brow!
And vict'ry waits his arms!

3 But ſee my glorious Leader nigh!
My Lord, my Saviour lives;
Before him death's pale terrors fly,
And my faint heart revives.

4 Jeſus, be thou my ſure defence,
My guard for ever near;
My faith ſhall triumph over ſenſe,
And never yield to fear.

5 O may I meet the final hour
With fortitude divine;
Suſtain'd by thine almighty power,
The conqueſt muſt be mine.

6 Lord, I commit my ſoul to thee,
Accept the ſacred truſt;
Receive this nobler part of me,
And watch my ſleeping duſt;

7 Till that illuſtrious morning come,
When all thy ſaints ſhall riſe,
And, cloth'd in thine immortal bloom,
Attend thee to the ſkies.

8 O let me join their raptur'd lays;
And, with the bliſsful throng,
Reſound ſalvation, power and praiſe
In everlaſting ſong.

MRS. STEELE.

Hymn CCLXXI. *Long Metre.* [✻]

Chriſt the Life of the Soul.

WHEN doubts and fears prevailing riſe,
And fainting hope almoſt expires;
Jeſus, to thee, I liſt mine eyes,
To thee I breathe my ſtrong deſires.

2 Art thou not mine, my living Lord?
And can my hope, my comfort die,
Fix'd on thine everlaſting word,
That word which built the earth and ſky?

3 If my immortal Saviour lives,
Then my immortal hope is ſure;
His word a firm foundation gives;
Here let me build and reſt ſecure.

4 Here let my faith unſhaken dwell;
Immoveable the promiſe ſtands;
Not all the powers of earth and hell
Can e'er diſſolve the ſacred bands.

5 Here, then, my ſoul, thy truſt repoſe;
If Jeſus is forever mine,

Not death itſelf, the laſt of foes,
Shall break a union ſo divine. Mrs. STEELE.

Hymn CCLXXII. *Common Metre.* [♭]

Thirſting after God. Iſaiah xli. 17.

WHEN fainting in the ſultry waſte,
And parch'd with thirſt-extreme,
The weary pilgrim longs to taſte
The cool refreſhing ſtream;

2 Should, ſudden to his hopeleſs eye,
A cryſtal ſpring appear,
How would the enliv'ning, ſweet ſupply
His drooping ſpirit cheer!

3 So longs the weary fainting mind,
Oppreſs'd with ſins and woes,
Some ſoul-reviving ſpring to find,
Whence heav'nly comfort flows.

4 Thus ſweet the conſolations are
The promiſes impart;
Here flowing ſtreams of life appear,
To eaſe the panting heart.

5 O when I thirſt for thee, my God,
With ardent ſtrong deſire,
And ſtill, through all this deſart road,
To taſte thy grace, aſpire;

6 Then, let my prayer to thee aſcend,
A grateful ſacrifice;
My plaintive voice thou wilt attend,
And grant me full ſupplies.

Mrs. STEELE.

Hymn CCLXXIII. *Com. Metre.* [♯ or ♭]

The Diſcipline of God's Providence.

WHEN I review the crooked ways,
Through which my feet have trod,

I find inceſſant cauſe to bleſs
And love my guardian God.

2 Through all the labyrinth of life,
My folly he purſu'd;
My wand'ring heart to quick return,
How tenderly he woo'd!

3 I rarely plann'd, but cauſe I found
My plan's defeat to bleſs;
Oft I lamented an event
Which turn'd to my ſucceſs.

4 When labouring under fancy'd ill,
My ſpirits to ſuſtain;
He kindly cur'd with wholeſome draughts
Of unaffected pain.

5 Sometimes he brought me near to death,
And, pointing to the grave,
Made terror whiſper kind advice,
And taught the tomb to ſave.

6 To raiſe my thoughts beyond where worlds
As ſpangles o'er us ſhine;
One day he gave, and made the next
My ſoul's delight reſign.

7 From what ſeem'd horror and deſpair,
The richeſt harveſt roſe;
And gave me in the will divine,
An abſolute repoſe.

YOUNG.

Hymn CCLXXIV. *Long Metre.* [b]

Cruciſixion to the World by the Croſs of Chriſt.

WHEN I ſurvey the wond'rous croſs,
On which the King of glory died;
My richeſt gain I count but loſs,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I ſhould boaſt,
But in the death of Chriſt, my God;
All the vain things that charm me moſt,
I ſacrifice them to his blood.

3 See from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down:
Did e'er ſuch love and ſorrow meet?
Or thorns compoſe ſo rich a crown?

4 His dying crimſon, like a robe,
Spreads o'er his body on the tree;
Then am I dead to all the globe,
And all the globe is dead to me.

5 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a preſent far too ſmall;
Love ſo amazing, ſo divine,
Demands my ſoul, my life, my all.

WATTS.

Hymn CCLXXV. *Com. Metre.* [✻ or ♭]

Truſt in God's Word.

WHEN ſin and ſorrow, fear and pain
My trembling heart diſmay,
My feeble ſtrength, alas, how vain,
It ſinks and dies away.

2 My ſpirit aſks a firmer prop;
I lean upon the Lord;
My God, the pillar of my hope
Is thy unchanging word.

3 On this are built the brighteſt joys
Celeſtial beings know;
And 'tis the ſame almighty voice
Supports the ſaints below.

4 'Tis this upholds the rolling ſpheres,
And heav'n's immortal frame;

Then let my ſoul ſuppreſs her fears,
My baſis is the ſame.

5 Thy ſacred word, thy ſolemn oath
Forever muſt remain;
I truſt in everlaſting truth,
Nor ſhall my truſt be vain.

Mrs. STEELE.

Hymn CCLXXVI. *Com. Metre.* [♯ or ♭]

Repentance and Pardon. Iſaiah lv.

WHEN ſinners quit their wicked ways,
Their evil thoughts forego,
The God to whom their ſteps return
Returning grace will ſhow.

2 He pardons with o'erflowing love;
For, hear the voice divine;
"My nature is not like to yours,
Nor like your ways are mine.

3 "But far as heaven's reſplendent orbs
Beyond this earth extend;
So far my thoughts, ſo far my ways
Your thoughts and ways tranſcend.

4 "Like as the ſhowers from heaven diſtil,
Nor thither riſe again,
But ſwell the earth with fruitful juice,
And all its tribes ſuſtain;

5 "So not a word that flows from me
Shall ineffectual fall;
But univerſal nature prove
Obedient to my call.

6 "Where briars grew in barren wilds,
Shall firs and myrtles ſpring;
And nature through her utmoſt bounds
Eternal praiſes ſing."

Scotch Paraphraſes.

Hymn CCLXXVII. *Long Metre.* [✻or♭]

The Influence of the Divine Spirit.

WHEN the bleſt Comforter is nigh,
'Tis he ſuſtains my ſinking heart;
Elſe would my hopes forever die,
And every cheering ray depart.

2 When ſome kind promiſe glads my ſoul,
Does not his kind and welcome voice
The tempeſt of my fears control,
And bid my drooping heart rejoice?

3 Whene'er to call the Saviour mine,
With ardent wiſh my heart aſpires,
Can it be leſs than power divine
Which animates theſe ſtrong deſires?

4 What leſs than thy almighty word
Can raiſe my heart from earth and duſt,
And bid me welcome to my Lord,
My life, my treaſure and my truſt?

5 And when my lively hope can ſay
I love my God and taſte his grace,
Lord, is it not thy bliſsful ray
Which gives the viſion of thy face?

6 Let thy good Spirit in my heart
Forever dwell, O God of love;
And light and heav'nly peace impart;
Bleſt earneſt of the joys above.

Mrs. STEELE.

Hymn CCLXXVIII. *Common Metre.* [✻]

The Pleaſure of Religion.

WHEN true religion gains a place,
And lives within the mind,
The ſenſual life ſubdu'd by grace,
And all the ſoul refin'd;

2 The desart blooms in living green,
Where thorns and briars grew;
The barren waste is fruitful seen,
And all the prospect new.

3 The storms of rugged winter cease,
The frozen powers revive;
Spring blooms without, within is peace;
All nature seems alive.

4 O happy christian, richly bless'd!
What floods of pleasure roll!
By God and man he stands confess'd
In dignity of soul.

5 Substantial, pure, his every joy;
His Maker is his friend;
The noblest business his employ,
And happiness his end!

6 Ye sensual, worldly, proud and vain,
Your airy good pursue;
Let me religion's pleasure gain,
I'll leave the world to you.

PROUD.

Hymn CCLXXIX. *Com. Metre.* [Short]

The last Tempest.

WHEN wild confusion wrecks the air,
And tempests rend the skies;
Whilst blended ruin, clouds and fire
In harsh disorder rise;

2 Safe in my Saviour's love I'll stand,
And strike a tuneful song;
My harp all trembling in my hand,
And all inspir'd my tongue.

3 I'll shout aloud, "Ye thunders roll,
And shake the sullen sky,

Your ſounding voice from pole to pole
In angry murmurs try.

4 "Let the earth totter on her baſe,
And clouds the heaven deform;
Blow all ye winds from every place,
And ruſh the final ſtorm.

5 "Come quickly, bleſſed hope, appear,
Bid thy ſwift chariot fly;
Let angels tell thy coming near,
And ſnatch me to the ſky.

6 "Around thy wheels in the glad throng
I'd bear a joyful part;
All hallelujah on my tongue;
All rapture in my heart."

M. Byles.

Hymn CCLXXX. *Long Metre.* [*or b]

To Chriſt the Eternal Life.

WHERE ſhall the tribes of Adam find
The ſov'reign good to fill the mind?
Ye ſons of moral wiſdom, ſhow
The ſpring whence living waters flow.

2 Say, will the *Stoic's* flinty heart
Melt, and this cordial balm impart?
Could *Plato* find theſe bliſsful ſtreams
Among his raptures and his dreams?

3 In vain I aſk! for nature's power
Extends but to this mortal hour;
'Twas but a poor relief ſhe gave
Againſt the terrors of the grave.

4 Jeſus, our kinſman and our Lord,
By angels and by men ador'd,
Thou art our life, our ſouls in thee
Poſſeſs a full felicity.

5 Let ath'iſts ſcoff, and Jews blaſpheme
Th' eternal life and Jeſus' name;
Yet our immortal hopes are laid
In thee, our ſurety and our head.

6 Thy croſs, thy cradle, and thy throne
Are full of glories, yet unknown;
'Tis heaven on earth, 'tis heaven above,
To ſee thy face, to ſing thy love.

WATTS.

Hymn CCLXXXI. *Com. Metre.* [♯ or ♭]

Mercy before Sacrifice.

WHEREWITH ſhall guilty man appear
Before Jehovah's throne;
Or how procure thy kind regard,
And for his ſins atone?

2 Shall altars flame, and victims bleed,
And ſpicy fumes aſcend?
Will theſe our earneſt wiſh ſucceed,
And make our God our friend?

3 Should thouſand rams in flames expire,
Would theſe thy favours buy?
Or oil that ſhould for holy fire
Ten thouſand ſtreams ſupply?

4 With trembling hands and bleeding heart
Should we our offſpring ſlay;
Would this atone for ill-deſert,
And take our guilt away?

5 "No, ſaith the Lord, 'tis fruitleſs all,
Such coſtly rites are vain;
No victims from the field or ſtall
My favour can obtain.

6 "But truth to men and juſtice ſhow,
And proofs of mercy give;

Then humbly walk with God below,
And you with God ſhall live.

7 "Hands that are clean, and hearts ſincere,
I never will deſpiſe;
And cheerful duty will prefer
To coſtly ſacrifice."

Liverpool Collection.

Hymn CCLXXXII. *Common Metre.* [✱]

The Nativity of Chriſt.

WHILST ſhepherds watch'd their flocks by night,
Near Bethle'm's happy ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory ſhone around.

2 "Fear not," ſaid he, (for mighty dread
Had ſeiz'd their troubled mind)
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.

3 "To you, in David's town, this day
Is born, of David's line,
The Saviour, who is Chriſt the Lord,
And this ſhall be the ſign:

4 "The heav'nly Babe you there ſhall find
To human view diſplay'd;
But meanly wrapt in ſwathing-bands,
And in a manger laid."

5 Thus ſpake the ſeraph, and forthwith
Appear'd a ſhining throng
Of angels, praiſing God, and thus
Addreſs'd their joyful ſong:

6 "All glory be to God on high!
And to the earth be peace!

Good will henceforth from heaven to men
Begin and never ceaſe !"

PATRICK, or TATE.

Hymn CCLXXXIII. *Long Metre.* [♯ or ♭]

Peace of Conſcience.

WHILST ſome in folly's pleaſure roll,
And ſeek the joys which hurt the ſoul ;
Be mine that ſilent calm repaſt,
A peaceful conſcience to the laſt :

2 That tree which bears immortal fruit,
Without a canker at the root ;
That Friend who never fails the juſt,
When other friends deſert their truſt.

3 With this companion in the ſhade,
My ſoul no more ſhall be diſmay'd ;
I will defy the midnight gloom,
And the pale monarch of the tomb.

4 Though God afflicts, I'll not repine ;
The nobleſt comforts ſtill are mine ;
Comforts which ſhall o'er death prevail,
And journey with me through the vale.

5 Amidſt the various ſcenes of ills,
Each ſtroke ſome kind deſign fulfils ;
And ſhall I murmur at my God,
When ſov'reign love directs the rod ?

6 His hand will ſmooth my rugged way,
And lead me to the realms of day ;
To milder ſkies and brighter plains,
Where everlaſting pleaſure reigns.

ENFIELD's Collection.

Hymn CCLXXXIV. *Common Metre.* [*]

Devotion.

WHILST thee I ſeek, protecting Power!
Be my vain wiſhes ſtill'd;
And may this conſecrated hour
With better hopes be fill'd.

2 Thy love the power of thought beſtow'd,
To thee my thoughts would ſoar;
Thy mercy o'er my life has flow'd;
That mercy I adore.

3 In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I ſee!
Each bleſſing to my ſoul more dear,
Becauſe conferr'd by thee.

4 In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart ſhall find delight in praiſe,
Or ſeek relief in prayer.

5 When gladneſs wings my favour'd hour,
Thy love my thoughts ſhall fill:
Reſign'd, when ſtorms of ſorrow lower,
My ſoul ſhall meet thy will.

6 My lifted eye without a tear,
The gathering ſtorm ſhall ſee;
My ſtedfaſt heart ſhall know no fear;
That heart will reſt on thee!

Miſs H. M. Williams.

Hymn CCLXXXV. *Long Metre.* [* or ‖]

Reanimation.

A Hymn *for the* Humane Society.

WHO, from the ſhades of gloomy night,
When the laſt tear of hope is ſhed,
Can bid the ſoul return to light,
And break the ſlumber of the dead?

2 No human ſkill that heart can warm,
Which the cold blaſt of nature froze;
Recal to life the periſh'd form;
The ſecret of the grave diſcloſe.

3 But thou, our ſaving God, we know,
Canſt arm the mortal hand with power
To bid the ſtagnant pulſes flow,
The animating heat reſtore.

4 Thy will, ere nature's tutor'd hand
Could with young life theſe limbs unfold;
Did the impriſon'd brain expand,
And all its countleſs fibres told.

5 As from the duſt, thy forming breath
Could the unconſcious being raiſe;
So can the ſilent voice of death
Wake at thy call in ſongs of praiſe.

6 Since *twice* to die is ours alone,
And *twice* the birth of life to ſee;
O let us, ſuppliant at thy throne,
Devote our *ſecond* life to thee.

Mrs. Morton.

Hymn CCLXXXVI. *Long Metre.* [*]

Faith Triumphant.

WHO shall the Lord's elect condemn?
'Tis God who justifies their souls:
And mercy, like a mighty stream,
O'er all their sins divinely rolls.

2 Who shall adjudge the saints to hell?
'Tis Christ who suffer'd in their stead;
And, the salvation to fulfil,
Behold him rising from the dead!

3 He lives! he lives! and reigns above,
Forever interceding there;
Who shall divide us from his love?
Or what shall tempt us to despair?

4 Shall persecution or distress,
Famine, or sword, or nakedness?
He who hath lov'd us, bears us through,
And makes us more than conq'rors too.

5 Faith has an overcoming power,
It triumphs in the dying hour:
Christ is our life, our joy, our hope,
Nor can we sink with such a prop.

6 Not all that men on earth can do,
Nor powers on high, nor powers below,
Shall cause his mercy to remove,
Or wean our hearts from Christ our love.

WATTS.

Hymn CCLXXXVII. *Com. Metre.* [* or †]

Death and the Resurrection.

WHY do we mourn departing friends,
Or shake at death's alarms?
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends,
To call them to his arms.

2 Why ſhould we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb?
There Jeſus' ſacred body lay,
And left a long perfume.

3 The graves of all his ſaints he bleſs'd,
And ſoften'd every bed:
Where ſhould the dying members reſt,
But with the dying head?

4 Thence he aroſe, aſcended high,
And ſhow'd our feet the way;
Up to the Lord our fleſh ſhall fly,
At the great riſing day.

5 Then ſhall the laſt loud trumpet ſound,
And bid our friends ariſe;
Awake, ye nations, from the ground;
Ye ſaints, aſcend the ſkies.

WATTS.

Hymn CCLXXXVIII. *Com. Met.* [※ or ♭]

Looking at Things unſeen.

WHY ſhould the world's alluring toys
Detain our hearts and eyes;
Regardleſs of immortal joys,
And ſtrangers to the ſkies!

2 Theſe tranſient ſcenes will ſoon decay;
They fade upon the ſight;
And quickly will their brighter day
Be loſt in endleſs night.

3 Their brighteſt day! alas, how vain!
With conſcious ſighs we own;
Whilſt clouds of ſorrow, care and pain
O'erſhade the ſmiling noon.

4 O could our thoughts and wiſhes fly
Above theſe gloomy ſhades,

To thoſe bright worlds beyond the ſky
Which ſorrow ne'er invades.

5 There joys unſeen by mortal eyes
Or reaſon's feeble ray;
In ever blooming proſpect riſe,
Unconſcious of decay.

6 Lord, ſend a beam of light divine
To guide our upward aim;
With one reviving ray of thine
Our languid hearts inflame.

7 Then ſhall, on faith's ſublimeſt wing,
Our ardent wiſhes riſe,
To thoſe bright ſcenes where pleaſures ſpring
Immortal in the ſkies.

Mrs. Steele.

Hymn CCLXXXIX. *Long Metre.* [✻]

Marriage.

WITH cheerful voices riſe and ſing
The praiſes of our God and King;
For he alone can minds unite,
And bleſs with conjugal delight.

2 This wedded pair, O Lord, inſpire
With heav'nly love, that ſacred fire;
From this bleſt moment may they prove
The bliſs divine of marriage love.

3 O may they both increaſing find
Subſtantial pleaſures of the mind;
Happy together may they be,
And both united, Lord, to thee.

4 To you, bleſt pair, your God hath given
To taſte the love which reigns in heaven;
His gift with all your powers improve,
And cultivate that virtuous love.

5 So may you live as truly one;
And when your work on earth is done,
Rise, hand in hand, to heaven, and share
The joys of love forever there!

PROUD.

Hymn CCXC. *Common Metre.* [♯or♭]

The Penitent Thief.

WITH deep contrition, grief and shame,
The thief his crimes confess'd,
Then turn'd his dying eyes to Christ,
And thus his prayer address'd:

2 "When to thy kingdom thou shalt come,
O Lord, remember me."
"This day with me in paradise
Thy happy soul shall be."

3 Thus spake the Saviour to a wretch
Who languish'd at his side;
Whilst on the fatal tree he hung,
And bled, and groan'd, and dy'd.

4 Jesus, thou Son and Heir of heaven,
Thou Lord of all below;
Though then unjustly thou wast brought
To infamy and woe;

5 Yet quickly from that dreadful scene
In triumph thou didst rise,
Burst through the prison of the grave,
And gain'd thy native skies!

6 Exalted to thy Father's throne,
Pardon and life to give;
The penitent thou still dost hear,
And bid the sinner live.

Altered from STENNET.

Hymn CCXCI. *Common Metre.* [♯ or ♭]

The First and Second Adam.

WITH flowing eyes and bleeding hearts
A fallen world survey!
See the wide ruin sin has made
In one unhappy day.

2 Adam, in God's own image form'd,
See from his God estrang'd!
And all the joys of paradise
For guilt and horror chang'd!

3 This fatal heritage bequeath'd
To all his helpless race!
Through this dark maze of sin and woe,
Thus to the grave we pass.

4 But, O my soul, with rapture hear
The second Adam's name;
And the celestial gifts he brings
To all his seed, proclaim.

5 What, though in mortal life they mourn?
What, though by death they fall?
Jesus, in one triumphant day,
Transforms and crowns them all!

6 Praise to his rich transcending grace,
Ev'n by our fall we rise!
And gain for earthly Eden lost
A heavenly paradise!

MASON, altered.

Hymn CCXCII. *Common Metre.*

Compassion of Christ.

WITH joy we meditate the grace
Of our High Priest above;
His heart is full of tenderness,
Of pity and of love.

2 Touch'd with a ſympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame;
He knows what ſore temptations mean,
For he endur'd the ſame.

3 But ſpotleſs, innocent and pure,
The great Redeemer ſtood;
When Satan's fiery darts he bore,
And did reſiſt to blood.

4 He in the days of feeble fleſh
Pour'd out his cries and tears;
And in his meaſure feels afreſh
What every Chriſtian bears.

5 He'll never quench the ſmoking flax,
But raiſe it to a flame;
The bruiſed reed he never breaks,
Nor ſcorns the meaneſt name.

6 Then let our humble faith addreſs
His mercy and his power;
We ſhall obtain deliv'ring grace
In the diſtreſſing hour.

WATTS.

Hymn CCXCIII. *Common Metre.* [✻ or ♭]

Repentance and Hope.

WITH reſtleſs agitations toſt,
And low immers'd in woes,
When ſhall my wild diſtemper'd thoughts
Regain their loſt repoſe?

2 O thou, the wretched's ſure retreat,
Theſe torturing cares control;
And with the cheerful ſmile of peace
Revive my fainting ſoul.

3 Did ever thy paternal ear
The humble plea disdain?
Or when did plaintive misery sigh,
Or supplicate in vain?

4 Oppress'd with grief and shame, dissolv'd
In penitential tears,
Thy goodness calms our restless doubts,
And dissipates our fears.

5 New life from thy refreshing grace
Our sinking hearts receive;
For 'tis thy darling attribute
To pity and forgive.

6 From that blest source, propitious hope
Appears serenely bright,
And sheds its soft diffusive beam
O'er sorrow's dismal night.

7 My griefs confess its vital power,
And bless the friendly ray,
Which ushers in the glad serene
Of everlasting day.

Mrs. Carter.

Hymn CCXCIV. *Long Metre.* [♯ or ♭]

Jesus Christ, the same Yesterday, to Day, and Forever.

WITH wonder, Lord, our souls proclaim
Th' immortal honours of thy name;
Assembled round our Saviour's throne,
We make his countless glories known.

2 Ere Adam's clay with life was warm'd,
Or Gabriel's nobler spirit form'd;
Before creation was begun,
Before all ages, was the Son.

3 Through all ſucceeding ages, he
The ſame hath been, and ſtill ſhall be;
Immortal honours crown his head,
Though earth and ſkies wax old and fade.

4 The ſame his power his flock to guard;
The ſame his bounty to reward;
The ſame his faithfulneſs and love
To ſaints on earth, and ſaints above.

5 Let nature change, and ſink, and die;
Jeſus ſhall raiſe his people high;
And place them near his Father's throne,
In glory laſting as his own.

DODDRIDGE.

Hymn CCXCV. *Common Metre.* [♯ or ♭]

The Chriſtian's Farewell.

YE golden lamps of heaven, farewell,
With all your feeble light;
Farewell, thou ever changing moon,
Pale empreſs of the night.

2 And thou, refulgent orb of day,
In brighter flames array'd;
My ſoul, that ſprings beyond thy ſphere,
No more demands thy aid.

3 Ye ſtars are but the ſhining duſt
Of my divine abode;
The pavement of thoſe heavenly courts,
Where I ſhall ſee my God.

4 The Father of eternal light
Shall there his beams diſplay;
Nor ſhall one moment's darkneſs mix
With that unvaried day.

5 No more the drops of piercing grief
Shall ſwell into my eyes;
Nor the meridian ſun decline,
Amidſt thoſe brighter ſkies.

6 There all the millions of his ſaints
Shall in one ſong unite;
And each the bliſs of all ſhall view
With infinite delight.

DODDRIDGE.

Hymn CCXCVI. *Com. Metre.* [♯ or ♭]

Divine Goodneſs.

YE humble ſouls, approach your God
With ſongs of ſacred praiſe;
For he is good, immenſely good,
And kind are all his ways.

2 All nature owns his guardian care;
In him we live and move;
But nobler benefits declare
The wonders of his love.

3 He gave his well beloved Son,
To ſave our ſouls from ſin;
'Tis here he makes his goodneſs known,
And proves it all divine.

4 To this ſure refuge, Lord, we come,
And here our hope relies;
A ſafe defence, a peaceful home,
When ſtorms of trouble riſe.

5 Thine eye beholds, with kind regard,
The ſouls who truſt in thee;
Their humble hope thou wilt reward
With bliſs divinely free.

6 Great God, to thy almighty love
What honours shall we raise!
Not all the raptur'd songs above
Can render equal praise.

Mrs. STEELE.

Hymn CCXCVII. *Long Metre.* [*]

Blessed are the Poor in Spirit.

YE humble souls, complain no more;
Let faith survey your future store;
How happy, how divinely blest,
The sacred words of truth attest!

2 When conscious grief laments sincere,
And pours the penitential tear,
Hope points to your dejected eyes
A bright reversion in the skies.

3 In vain the sons of wealth and pride
Despise your lot, your hopes deride;
In vain they boast their little stores;
Trifles are theirs, a kingdom yours.

4 A kingdom of immense delight,
Where health and peace and joy unite;
A kingdom which shall ne'er decay,
Though earthly kingdoms fade away.

5 There shall your eyes with rapture view
The glorious Friend who dy'd for you;
Who dy'd to ransom, dy'd to raise
To crowns of joy and songs of praise.

6 Jesus, to thee I breathe my prayer;
Confirm to me my int'rest there;
Whatever be my lot below,
This, this my soul desires to know.

7 O let me hear thy voice divine
Pronounce the glorious bleſſing mine;
Enroll'd among thy happy poor,
My largeſt wiſhes aſk no more.

Mrs. STEELE.

Hymn CCXCVIII. *Common Metre.* [※]

The Invitation. Iſaiah lv.

"YE thirſty ſouls, approach the ſpring
Where living waters flow;
Free to that ſacred fountain, all
Without a price may go.

2 "How long to ſtreams of falſe delight
Will ye in crouds repair?
How long your ſtrength and ſubſtance waſte
On trifles light as air?

3 "My ſtores afford thoſe rich ſupplies
That health and pleaſure give;
Incline your ear, and come to me;
The ſoul that hears ſhall live.

4 "With you a cov'nant I will make,
That ever ſhall endure;
The hope which gladden'd David's heart
My mercy hath made ſure.

5 "Behold he comes, your Leader comes,
With might and honour crown'd;
A witneſs who ſhall ſpread my name
To earth's remoteſt bound.

6 "See, nations haſten to his call
From every diſtant ſhore;
Iſlands unknown ſhall bow to him,
And Iſrael's God adore."

Scotch Paraphraſes.

Hymn CCXCIX. *Common Metre.* [✱]

The Gospel Feast.

YE wretched, hungry, ſtarving poor,
Behold a royal feaſt!
Where mercy ſpreads her bounteous ſtore
For every humble gueſt.

2 See Jeſus ſtands with open arms,
He calls, he bids you come:
Guilt holds you back, and fear alarms,
But ſee, there yet is room!

3 In Jeſus' condeſcending heart
Both love and pity meet;
Nor will he bid the ſoul depart,
That trembles at his feet.

4 Come, then, and with his people taſte
The bleſſings of his love,
While hope attends the ſweet repaſt
Of nobler joys above.

5 There, with united heart and voice,
Before th' eternal throne,
Ten thouſand thouſand ſouls rejoice,
In extaſies unknown.

6 And yet ten thouſand thouſand more
Are welcome ſtill to come;
Ye longing ſouls, the grace adore,
Approach, there yet is room.

MRS. STEELE.

Hymn CCC. *Common Metre.* [✱ or ♭]

True and Falſe Zeal.

ZEAL is that pure and heavenly flame
The fire of love ſupplies;
Whilſt that which often bears the name,
Is ſelf but in diſguiſe.

2 True zeal is merciful and mild,
Can pity and forbear;
The falſe is headſtrong, fierce and wild,
And breathes revenge and war.

3 While zeal for truth the Chriſtian warms,
He knows the worth of peace;
But ſelf contends for names and forms,
Its party to increaſe.

4 Zeal has attain'd its higheſt aim,
Its end is ſatisfy'd,
If ſinners love the Saviour's name,
Nor ſeeks it aught beſide.

5 But ſelf, however well employ'd,
Has its own ends in view;
And ſays, as boaſting Jehu cry'd,
"Come, ſee what I can do."

6 Self may its own reward obtain,
And be applauded here;
But zeal the beſt applauſe will gain
When Jeſus ſhall appear.

7 This idol ſelf, O Lord, dethrone,
And from our hearts remove;
And let no zeal by us be ſhown
But that which ſprings from love.

NEWTON.

ASCRIPTIONS and BENEDICTIONS,

Founded on TEXTS of SCRIPTURE; to be ſung at the End of Pſalms and Hymns, in various Metres.

I.

Common Metre.—Single.

Phil. iv. 7.

MAY peace which from the Lord proceeds,
Which Chriſt alone imparts,
Which human knowledge far exceeds,
Preſerve and keep our hearts.

II.

Pſalm xxviii. 9.

Lord, bleſs thy people, who to thee
Do all their ſafety owe;
Feed thou thy flock, and raiſe them up
When they are fallen low.

Unknown.

III.

Revelations v. 13.

Bleſſing and honour, glory, power,
By all in earth and heaven,
To him who ſits upon the throne,
And to the Lamb be given.

TATE.

IV.

Another.

To him who ſits upon the throne,
The God whom we adore;

And to the Lamb that once was ſlain,
Be glory evermore.

Scotch Paraphraſes.

V.

Common Metre.—Double.

Phil. ii. 10, 11.

Let ev'ry creature bow the head
To God's exalted Son;
Since God hath rais'd him from the dead,
And plac'd him on his throne.

Let ev'ry mortal tongue confeſs
That Jeſus is the Lord;
Thus, when the Saviour's name we bleſs,
The Father is ador'd.

VI.

Hebrews xiii. 20, 21.

Now may the God of peace and love,
Who from the ſhades of death
Reſtor'd the Shepherd of the ſheep
To draw immortal breath,

Enrich our ſouls with every grace,
That we may do his will;
And all that's pleaſing in his ſight,
Inſpire us to fulfil.

Rippon's Collection.

VII.

Revelations i. 5, 6.

To him who waſh'd us from our ſins
In his own precious blood;

And made us kings and priests before
His Father and his God;

To him who dy'd and rose again,
Be glory ever given;
And may his wide dominion spread
Throughout the earth and heaven.

VIII.

Revelations v. 9, 10.

Worthy art thou who once wast slain,
To open every seal,
And from the book of God's decrees
His counsels to reveal.

Thou hast redeem'd us by thy blood;
From sin hast set us free;
Hast made us kings and priests to God,
And we shall reign with thee.

Partly from WATTS.

Long Metre.—Single.

I.

Matthew xxi. 9.

HOSANNA* to king David's Son,
Who reigns on a superior throne;
We bless the Prince of heav'nly birth,
Who brought salvation down to earth.

WATTS.

* The word Hosanna signifies, "Save, we beseech thee;" it is an ascription of honour to Christ as our Saviour.

II.

1 Timothy i. 17.

Now to the great eternal King,
Th' immortal God, we mortals ſing;
God only wiſe we glorify,
Inviſible to mortal eye.

S. D.

III.

1 Timothy vi. 15, 16.

To him who dwells in heavenly light,
Beyond the reach of human ſight,
The King ſupreme, the Lord of heaven,
Be endleſs praiſe and honour given.

IV.

2 Theſſalonians ii. 16, 17.

May God the Father and his Son,
From whom all love and grace proceed,
Comfort our hearts, and 'ſtabliſh us
In every virtuous word and deed.

V.

Long Metre. Six Lines.

Jude, ver. 24, 25.

To him whoſe wiſdom, love and power
Preſerves us in temptation's hour,
Who will preſent our ſouls complete
Before the glory of his ſeat;
To God our Saviour, only wiſe,
Let ſongs of praiſe and honour riſe.

All Sevens Metre.

2 Corinthians xiii. 14.

MAY the grace of Chriſt our Saviour,
And the Father's boundleſs love,
With the holy Spirit's favour
Reſt upon us from above.

NEWTON.

Short Metre.

I.

Romans xvi. 25, 27.

TO God the only wiſe,
Who keeps us by his word,
Be glory now and evermore,
Through Jeſus Chriſt our Lord.

II.

2 Corinthians xiii. 14.

The grace of Chriſt our Lord,
The Father's boundleſs love,
The Spirit's bleſt communion too
Be with us from above.

III.

Matthew xxi. 9. John i. 14.

Hoſanna to the WORD,
Who from the Father came;
Aſcribe ſalvation to the Lord,
And ever bleſs his name.

Hallelujah Metre.

I.

1 John iv. 19—Gal. iii. 13—Col. i. 12.

TO him who lov'd us firſt,
Before the world began,
To him who bore the curſe
To ſave rebellious man:
To him who forms
Our ſouls for heaven,
Be endleſs praiſe
And glory given.

WATTS.

II.

Matt. xxi. 9—Acts v. 13—Phil. ii. 11.

Hoſanna to the King
Of David's royal blood;
Behold he comes to bring
Forgiving grace from God:
Upon his head
Shall honours reſt,
And every tongue
Pronounce him bleſt.

WATTS.

III.

Heb. i. 6—Rev. v. 11, 12.

With angels round the throne,
And ſaints who dwell above,
We join to praiſe the Son,
And ſing his wond'rous love.
Worthy the Lamb,
Who once was ſlain,
O'er heaven and earth
To live and reign.

IV.

1 Cor. xv. 47—Col. i. 18—Acts v. 31.

To Chriſt the Lord from heaven,
The firſt-born from the dead;
The Prince of life, be glory given,
And wide his kingdom ſpread;
Through earth's extent
His honours raiſe;
And all conſent
His name to praiſe.

☞ SINCE the death of my Brother, the late Dr. JOHN CLARKE, I think I am at liberty to ſay, that many of the variations and additions in this Collection of Pſalms and Hymns, were either made or ſuggeſted by him; that the alteration of the 149th Pſalm was altogether his own; and that the whole work paſſed under his critical eye and correcting hand before it went to the preſs. For this, and for many other acts of Chriſtian friendſhip, his memory will ever be precious to me.

J. B.

MAY 31, 1798.

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N. B. The Hymns are placed in the alphabetical order of their initial letters.

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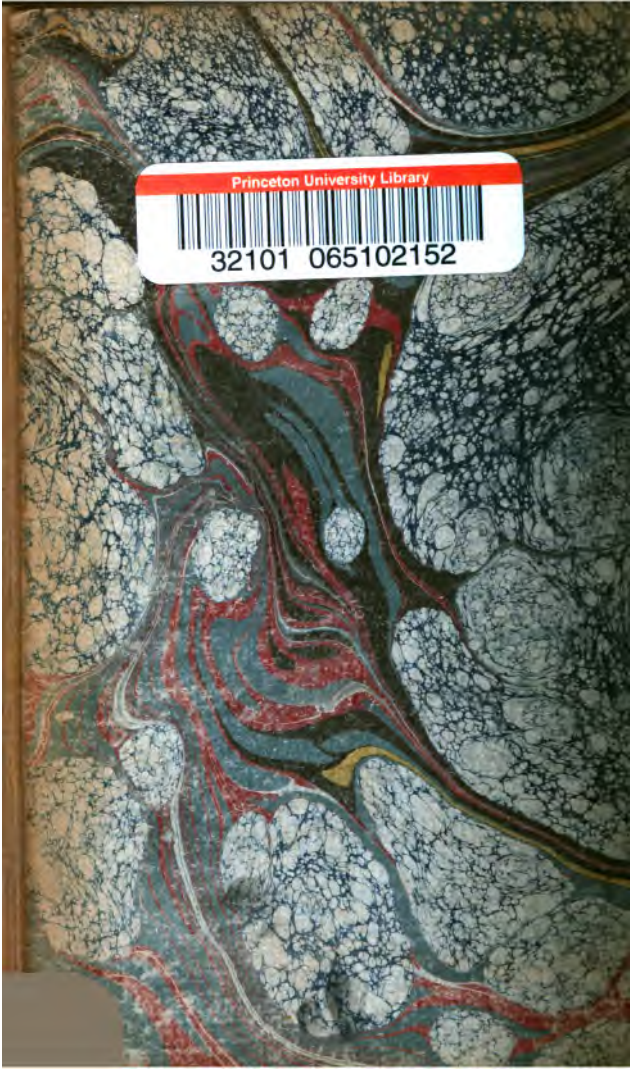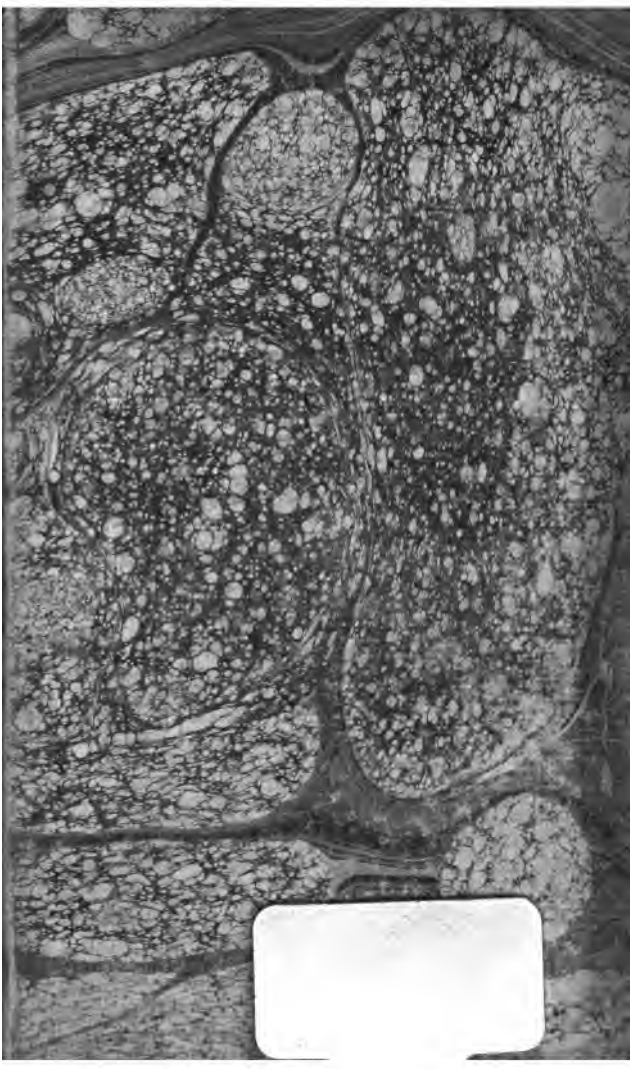
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